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THE BOOKMAN

THE DECLINE OF ORATORY

By Elmer Murphy

THERE was a time, not very far gone, when the gift of oratory was the proudest possession of statesmen and politicians. The Senator or Representative who had made a great "speech" could very easily forget the sting of parliamentary defeat. He was given a place by an appreciative public from which political vicissitudes could not dislodge him and accorded a reverence even by his own party associates which he could have gained in no other way. Not all statesmen were orators but the politician with the gift of speech was usually given the higher rank.

One still remembers how Senator Root held in impressive silence not only the galleries and his colleagues of his own political fold, but the members of a hostile opposition, when he delivered his address on the currency bill. Senator Borah, at various times in the past, reached the high tide of eloquence, especially in his speech on the recall of judicial decisions. Before them were many who lifted debate above the level of political altercation. But one will listen in vain nowadays for an echo of the oratorical thunders which once rolled over the legislative chambers. The numberless fat volumes of the Congressional Record, squeezed out like an endless chain of sausages, are a morass of legislative small talk, a dreary waste of statistics and scraps from newspapers, a journal of partizan bantering and bickering. The art of speaking seems to be as much out of place in Congress as the two little black snuff boxes that stand in the niches beside the doorways leading to the Senate lobby.

There is Senator Lodge, of course, to whom one instinctively turns for what remains of the ideals of the old régime. He is a man of letters surrounded by a mob of voluble country lawyers or inarticulate business men. But, unfortunately, the strength of the Senator from Massachusetts does not lie in oratory. His speeches are carefully prepared essays which he reads to the Senate; they never vibrate

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with emotional impulses or the oratorical cadences which come only with the spoken word.

Senator Borah alone has the divine spark. Perhaps it is the Celtic strain that gives him his sense of rhythm, the music of speech, of modulation which at times is reminiscent of Ingersoll or Daniel O'Connell. He drops naturally into alliteration and his sentences frequently suggest the sonorous periods of Daniel Webster. There is this, for example, taken at random:

> If the great powers of Europe will write a treaty under which Europe can live, if they will do justice to the subject peoples of Europe, if they will abandon the principle of imperialism, if they will announce instead of a policy of force that of justice toward other peoples, if they will adopt the policy that looks to peace and not to war, which looks to reconstruction and not to destruction, which looks to upbuilding and not to dismemberment, and bring their program to the American people, they will find as sympathetic a chord here as they will find anywhere in the world.

If the Senator from Idaho has any fault it is his impetuousness. Once started he is disposed to keep in high gear, the penalty for which is a clogged throat.

Senator La Follette has his audience but he is too swept up on the storm of his own emotions to calculate mere oratorical effects. Beginning gravely enough, he is soon twiddling his fingers in the air and running his hands through his shock of hair, unable to stem the tide of ideas which completely outruns his capacity for utterance. Oftentimes his sentences end in a jumble of words; before he has finished one another comes tumbling upon it, and coherency is obliterated by the gusts of feeling which have more than once moved him to tears. Sometimes this is effective but in the long run it is wearying, and the Senator from Wisconsin knows not the virtue of brevity. He speaks seldom but some of his speeches have extended into a second session of the Senate—an unending torrent of words.

If facility in speaking were oratory, Senator Reed of Missouri would have no equal. He can, without a moment's hesitation, deliver an address on anything from the League of Nations to the duty on pearl buttons. But all of his speeches, if they do not give the impression that he is thinking out loud, fall into the same formula: they become a denunciation of the Republican party or something else, plentifully sprinkled with oratorical commonplaces, of which "the palladium of our liberties" was the forerunner, uttered with sonorous gravity. His nearest approach to humor is a bludgeonlike sarcasm which, at times, must disturb the rest of many of his predecessors to whom "senatorial courtesy" was a parliamentary dogma. And he has so often cried "Wolf" that the Senate no longer pricks up its ears.

His denunciation of the Liberian loan bill will illustrate his method. Of this he said:

> There are two motives back of it. I boldly make the charge. One of them is the force of capitalists who want the bonds which they hold to be redeemed. There has never yet been one of them in modern days of whom I have had any knowledge who has not been perfectly willing to loot the Treasury of the United States for his own personal benefit. — That is one motive. The other motive is the political ambition of gentlemen to secure the colored vote and to pay for it out of the United States Treasury.

This is probably the most shopworn formula of the legislative stock in trade. There are few bills that cannot be denounced as raids on the Treasury and fewer that cannot be assailed as manœuvres for political advantage. But it is an artifice which has nothing whatever to do with the art of oratory.

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The Senator from Alabama, Mr. Heflin, has delivered no less than twenty speeches during the last Congress proving that all of the economic ills from which the country suffers can be traced to the Federal Reserve Board and its solicitude for the same financial interests against which the Senator from Missouri inveighs, as well as its disregard of the lofty motives of the boys "over there" who "bared their breasts to the storm of battle".

It is not in this respect alone that the artifices of the hustings have been introduced into the forum of the Senate. Congress still holds to the conventional "Senator from so and so" and "the gentleman from such a state" but these are all that is left of the amenities of debate. The traditional dignity with which the Senate cloaked its proceedings is gone. We find the same Senator Heflin taunting his colleagues across the aisle by saying:

> You Progressives submit yourselves to the tender mercies of these smooth artists of the Old Guard, and when you come out of there you will not feel half so frisky as you do now.

Senator Caraway interrupts the debate on the anti-lynching bill to remark, in his unctuous Arkansas drawl:

> I should like to ask the Senator from California if he would like also to prevent their having an open season for shooting preachers up in New Jersey.

And this:

> In the courts of my state a negro is protected in every right he has under the Constitution. In fact if a white man shall descend to the level of the negro — and I use that language advisedly — and engage in litigation with him, he always loses his lawsuit, or nearly always.

The truth is that the Senate, which often refers to itself as the greatest of the world's deliberative bodies, frequently takes on the aspect of a corner grocery political discussion. The trouble, as one of its own members observed, is that men who might be expected to say something cannot talk and those who can talk have little to say. The generalization is not altogether justified but there is some basis for it. As orators, with the exception of those mentioned, the Senate can be divided into groups. There are those like Shortridge of California, Watson of Indiana, and Pomerene of Ohio, who have some sense of the dignity of utterance but for whom speech remains a rigid thing of which words are the broken fragments; they never attain fluidity of utterance. McCumber of North Dakota, who had an astounding passion for enunciation, went even further and divided it into syllables all equally accentuated which he sprinkled on the Senate as though he were a pepper box. This, it may be observed without reflecting upon the former Senator from North Dakota, is a more effective method of concealing thought than any Talleyrand ever dreamed of. There was another group, in which Edge, Frelinghuysen, New, and others may be included, that struggled painfully to attain oratorical levels but whose speeches sounded very much like reports read before directors' meetings.

The physical limitations imposed upon the House by its size have made oratory all but impossible. Not even the sonorous Bourke Cockran or the lucid Mr. Burton of Ohio can attain the fever of eloquence under the five minute rule. Yet the meagreness of the time at the disposal of the four hundred and thirty-five members has its advantages. They have no opportunity to give free rein to their impulse to talk in the aimless, browsing

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fashion that prevails in the clôtureless Senate. They must say what they have to say in a hurry or the fall of the Speaker's gavel and the announcement, "The time of the gentleman has expired", will cut them off ignominiously in full flight. The opportunity for extended debate is so rare that most of the Members resort to the leave to print, one of the shams which the country has accepted with complacent self-delusion. The House chamber is now equipped with electrical devices by which the voice of the speaker in the well is taken up, magnified, and poured over his colleagues from a nest of horns in the roof, and even sent to the four winds by wireless. Whether this will be a stimulus to oratory is problematic. Certainly it will not enlighten a listening public to hear in muffled tones: "This is the amendment to the section which is sought to be removed from the bill" or "I should like to ask in regard to the second provision." But there may be an attenuated thrill in such outbursts as that of the Honorable James MacLafferty, of California, who declared that "the Japanese coolie sailor gets his twelve dollars a month and three messes of rice a day, while our American sailor, thank God, is the best fed and the best berthed man that floats on the ocean." Or the plain speaking of Mr. Begg, of Ohio, who said that "it is about time for a man who pays a five cent tax and gets a ten cent tax given him, to begin to get into line and do a little less demagoguing and give a little more serious thought and study to the question of finance."

One cannot escape the conclusion that oratory has become an all but lost art in American political life. In the new and rather turgid democracy which demands "pep" and "plain talk" and, above all, "action" there seems to be no place for the oration. The broadsides with which party spokesmen once thundered have dwindled into argumentative sniping. The speaker who attempts to follow the pattern of Webster, Spooner, Morgan of Alabama, Platt of Connecticut, and a host of others at whose feet the Senate once sat and listened, is by that very fact regarded with some suspicion as reactionary.

There is no lack of volubility. The Congressional Record grows constantly in bulk. The verbal exuberance of Senator Reed, Senator King of Utah, Senator Heflin, and many others is sufficient evidence that the passion for utterance has not subsided. But interest is sacrificed to repetition, forcefulness to reiteration, and form to vehemence. No member of either House hopes to convert any of his colleagues by the persuasive power of oratory. His audience is not within the sound of his voice; more often than not he is heard only by a few preoccupied Senators or obviously tired Members whose minds are on other things. It is the faraway constituency, which takes its politics with its breakfast, to which he appeals.

Votes are not decided by the argumentative pros and cons of congressional debate, but by the state of mind of the "folks back home". The oration is not the vehicle for achieving these long distance effects. Unless it can be adapted to the new idea of direct representation in government, according to which a member of Congress votes not as he thinks but as he thinks his constituents think, there does not appear to be much hope for it. There is the possibility, of course, that the future will bring forth leaders great enough and eloquent enough to sway multitudes as Demosthenes once did, but that is another story.

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MARCEL PROUST

Master Psychologist and Pilot of the "Vraie Vie"

By Joseph Collins

MARCEL PROUST may justly be hailed as the greatest psychological novelist of his time. He was to normal psychology what Dostoyevsky was to abnormal psychology: an unsurpassed observer, interpreter, and recorder of men's thoughts and conduct.

It would be hazardous to attempt to estimate the place he will eventually have in literature until the remaining volumes of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" and "Le Temps Retrouvé" are published. But the volumes of the former that have appeared: "Du Côté de Chez Swann", "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs", "Le Côté de Guermantes", and "Sodome et Gomorrhe" justify the statement that with the death of their author in November, 1922, France lost a writer whose fame will rank with that of Balzac. It is not likely that he will ever have a popularity comparable to Balzac or even to Bourget, Barbusse, or several other contemporaries, for M. Proust is an author for writers. He will never be read by the large class of novel readers who create the market demand for novels of action and plot; nor will he appeal to that hardly less numerous class — chiefly women — who find the emotional novel palatable food. However, those who, like the writer, cannot punish themselves by struggling through a detective story and by whom the most skilfully contrived plot can be endured only if the harassment which it causes is counterbalanced by the charm of its literary style or its interpretation of the personality of the author reacting to conditions more or less common to all mankind, may find in M. Proust a novelist whom they can ill afford to ignore. And no writer of fact or fiction today would be just to himself were he to proceed with his art without making the acquaintance of this master artificer and psychologist. Proust will be remembered as a pioneer who explored the jungle of the unconscious memory, and a marvelous interpreter of the laws governing associated memories. I doubt not his name will be as inseparably connected with the novel of the future as that of de Maupassant or Poe has been with the short story of the last few decades, even while his wares will still find scant sale, save to writers, dilettantes, professional students of letters, of form, and of psychology.

The measure of success that was vouchsafed him came late in life. He was fifty when the Goncourt Prize was awarded "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs" in 1919. Until that time his writings were known to readers of "La Nouvelle Revue Française", to friends, and to a limited circle whose members have an urge for the unusual, and a flair for the picturesque in literature. Then readers began to nibble at "Du Côté de Chez Swann", and the more they nibbled, that is the

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oftener they read it, or attempted to read it — for it is difficult even for a cultured Frenchman — the more keenly aware did they become that they had encountered a new force, a new sensibility in literature, and, like appetite that comes with eating, the greater was their desire to develop an intimacy with him. "Le Côté de Guermantes" showed that he walked and talked, dined and wined, registered the thoughts and interpreted the dreams of the aristocracy with the same security, understanding, perspicacity, and clairvoyancy that he had brought to bear on the bourgeoisie in "Du Côté de Chez Swann". In "Sodome et Gomorrhe" he did the impossible. He talked with frankness and with a tone of authority of an enigmatic, inexplicable aberration of nature, inversion of the genesic instinct, which antedates possibly by millions of years the differentiation of man from anthropoid stock; which has always been with us, now the patent of good form, the badge of intellectual superiority, the hallmark of æsthetic refinement, as in the days of Hellenic supremacy; now the stigma of sin, the scarlet letter of infamy, the key of the bottomless pit, as today; and which unquestionably will always continue to be with us. He divested it of pruriency; he rescued it from pornography; he delivered it from pathology; and at the same time he made the penologist pause and "normal" man thoughtful.

Whether this freakishness of nature is as common as M. Proust says, whether it bulks so large in the conduct of daily life as he intimates, is a matter for the individual to estimate. No statistics are available, but experienced psychiatrists and discerning pedagogues know that a considerable proportion of mankind is so constituted. To deny it is equivalent to acknowledging that one is immune to evidence; to consider it a vice is to flaunt an allegation of falsehood in the face of biology. One can imagine the shock the world would have today if everyone told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about his genesic instinct. If, then, it was decided to segregate and deprive of liberty the inverted, what a strange medley it would be of general and soldier, of prince and pauper, of priest and parishioner, of genius and moron, of ambassador and attaché, of poet, artist, and savant. It will mark an epoch in modern civilization when this strange variation from the normal shall be subject to study by such investigators as Mendel, de Vries, Tschermak, and the host of biologists who are slowly solving the mysteries of heredity. Meanwhile the preparation for such work is the formation of public opinion, and probably there is no better way to accomplish it than that adopted by M. Proust.

So far the only one of M. Proust's books that has appeared in English is "Du Côté de Chez Swann" (Swann's Way) by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. The translation itself is a work of art, and the reading public is under profound obligation to this master stylist.

The narrator is M. Proust himself, but the reader who would understand Proust must keep in mind that he has distributed his own personality between two characters, the narrator of the story, and Swann. Those who see Proust only in the first, or only in Swann, see but half of him.

In the overture he recalls the memories of a precocious, sentimental, sickly childhood spent in his aunt's house in Combray, with an indulgent mother, a sensible matter-of-fact father, an archaic paternal grandmother, and two

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silly sentimental grandaunts. He succeeds in introducing in the most incidental way M. Swann, the son of a stockbroker, "a converted Jew and his parents and grandparents before him", who has successfully unlocked the door of smart and savant society; his former mistress Odette de Crecy whom he has now married, to the disgust of his neighbors; and his daughter with whom the narrator is to fall in love.

Although no attempt is made to describe the development of the personality of the sensitive, impressionable child who narrates the story, one gets an extraordinarily vivid picture of him. He has the hallmarks and habituations of neuropathy, and among them fantasying and substitution.

> In those days, when I read to myself, I used often, while I turned the pages, to dream of something quite different. And to the gaps which this habit made in my knowledge of the story more were added by the fact that when it was Mamma who was reading to me aloud she left all the love-scenes out. And so all the odd changes which take place in the relations between the miller's wife and the boy, changes which only the birth and growth of love can explain, seemed to me plunged and steeped in a mystery, the key to which (as I could readily believe) lay in that strange and pleasant-sounding name of *Champi*, which draped the boy who bore it, I knew not why, in its own bright colour, purpurate and charming.

That his neuropathic constitution was a direct inheritance is obvious. He got it through his Aunt Léonie

> who, since her husband's death, had gradually declined to leave, first Combray, then her house in Combray, then her bedroom, and finally her bed; and who now never "came down", but lay perpetually in an indefinite condition of grief, physical exhaustion, illness, obsessions, and religious observances. . . . My aunt's life now was practically confined to two adjoining rooms, in one of which she would rest in the afternoon while they aired the other.

Most of the grist of the boy's mill comes over the road that skirted Swann's park, but some comes the Guermantes Way. In "Le Côté de Guermantes", which followed "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs", he makes us as intimately acquainted with the Duchesse de Guermantes, Mme. de Villeparisis, and other notables of the *société élégante*, as he does in "Swann's Way" with the Verdurins and their "little nucleus" which furnishes a background to Odette, and furnishes M. Proust with canvas upon which to paint the portrait of an Æsculapian bounder, Dr. Cottard, who, it has been said, is still of the quick. M. Proust was the son and the brother of a physician and had abundant opportunity not only to get first-hand information but to have his natural insight quickened. In the same way one discovers his Jewish strain (his mother was a Jewess) in his mystic trends and in his characters such as Bloch and Swann. "Whenever I formed a strong attachment to any one of my friends and brought him home with me that friend was invariably a Jew." Moreover his lack of a sense of humor is a Hebraic trait. With the exception of the reaction provoked in his grandfather by the advent of one of these friends, "Swann's Way" and indeed all M. Proust's writings are humorless.

From a certain incident which he tells in "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs" regarding the way he was brought up, one sees that his father was a rigorous aristocrat, stiff in his demeanor, and very particular in the choice of his connections. He, the narrator, was brought up in a way the Germans would call *schablonenmässig:* everything was discussed at a family council, as though he were an inanimate plaything. His naïveté, the result of such training, is very characteristic.

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For some time he had been longing to see "Phèdre" played by the famous Mme. La Berma (evidently Sarah Bernhardt, for at that time she was the only one who played "Phèdre"). After long deliberation because of his illness, it was decided he should go chaperoned by his grandmother, to see his ideal actress. The scene opened with two men who rushed on in the throes of heated argument. He did not know that this was part of the play and that the men were actors; he thought they were some ruffians who had forced their way into the theatre and who would surely be ejected by the officials. He wondered, though, that the spectators not only did not protest, but listened to them with the greatest attention. Only when the theatre reechoed with applause did he understand that the two men were actors. Afterward, when two ladies came upon the stage, both of portly bearing, he could not decide which one was La Berma; a little later he learned that neither of them was the great actress. . . .

Without doubt M. Proust had a definite idea in mind, a determination to make a contribution: to prove that the dominant force in mental life is association, the chief resource of mentality reminiscence. Thus the primitive instincts of mankind and their efforts to obtain convention's approbation furnish the material with which he has built. It is extraordinary how large association bulks: individuals remind him of famous paintings, not merely the general characters of the people whom he encounters in his daily life, but rather what seems least susceptible of generalization, the individual features of men and women whom he knows. For instance, a bust of the Doge Loredan by Antonio Rizzo is suggested by the prominent cheekbones, the slanting eyebrows, in short a speaking likeness to it of his own coachman Rami; the coloring of a Ghirlandajo, by the nose of M. de Palancy; a portrait by Tintoretto, by the invasion of the plumpness of the cheek by an outcrop of whisker, the broken nose, the penetrating stare, the swollen eyelids of Dr. du Bolbon.

If, on descending the stairs after one of the Doncières' evenings, suddenly on arriving in the street, the misty night and the lights shining through suggest a time when he arrived at Combray, at once there is thrown on the screen of his consciousness a picture of incidents there and experiences elsewhere that are as vivid and as distinct as if he were looking at them on a moving picture screen. Then suddenly there appears a legend, "the useless years which slipped by before my invisible vocation declared itself, that invisible vocation of which this work is the history." Like the monk who seeks God in solitude, like Nietzsche who sought Him in reason, M. Proust has sought to reveal his soul, his personality, the sum total of all his various forms of consciousness by getting memory to disgorge her contents, the key to the chamber being association.

> We try to discover in things, endeared to us on that account, the spiritual glamour which we ourselves have cast upon them; we are disillusioned, and learn that they are in themselves barren and devoid of the charm which they owed, in our minds, to the association of certain ideas; sometimes we mobilise all our spiritual forces in a glittering array so as to influence and subjugate other human beings who, as we very well know, are situated outside ourselves, where we can never reach them.

There are so many features of M. Proust's work that excite admiration, that it is possible to enumerate only a

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few. Despite a studied style of confusion and interminable sentences, suspended, hyphenated, alembicated, and syncopated, that must forever make him the despair of anyone whose knowledge of French is not both fundamental and colloquial, he makes telling lifelike pen pictures of things and persons. Such is one of Françoise, the maid at Combray,

> who looked as smart at five o'clock in the morning in her kitchen, under a cap whose stiff and dazzling frills seemed to be made of porcelain, as when dressed for church-going; who did everything in the right way, who toiled like a horse, whether she was well or ill, but without noise, without the appearance of doing anything; the only one of my aunt's maids who when Mamma asked for hot water or black coffee would bring them actually boiling; she was one of those servants who in a household seem least satisfactory, at first, to a stranger, doubtless because they take no pains to make a conquest of him and show him no special attention, knowing very well that they have no real need of him, that he will cease to be invited to the house sooner than they will be dismissed from it; who, on the other hand, cling with most fidelity to those masters and mistresses who have tested and proved their real capacity, and do not look for that superficial responsiveness, that slavish affability, which may impress a stranger favorably, but often conceals an utter barrenness of spirit in which no amount of training can produce the least trace of individuality.

Time, M. Proust was convinced, was made for slaves. It takes longer to read his account of a soirée at the Prince de Guermantes's than it would to attend it. It requires half a volume to narrate it. The account is masterly, and the reader is filled with the feelings that actual experience might produce. Those who have had contact with aristocracy, and whose lucidity of mind has not been impaired by it, also find such an account interesting. Here one meets aristocrats of every complexion, heirs of the oldest and proudest names in Gotha's Almanach, and those whose pedigree is not so ancient, upon whom the former look condescendingly. As in a zoo, one sees a great variety of the aristocrat genus, and if one has believed that the nobility is formed of people different and better than the common herd the delusion is dissipated. Here is a light that fairly dazzles those who are susceptible to the appeal of clothes, wealth, and jewels. If one's yearnings are for things more substantial in human nature he will not be satisfied as a guest of the Prince de Guermantes. Diogenes there would have used his lantern in vain.

One becomes intimately acquainted with the *haut monde*, their colossal pride and overweening conceit, concealed from the eyes of those below them in the hierarchy by thin veils of conventional and shallow amiability which they make more and more transparent as the people they deal with are further removed from the blue zone of the *nobilior spectrum*. One discovers also another characteristic: the capacity for putting up with such pride and conceit from above, and for making the best of it for the sake of securing the lustre which comes with the good will of those higher up, and contact with them.

In the society of the Guermantes one becomes acquainted with such specimens of human meanness and hatefulness, such hypocrisy, such paucity of the sentiments that ennoble life, that he finds himself wondering why better flowers do not grow in the enchanted gardens. Those which seemed so beautiful at a distance turn out to be not only without fragrance, but with a bad odor. The *grand monde*, in truth, seems to be nothing but a small world of gossiping and shallow talk, a world aware of no other nobility than that of inherited titles, and scorning the idea that real

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nobility is a refinement of the soul, produced by education, to which rich and poor, high and low may all aspire. The feeling of a man not recognized as an aristocrat who, for some special reason, gains admission to this circle, is made vivid in the experience of a talented physician who has saved the life of the Prince de Guermantes and who owes his invitation to the reception to the Prince's gratitude. The experience of a Bavarian musician is also interesting. It shows how great can be the insolence of aristocracy swollen with vanity. At the soirée we meet nobles who never possessed ideals which acted as armor against pollution, nobles with imaginations easily inflamed by the attractions of women servants, whose lust for a chambermaid is sufficient to dim all consciousness of their pedigrees. And we meet others who are even lower, noblemen and ladies who keep up the traditions of Sodom and Gomorrah in modern society.

It may be beside the question to inquire the intention of the author in painting this picture of high society and then dwelling on aspects of it that can only cause disgust. His words at times seem to reveal a sarcastic intention. His descriptions are so full of minute details and so rich in incidents of extreme naturalness that it is impossible to believe that even a lively imagination could fabricate them. One easily sees that they are fragments of real life. This keeps the interest alive, despite the involved style. His periods are so twisted and turgid with associated thoughts, so bristling with parenthetical clauses, that often profound effort is required to interpret them. There is none of the plain, clear, sane, sunny style of a Daudet, or of Paul Bourget. This causes a sensation of discomfort at times, especially when the author indulges in introspection that reveals a morbid imagination and pathological sensitiveness, as, for instance, in the distinction between abiding sorrows and fugitive sorrows; on how our beloved departed ones live in us, act on us, transform us even more than the living ones; and how those who are dead grow to be more real to us who love them than when they were alive.

We feel an unhealthiness under it all. We have to stop and analyze, to unravel the main idea from the tangled skein in which it is hidden. But it is a work that brings its own reward. It brings real jewels of *finesse de pensée et d'observation*, such as those on the reminiscence of departed sensations and feelings; on the different selves which we have been in the past and which coexist in our present individuality; on the eclipses to which the latter is subject when one of its components suddenly steps from the dark recesses into the vivid light of consciousness; on the elements of beauty apparent in different individuals who are partial incarnations of one great beauty without; on reminiscence of Plato; on the anxiety of expectation while awaiting a person; on the effect which consciousness of his own sinfulness has on the sinner; on the interchange of moral qualities and idiosyncrasies of persons bound by mutual sympathy; on the permanence of our passions in mathematical jargon, a function of the time during which they have acted on our spirit. It also discloses treasures of delicate feeling, such as are awakened in a person by the image of a beloved one that flashes vivid in his memory.

But to discover such treasures one has often to wade through a series of long and indigestible sentences of thirty or forty lines.

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I recall reading in an English magazine, a number of years ago, an article entitled "A Law in Literary Expression". Stated in its plainest terms, the law is this: the length of the phrase — not the sentence, but its shortest fraction, the phrase — must be measured by the breath pause. M. Proust breaks this law oftener than any citizen of this country breaks the Prohibition law, no matter how imperious may be his thirst.

Finally, the frank and scientific way in which he has discussed a subject that has always been tabooed in secular literature calls for remark. Of the posterity of Sodom he says it forms a colony spread all over the world, and that one can count it as one can count the dust of the earth. He studies all the types and varieties of Sodomists. Their manners and ways, their sentiments, their aberrations of the senses, their shame, are passed in review. It is a sort of scientific, poetical treatise. The actions in which the Sodomistic instinct finds its outlet are often compared to the seemingly conscious actions by which flowers attract the insects that are the instruments of their fecundation. Botany and sexuality are mixed together. Sometimes the scientific spirit, gaining the upper hand, leads him to look upon these phenomena of genesic inversion as manifestations of a natural law, and therefore marvelous, like all the workings of nature.

M. Proust's work is the first definite reply in the affirmative to the question whether fiction can subsist without the seductive power due to a certain illusory essence of thought. Whether in this respect he will have many, if any, successful followers is to be seen. But his own volumes stand as an astonishing example of an organic and living fiction obtained solely by the effort to portray truth.

Because of the unique qualities of his novels and the fact that they are developed on a definite psychological plan, more than the usual interest in a favorite writer is attached to the personality of M. Proust. During his lifetime inaccessible both because of aristocratic taste and of partial invalidism, his figure is likely to become more familiar to the reading world — even to those who never read his books — than the figures of great authors who walked with the crowd and kept the common touch.

Neither Proust the man nor Proust the author can be considered apart from his invalidism. It shows all through his writings, although what the malady was which rendered him, if not a *de facto* invalid, certainly a potential invalid, is not known. Some of his friends accused asthma, others a disease of the heart, while still others attributed it to "nerves". In reality his conduct and his writings were consistent with neuropathy and his heredity.

He ruminated on Rousseau and studied Saint-Simon. When he arrived at the stage where he could scoff at one and spurn the other, he learned Henry James by heart. Then he wrote; he had prepared himself. The deficit which art and endeavor failed to wipe out was compensated by his maternal inheritance.

One may infer whither he is going by reading Proust once, but to accompany him he must be read a second time. Those who would get instruction and enlightenment must read him as Ruskin, his master, said all worth while books must be read: "You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable."

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A BORN TEACHER

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

With Sketches by Edith Whitcomb Morrell

LUCY BLYE had taught for twenty-eight years, and was being paid eleven hundred dollars when I went to the Ellsworth High School for my first year's "experience". For a long time I knew her hardly at all. I noticed her vaguely as the shriveled little person, with dresses of the fashion before last, and obviously homemade hats, who used to flutter up and down the corridors and worry about absence slips. Later I noticed her more particularly as the lady who was always correcting papers. She used to sit at the long table in the Teachers' Room whenever she had a free hour, which was but seldom — everyone in the Ellsworth High School seemed to be taking Latin — and correct them with a red pencil. Over each mistake she wrote painstakingly the proper form or forms, until each sheet was a checkerboard of cramped, neat handwriting that no one ever read. Her hands used to tremble as she worked, and she would wind the left one in her watch chain to hold it still. Sometimes she drew in her breath sharply, as if the errors hurt her.

But I never really noticed Miss Blye at all until the day when, rushing into the Teachers' Room for my coat and

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hat, I found her crumpled in the corner of the wicker lounge — not crying, but just lying there, as if someone had hit her and she had fallen down without strength to rise again.

I crossed over to her.

"What's the matter?" I said.

She sprang up — evidently she had not heard me before — and backed into a corner with a strange, furtive motion, as if she were pursued. She held her hand over her mouth, but I could see that her chin was trembling. She was terrified — ashamed — at having been caught, but she made no effort to hide her terror or her shame. There was something in her face that frightened me.

"What's the matter?" I said again sharply.

Then she spoke.

"Oh that Boy," she said in a queer, high pitched voice. "Oh that Boy. Oh that Boy."

"What boy?" I said.

"Oh that Boy," she repeated.

I did not ask her anything more. Somehow I caught hold of her and drew her over to the couch. Then I made her lie down, and brought her a drink, and put a cold cloth on her head, and fanned her. She lay quite still; only the muscles in her neck twitched now and then. I thought as I watched her that I had never seen anyone so little, and thin, and dry — as if the live part had been squeezed out of her, and only the husk was left. Even the lines in her face were thin dry lines.

At last she opened her eyes.

"It was Hines I meant," she said. "I — I couldn't do anything with him."

"Where is he now?" I asked her.

"In my room," she said, and closed her eyes again.

I went down the hall and into Room 4. Hines was lounging against the window sill; he turned as I entered. There was conscious insolence in the way he stuck his hands into his pockets, and teetered heavily on his perfect buckskin toes. Then he smiled — a heavy, well fed smile, like an after dinner orator. Even before that I had been angry, but something in the smug pink and whiteness of his face, in contrast with the little beaten creature on the couch in the Teachers' Room, destroyed my last shred of calmness. I had not been a spoiled only child for nothing; as I crossed the schoolroom floor, I shook with sheer uncontrolled rage.

I shook Hines too. In a saner moment I should never have dared to try it— it was such a long reach up to his faraway coat collar. But I did it. Suddenly I stopped. After all, I had no idea why I was shaking Hines — I realized that I did not know what he had done.

Hines himself enlightened me. He had backed off as soon as I released him, and was pulling his tie back into a more correct relation to his plump pink chin.

"I didn't do an'thing," he said in a hurt tone, as of one misunderstood. "Honest I didn't do an'thing."

"What did you do before Miss Blye went out?" I asked him.

I felt my position weakening.

"I didn't do *an'thing*," Hines repeated. "Miss Blye — she said not to smile that way. But I wasn't smiling any way special. I didn't say an'thing. I can't help it if I smile, can I?"

Of course I tried to talk to Hines. I tried to tell him that he must remember to be a gentleman, and that he must never annoy Miss Blye again. But after all you cannot fall upon a boy and rend him for the way he smiles, or because he shrugs up his shoulders and teeters on his toes. And

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so at last I let him go. I suppose Hines kept on smiling "that way" at Miss Blye always.

Miss Blye was up again when I went back to the Teachers' Room, and was sitting in a chair by the window with her hands folded primly in her lap.

She said that she was quite all right now, thank you; and that she was sorry to have made so much trouble; and that I might be sure it would not happen again.

I did not know what to say. If she had cried, I could have put my arm round her and comforted her; but you cannot put your arm round a little ramrod person who sits stiffly on the edge of a wicker chair, and says that you have been very kind, and that she shall not need you any longer. And so in the end I did not say anything at all — just brought her things, and smiled good night, and left her.

After that, strangely enough, Lucy Blye admitted me to be her friend. Every afternoon I walked with her to her train — so far as I could guess, the only bit of recreation in her day. And she used to talk to me. Lucy Blye was not an easy talker. Her confidences came in little gasps and hitches, with unexpected rushing on to frankness, and drawing back again into reticence. But somehow, one day or another, a sentence at a time, I suppose she told me all her life. There was not much to tell. Put together in connected narrative, it would have taken a pitifully short time to "say it through". But always in her talk, one primary fact stood out. Lucy Blye hated to teach.

She had always hated it, she said. She had gone into it, hating it, when she had finished a precarious college course, because there had seemed nothing else to do. And she had hated it ever since. Discipline had always been a terror to her. She did not get on well with children, and they frightened and bullied her.

"You were wonderful that — day with Hines," she said once.

I shook my head.

"I was just plain mad," I told her.

"I was mad, too", she said simply, "but I wasn't wonderful."

Of course it had not been so bad, she always added, while her mother was alive — mother had always been so interested in everything. Of her father she did not often speak; I gathered that he had never contributed anything, save his presence, to the family resources. Later, when I had seen him, I did not wonder that this was so. Lucy Blye's father was a mild, indefinite old gentleman, with indefinite blue eyes and a vague, peering look always on his face, as if he were searching for something far away. He had a habit of snatching out his handkerchief and turning it over and over in his fingers; then slipping it back again furtively, as if he did not want anyone to see it. Almost as soon as we were introduced he told me confidentially that he had always had to live in town to be near the art galleries.

"Art", he said, "is the soul of the American nation."

Lucy Blye looked troubled and unhappy, but she did not try to interrupt him. Afterward she said in her worried, helpless way that it was too bad Papa had to live in the city, it made it so much harder — she got tired more easily than she used to, and there were the railroad fares, and the rents, and everything. I suppose that Lucy Blye had always felt the pinch of circumstance.

Then one day, with a little apolo-

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getic laugh, she told me of her secret ambition. When she was young, she said, she had always dreamed that some day she should not have to teach any more. Five years was always her magic limit of time — in five years she would have saved enough so that she would dare to go into something else. But she never had.

"Why don't you do it now?" I said.

For an instant she looked at me with a kind of glory in her face. Then it faded.

"I can't," she said. "I'm too old. Next year I'll be fifty."

Yet always after that I think the idea lurked at the back of her mind, and sometimes she took it out and fondled it. We used to "play pretend" that spring, and always her game began, "If it should happen that I wasn't teaching. . ."

In June she resigned. Frankly, I was very much surprised; I did not think that she had the courage to do it. She had not thought so either. She told me with a sort of gasping amazement that she had just done it all at once "without stopping to think". It was the first impulsive action of her life.

I did not see her again until fall, but I heard from her often. She was in a little shop uptown, selling Betty Bell silk hosiery at wholesale and retail. The place belonged to an old school friend, who hired her to manage it. She spoke with shy enthusiasm of the fun of running her own little "establishment".

Then one day I had lunch with her. And even I was surprised at the change. The old hopelessness was gone from her eyes; instead she had a look of pent up eagerness, as of one who had just discovered a new continent. I suppose she had. I noticed, too, that she was wearing a new dress — one that had never been turned or dyed, and that was made with unaccustomed innovations of wing sleeves and tiny brocaded vest. She patted her tight grey hair with a very feminine gesture when we sat down, as if people cared how she looked. And she told me blushingly, like a girl, of how she and the gentleman downstairs had fraternized over the dictionary. All her Sundays were free, now, she said. In the evenings she sewed Betty Bell guarantee tags into the tops of the stockings, but she couldn't feel as if it was right to sew on Sundays — she hadn't been brought up that way. She said laughingly that she used to wish she had been taught that it was wicked to correct papers on Sunday. . . . She had met Mrs. Harper from Ellsworth one day, and she said — Lucy Blye giggled — that she was so sorry to have her go away, because no one else could ever teach Mary any Latin. . . . Some night the gentleman downstairs was going to take her to the theatre.

I did not see her often that winter, because I had moved farther from the city. Whenever I did, she was still brisk and gay, and full of enthusiasm for "business". But as time went on, I began to feel a kind of resolution about her gaiety, and I sensed that all was not well at the little shop. She did not confide in me, however — she had grown back again out of the way of confidences — and it was not until it was all over that I knew anything about it.

The shop's owner, it seems, began to have other uses for his money — he wanted Lucy Blye to buy a partnership. Lucy Blye, of course, could not. Other investors were not forthcoming, and she began to suspect that her friend was keeping the business so

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that she might manage it. She wrote a letter that night. In it she hinted that, unless the shop was to be permanent, she, Lucy Blye, had other plans. . . . The business was sold at once.

On the night when the news came, Lucy Blye's plans were as yet unformulated, but by morning they had taken shape. And after all they were very simple — she would just find another "business position" similar to the one she had had. Directly after breakfast she set out, not uncheerfully — even, indeed, with a hint of conscious gaiety about her; she told herself resolutely that it was an adventure. She wore the new dress, and a shiny little black hat, and neatly mended gloves; at the last moment she made sure that the heels of her shoes were well polished. Employers, she understood, were very particular about heels.

For her first venture, she chose one of the largest of the uptown stores, and somehow, after she had walked past it several times, she found courage to go in. On the way upstairs she said often to herself that of course she shouldn't really be disappointed if she didn't find a place here — the first thing. There might not be a vacancy. . . . She whispered confidingly to the office boy. Then she was shown into the Presence.

The Presence was sitting at his desk writing.

Lucy Blye crept softly across the room, sat down on the tip edge of the company chair, and folded her hands round the top of the little black satin bag that held her handkerchief and purse.

"Good morning," she said politely.

"Hum," he answered.

The interview seemed to Lucy Blye not to be going well. She felt the weight of social responsibility.

"It's — it's a beautiful day," she ventured.

The man whirled round at her.

"What do you want?" he snapped out abruptly.

Lucy Blye was startled.

"Please", she gasped, "I — I want to apply for a position."

"Hum," said he. "What kind?"

"A — a business position," Lucy Blye explained. Then — eagerly, "I've had experience."

"Hum," said he for the third time. "What did you do?"

Lucy Blye drew herself up unconsciously, and held her head, in the little shiny black hat, proudly high.

"I was the manager," she said.

For an instant the manager behind the desk stared at the little manager beside him, balanced absurdly on the edge of the visitor's chair. Then he put back his head and laughed. . . . Somehow, long afterward, Lucy Blye found herself outside.

It was afternoon before she dared to try again.

But before the week was over she had tried many times. It was not always so dreadful as it had been at that first meeting; sometimes fatherly old gentlemen sent her away quite kindly. But it was always bad. It was always a torture to Lucy Blye, sitting on the edge of some hard chair, to open her trembling, middle aged lips and say, "I came to apply for a position." She had no knack of looking as if she expected to be employed.

When it was plain that there was no place for her among the larger stores, she began her weary march among the shops — tiny dressmaking establishments and corner displays of "dry and fancy goods". And there too they had no need of her. Her experience did not seem of a desirable sort; people in general did not want

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"Selling Betty Bell silk hosiery at wholesale and retail"

their business managed. In the evenings she used to answer the day's advertisements for all kinds of positions — secretary for father, or companion for mother, or governess for the children — but she seldom had so much as an answer. Even on paper she did not have the faculty of recommending herself.

Lucy Blye grew out of the way of expecting to find success.

She used to say over and over to herself that she should not be so frightened if it were not for Papa.

At last one morning she was ill.

I saw her in January. She was still pale from her illness, and looked tinier and more shriveled than ever. The new blue serge was worn out, and she had slipped back again into her rusty blacks and faded purples.

We had dinner together.

"I — haven't told you before", she said when we had finished, "but I — I'm teaching now — Latin and French. It's hard to get an all Latin position in the middle of the year, you know."

I started to speak, but she stopped me. And after all, there was nothing for me to say.

She went on.

"I've got some things I'd like to ask you," she said. "They're about direct objects. I never taught French before, and I wasn't very good at it, ever. And those children ask such questions — you've no idea. They frighten me."

She took a copy of Frazer and

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Squire from her bag, and I saw that it was stuffed with papers to correct. Then she sat down beside me, like a child ready to say her lesson. Her hands were trembling, and she wound them in her watch chain to hold them still. . . .

The next day I met the principal of the Ellsworth High School.

"Know anything about Miss Blye?" he asked, for the sake of saying something, I think, more than because he was interested.

"Yes," I said shortly. "She's teaching in Brinsley."

The principal rubbed his hands together offensively.

"That's fine," he said. "That's fine. I knew she'd go back to it."

I turned away, but he had not yet finished.

"I knew she'd go back to it," he repeated. "Why she'd *have* to go back to it. She couldn't be happy doing anything else. She was a born teacher."

BROWN AS ANY THRUSH IS

By Pierson Underwood

BROWN as any thrush is,
Deep-eyed, clear,
O, I do adore her,
My own heart's dear.
She's sweet as brooks in rushes,
And orchards in the Spring,
But young, so young, 'twould be like pain
To tell her such a thing.

I'd long to do the great things
Would make her name to shine,
Like lovely Mary Morrison's,
Breathlessly divine;
To make one song that should not die
How her young breast is snow,
But O, to hear, would make her cry,
She would not have it so.

She'd want my two hands only
To hold her heart between,
Nor any other's thought to touch
The loves that on it lean
Like little robins, red and brown,
Upon a hidden bough,
And apple trees the only town
To gossip of our vow.

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THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

VII: BOOKS—AND THEN BOOKS

THERE is a terrific chapter in "Mrs. Seagrim" which describes Mahomet Seagrim, the brother-in-law with the blue tooth, throwing young Thanet's library (six battered volumes) into the sea out of sheer malicious deviltry.

That chapter is one of several reasons why that terrific work is still withheld from the public — just because it really is too terrible to bear the light of print, and that in a day too that has seen the publication both of "Tarzan" and "Ulysses". With these two masterpieces, by the way, "Mrs. Seagrim" has something in common.

Like Thanet, in my story, I cannot remember a time when I had not a library. I learned to read at a very late age — I was eight at least before I mastered the intricacies of "Stumps" my earliest love — but long before I could actually read I carried books about with me, fingering the smooth gentle leaves and scrawling marks with a pencil all over their pages.

My first deliberate conception of a collection of books was, I think, in about my tenth year when a kind godfather asked me to London to stay with him for a week at Christmas time. A queer murky candle-greasy kind of London it seemed to me, I remember. My godfather had a church near the Tower and I used to fancy as I lay in bed that I could hear the waters of the Thames swishing up against the walls of our rectory and that the Beefeaters of the Tower all crimson in their coats rowed up and down the river searching for escaped prisoners. I went in that week with my godfather's cook to my first Pantomime and saw Dan Leno in "Dick Whittington", and all the house rocked up and down because he had taken a drop too much. I was taken to hear Corney Grain and I laughed until I burst two trouser buttons and went home in the omnibus with one hand to my side and a feeling of gross indecency in my heart.

But best of all — far, far best of all — was my godfather's Christmas present of "David Copperfield", that old blue covered edition with all the pictures and very small *crinkly* print. I say *crinkly* because very early in my reading I separated books into this division, the *straight* and the *crinkly*. I cannot say at this distant time what it was exactly in my youthful mind that separated the one from the other; something in the type, something in the binding perhaps, but something certainly in the spirit of the book itself. "Alice in Wonderland" was a crinkly book, and so were "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and Jules Verne and "The Talisman", but "Ministering Children" and "Little Women" and

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the adorable, *adorable* "Flat-iron for a Farthing" (is anyone ever again going to write as well both about and for children as did Mrs. Ewing?) — these were *straight* books. "David Copperfield" was the most crinkly of them all. It was my first Dickens, and I remember that when I lay in bed thinking about the characters they all seemed to me to have crinkly noses, so that to this very day the Micawbers and Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge and Rosa Dartle all seem to me to have noses that turn up at the end like little pigs.

It was "David Copperfield" who first decided me to have a library. When I went back after that wonderful Christmas week to the clergyman's house where I was a paying guest (it was that same one in which lived Miss Julie) I collected my books together. I had about a dozen and they were, I think, "Stumps", "Rags and Tatters", "Alice in Wonderland", "Ivanhoe", "The Talisman", "The Golden Treasure", the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress", "Robinson Crusoe", "St. Winifred's — or The World of School", "David Copperfield", and a volume of Mrs. Ewing's stories. I arranged these in a row I remember on my window sill, there being no bookcase in my little room, and next day the red faced son of the clergyman came in and threw them all out of the window into the garden pond. This was the origin of my "Mrs. Seagrim" chapter.

I hit the red faced boy and cried of course but was impotent to prevent the tragedy. Those treasures are, I dare say, at the bottom of that pond at this very moment.

But life moves on and tragedies stay behind, thank God. And soon I was staying with another clergyman and collecting books again. Through all my boyhood I had none of the real collector's impulse. I collected these books because I loved them and for no other reason. I never thought of their "rarity", their "condition", their "points". They were indeed of no rarity at all and their points were those of intimate personal history and none other. One book had a splotch of damp on it where I had washed my hands too vigorously in its neighborhood, another was guilty of schoolroom ink, the pages of another were torn — all my personal history was there.

During most of my boyhood I slept in a little room squeezed in between dormitories of cubicles where most of the students in my father's college spent their nights. My little collection of books was gathered precariously in a little bookcase that hung totteringly on the matchboard walls, and the nightly jests of the students, which consisted as I remember them of throwing heavy books at one another from cubicle to cubicle, made my bookcase rock at its very foundations. Books would totter over in the middle of the night and fall upon my face and wake me from my dreams but I was, as a rule, too sleepy to move them and would wake in the morning to find quite a little colony of volumes sharing my pillow.

My collection at that time was I think very ordinary and conventional. I admired what I was supposed to admire. My finances also were so slender that I was forced to depend very largely on gifts, and I shall never forget on one birthday my distress when I received no less than three "Kidnapped's", all of them written in and of no use therefore for "swopping" purposes.

I was about sixteen I think when the "World's Classics" suddenly began

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to appear. No poor words of mine can possibly convey with what a glory and a shining splendor that series surrounded me. These little dumpy red volumes (as they were little) were within my purchasing grasp, and I can see now one wintry evening in the country when there arrived my first volume of the series — Poe's "Tales of Imagination" — richly wrapped in stiff brown paper just as if it were a most expensive work, and how I drew up the dining room blind so that I might see the snow falling, conspirator-like, through the blue dusk, and how I took the old rocking chair as close to the fire as I might and stole an apple from the plate of fruit on the sideboard and munched and read and munched again.

My whole writing life took a fresh impetus from that romantic evening. The sense that Poe has of loneliness and terror went to reinforce that same private sense in myself given to me by S——. I began story after story in which there was a dark room, someone tapping at the window, a gasp, a groan, something dripping, a dark shadow behind the blind. But they got no further. I had always the sense that it was more interesting to make incident come from the clash of character than to let character be clothes-propped out of incident. I think that, even as I do now, I then worked far too often from the outside inward as Carlyle falsely accused Sir Walter of doing, but that is a crime that we lesser men in these noisy days are only too apt to commit. Sometimes it is the other way — Perrin comes from the inside I think, and Mrs. Trenchard and Maggie and Ronder and Brandon — if this recital of names seems egotistically tiresome I admit the egotism without shame, and isn't there in any case something unnatural about a father who refuses to recognize his own children?

I recognized meanwhile in these years vividly enough the children of those other literary parents. That shabby little bookcase was bursting with characters so real to me that I don't wonder that they toppled on my head while I was dreaming. At that time the characters were the only ingredients of the pie that I considered. "Barchester Towers" was a greater book to me than "The Egoist" because Mrs. Proudie was more real to me than Sir Willoughby — and is today more real. "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy" and "Redgauntlet" I adored by reason of Edie Ochiltree and Diana Vernon and Darsie Latimer and Nanty Ewart and I didn't care then, and I don't care now, how careless Sir Walter's style might be (there are things in "Guy Mannering" and "Old Mortality" and many another that can beat Meredith, Hardy, and James together for fine English), how slow his openings (his prefaces are glorious), how impotent his conclusions (and his conclusions are impotent often enough). Character was the thing in a novel then and is the thing for me now — the one thing that the novel can do supremely better than any other branch of the arts.

I came, after this, to the æsthetic period. I did not carry lilies in my chubby fist (the time for lily bearing was past) but I chose my ties with care, saved up and bought "Marius", and carried Shelley, Rossetti, and Morris with me everywhere. I was at Cambridge and my soul bumped from Rugby football to poetry and back again. In some way I felt that the two were closely connected and that connection I tried fumblingly to express in "The Prelude to Adventure". One of the happiest days in my life

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was when I dribbled the ball half way down the field and scored a try for my college, and that night I sat up for hours reading Morris's "Jason" aloud and feeling that I was the monarch of the world.

I must confess too that just at this time I had a passion (no lesser word will do) for the works — and they were many — of Francis Marion Crawford. With all my æstheticism — my Turgenev, my Anatole France, my Flaubert, my Meredith, my James, my Doughty (there appeared when I was about seventeen on my horizon the superb "Arabia Deserta" lent to me by a friend) — with all these tawny colored lions was lying down this little woolly lamb! I have read only this very week in one of the ablest American journals the most contemptuous references to poor Crawford possible for man to conceive. Well, let it be. Crawford wrote many poor books; he never did perhaps the best that was in him. He was modest about his work to a fault, a virtue not too conspicuous with the younger generation of today. To him, sportsman, athlete, fine friend, generous nature, life was always of more importance than art.

And yet has anyone tried "Katherine Lauderdale" or "The Ralstons" lately? Has any novelist approached so closely to Trollope's marvelous pedestrian realism as the author of those two books? Is not the creation of the Ralston family something of an achievement? And as for romance, what about "Casa Braccio" and "Corleone" and "Stradella"? Times change and fashions with them. One day when distance has sifted the wheat from the chaff someone will rediscover Crawford. There are many worse novelists with very handsome reputations alive today.

As I approached Cambridge and the age of priggishness, Crawford and many another simpleminded author faded from my shelves. I wanted nothing but the best. We had no psychoanalysis twenty years ago but Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw and the younger Wells and the older James and the early Conrad were food enough for our groping minds.

One thing as I look back seems strange — I can remember no new poets contemporary with that period. "The Everlasting Mercy" had not appeared. There was Bridges, always from the first an exceeding joy to me; there was Stephen Phillips who never appeared to me quite the real thing; but the de la Mares, the Hodgsons, the Aldous Huxleys did not exist. And as for the women novelists we were in a valley just between the Sarah Grands, the "Iotas", the Ella D'Arcys of the nineties, and the Rebecca Wests, the Rose Macaulays, the Virginia Woolfs of today.

I remember that it was "The House of Mirth" which first drew my attention to contemporary American literature. Before I read that fine work I had fancied that American novels later than James or Howells were like a cloak and sword romance of the "Richard Carvel" kind, or dull heavy tracts of the Robert Herrick variety. First "The House of Mirth", then "Sister Carrie", then "The Octopus" and "The Pit", then the novels of Tarkington, and I realized a new world of experience.

But during all this time I was in no sense of the word a true book collector. I simply bought and kept at my side the books that I wanted to read. Then one day — a never to be forgotten day — I was lured by a friend into the enchantments of Sotheby's. I had never been present at a book auction before. I stood nervously at his side and

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watched the proceedings. A first edition of Lewis's "Monk" appeared. It was passed around. I handled the three slim volumes and my heart leaped up as did Wordsworth's when he beheld the daffodils.

"Would you like that?" my friend asked me. I said, "Yes", never dreaming of my possession. He nodded his head once or twice.

"The book's yours," he said. I gasped and with that gasp entered a new kingdom.

How many people have said to me in the last eight years, "I cannot think what you want to collect all those old books for." As though a modern edition would do just as well!

I could write a book (and am indeed one day going to write it) about "Book Collecting: Its Virtues and Vices", why it is like drinking, why it breaks up so many marriages — and so on. But in the meantime I recommend that anyone who cannot understand why men grub in twopenny books read Mr. Newton's two books on the subject and then read "Sylvestre Bonnard". If, after these books, he is no wiser, he may go to perdition his own way!

At the beginning of my collecting I decided that I would try for two things — first, everything that I could obtain about or by the great Sir Walter and, secondly, a first edition in its original state of every important novel in the English language.

My first ambition I have gone a long way toward achieving. There is, I think, no book written about Scott in the English language that I do not possess. I have all the firsts in boards save "Waverley", I have proof sheets of six of the novels and the manuscripts of two of them. I have hundreds of letters by him, and the famous Abbotsford correspondence, some seven thousand letters to Scott from all the most important men of his time.

"Now what on earth have you done this for?" someone asked me the other day. It does on the face of it seem folly. Instead of saving I have bought things. I have saved almost nothing out of this, the lucrative period of my life. It is true that I could get a considerable sum for my Scott library were I to sell it, but I should not get — let there be no mistake — what I gave for it. Who can explain the impulses that dominate us? Even those Cheeryble brothers, Messrs. Freud and Jung, have taken us only a little way. I can only say that I have loved Scott since I was a very little boy — loved him as a man, as the example of all that was good and true and pure and fearless and sense-of-humored. Loved him as the greatest creator since Shakespeare of living men and women, between the covers of books, but loved him finally as someone whom at sometime or another I have personally known.

There may be something in the doctrine of reincarnation — there may not, as Mr. Sooch says in "Spite Corner". But there are times when his grey shadow over my memory seems to lift and I see myself as a bowlegged, snuff taking, spectacled little bookseller in a little bookshop in a back Edinburgh street — and Napoleon has just gone to St. Helena, and James Hogg has just borrowed a book which, if I am not careful, he will never return; and suddenly the jingly bell rings and there is a sturdy thickset figure in the doorway and a merry eye and a jolly voice, and someone limps across the floor and puts his hand upon my shoulder. . . .

Perhaps . . .

My other ambition is also nearly

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achieved. I have not *every* important novel in the English language. I have not "Pickwick" in parts nor several Jane Austens, nor Trollope's "Macdermots" (how surprised that sportsman would be did he know that someone in 1923 was calling "The Macdermots" important!) nor "Wuthering Heights" nor "Richard Feverel" nor "The Woodlanders".

"And what good is it to you", my cynical friend inquires, "now that they are there?" I can only answer that it gives me a deep emotional pleasure to see, to handle, to live with those copies of the books that I love, the copies that came first into the world before anyone alive had time to realize how tremendous an effect upon the world they were going to have! They seem to me the copies that the authors themselves have made, "Jane Eyre" in its purple cloth, "Esmond" in its grey, "Middlemarch" in its stumpy parts, "The Newcomes" in their bright yellow.

I don't know that I should care to collect books for which I have no affection simply because of their rarity. I have no wish to pay a thousand pounds for Margaret Nicholson or five hundred for Lamb's "Queen of Hearts". I *should* like to have a Kilmarnock Burns and a first "Pilgrim's Progress" and a "Third Folio". But there it is. I must buy what I can afford.

And have books no life of their own? Of course they have. Did not my "Jane Eyre" utterly refuse to live cheek by jowl with "Pride and Prejudice", and how do you think the "Idylls" would take the company of "Pelham" or "The Caxtons"? And do they respond to one's own love for them? Of course they do. I will tell you. Before I sailed for America not long ago, I went round my library giving my books a last stroke of the hand. My "Almayer's Folly" (a beautiful copy with a page of Conrad's own writing inside it) urged itself upon my attention. It fell out of the bookcase. It refused to go back. There was no room. I pushed it back. It groaned. But of course I could not take it. When I unpacked my bag in New York there it was, hidden between Boswell and a book on "Self". How did it get there?

I leave that to your own judgment.

FREE WILL

By Robert Hillyer

THE sunset takes up half the land,
The dark the other half;
And in the dusk between I stand
Leaning upon my staff.

The shade commands me to lament,
The sunlight to rejoice;
Till Night usurps the continent
And nullifies the choice.

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MR. GALSWORTHY'S SECRET LOYALTIES

By Grant Overton

IN the autumn of 1922 New York began to witness a play by John Galsworthy, called "Loyalties". Not only the extreme smoothness of the acting by a London company but the almost unblemished perfection of the play as drama excited much praise. Because, of the two principals, one was a Jew and the other was not, with consequent enhancement of the dramatic values in several scenes, it was said (by those who always seek an extrinsic explanation) that "Loyalties" simply could not have avoided being a success in New York. The same type of mind has long been busy with the problem of Mr. Galsworthy as a novelist. It read "The Man of Property" and found the book explained by the fact that the author was a Socialist. Confronted with "The Dark Flower", it declared this "love life of a man" sheer sentimentalism (in 1913 there was no Freudianism to fall back on). And the powerful play called "Justice" was accounted for by a story that quiet Mr. Galsworthy had "put on old clothes, wrapped a brick in brown paper, stopped in front of a tempting looking plate glass window", and let 'er fly. On being "promptly arrested", he "gave an assumed name, and the magistrate, in his turn, gave Galsworthy six months. That's how he found out what the inside of English prisons was like."

A saying has it that it is always the innocent bystander who gets hurt; but the fate of the sympathetic bystander — and such a one John Galsworthy has always been — is more ironic. That peculiar sprite, George Meredith's Comic Spirit, reading all that has been written about Galsworthy, would possibly find some adequate comment; but Meredith is dead and the only penetrating characterization that occurs to me is: "Galsworthy's the kind of man who, if he were in some other station of life, would be a splendid subject for Joseph Conrad."

In the middle of "Loyalties" a character exclaims: "Prejudices — or are they loyalties — I don't know — crisscross — we all cut each other's throats from the best of motives." Well, in a paper written in 1917 or earlier and included in their book, "Some Modern Novelists", published in January, 1918, Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett, discussing Galsworthy's early novels, put down a now very remarkable sentence, as follows:

> Mr. Galsworthy does not see how two loyalties that conflict can both be right; and he is interested in the larger loyalty.

So interesting and significant a statement, buried as seed, might easily sprout as novel or play. I have no atom of evidence that Mr. Galsworthy ever saw the comment; but if he read it and buried the words, then "Loyalties" was written in their effectual disproof. For in this drama, as in all his novels, as in all his other dramas, Mr. Galsworthy is constantly seeing and portraying how conflicting loyalties both are right; he is never interested in the larger loyalty and cannot keep

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his eye on it through consecutive chapters or through a single act; he is forever presenting the two or more sides and taking none. He once said: "I suppose the hardest lesson we all have to learn in life is that we can't have things both ways." He should have added: "— and I have never learned it!"

"Learned", of course, in the sense of "accepted", of becoming reconciled to the fact. We did not need St. John Ervine to tell us that "Mr. Galsworthy is the most sensitive figure in the ranks of modern letters"; for of all modern writers the author of "Loyalties" and "The Forsyte Saga" is the most transparent. He is transparent without being in the smallest degree luminous; he refracts, but he does not magnify — a prism through which we may look at society.

Compare him for a moment with Mr. Conrad. Mr. Conrad is by no means always transparent; his opacity is sometimes extraordinary, as in "The Rescue"; and yet from the midst of obscure sentences, like a gleam from those remarkably deep set eyes, something luminous will shine out, both light and heat are given forth. "In a certain cool paper", explains Galsworthy, "I tried to come at the effect of the war; but purposely pitched it in a low and sober key; and there is a much more poignant tale of change to tell of each individual human being." But even in the more poignant tale, as in "Saint's Progress", the coolness is noticeable, like the air of an April night; the key is still sober, pitched low; and the trembling passion of a melody proclaimed by violins is quickly muted. Such is his habitual restraint, so strong is his inhibition, that when we hear the orchestral brasses, as we do once or twice in "Justice" and "Loyalties", it shocks us, like a rowdy outburst in a refined assembly or a terse sentence in Henry James. But it is nothing, nothing. Mr. Galsworthy has momentarily achieved a more perfect than usual transparency; he has suddenly surrendered to the pounce of another of those multitudinous loyalties which give him no peace and the secret of which, except for its continual disclosure in his works, he would most certainly carry with him to the grave.

For he does not talk. No! "You are nearer Galsworthy in reading his books than in a meeting." Another keenly observant person summed up Galsworthy's conversational resources in the one word: "Exhausted!" St. John Ervine:

> Whatever of joy and grief he has had in life has been closely retained, and the reticence characteristic of the English people . . . is most clearly to be observed in Mr. Galsworthy. . . . How often have we observed in our relationships that some garrulous person, constantly engaged in egotistical conversation, contrives to conceal knowledge of himself from us, while some silent friend, with lips tightly closed, most amazingly gives himself away. One looks at Mr. Galsworthy's handsome, sensitive face, and is immediately aware of tightened lips! . . . But the lips are not tightened because of things done to him, but because of things done to others.

Mr. Galsworthy, in a personal letter: "The fact is I cannot answer your questions. I must leave my philosophy to my work generally, or rather, to what people can make out of that work. The habit of trying to tabloid one's convictions, or lack of convictions, is a pretty fatal one; as I have found to my distaste and discredit." He conducts his own cross examination, in new books, new plays. He acknowledges, with quiet discontent, the claims upon his sense of loyalty of a dog, a jailbird, two "star-crossed lovers", the wife of a possessive Forsyte, a De Levis unjustly used. His pen moves, with a bold stroke, across

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the paper; another secret is let out; his lips tighten. He is serene and indignant and completely happy.

Why not? "My experience tells me this: An artist who is by accident of independent means can, if he has talent, give the Public what he, the artist, wants, and sooner or later the public will take whatever he gives it, at his own valuation." And he speaks of such artists as able to "sit on the Public's head and pull the Public's beard, to use the old Sikh saying." Nothing else is worth while — for an artist. "The artist has got to make a stand against being exploited." But if the artist should exploit himself, or anything more human or individual than that impersonal entity, the Public, Mr. Galsworthy's mouth would become grim again; his loyalty would be forfeited, I think. There might be a larger cause, but his concern would be with the other fellow. And however hard you might press him for a verdict, he would bring in only a recommendation for mercy.

II

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire as far back as records go — "since the flood — of Saxons, at all events," as John Galsworthy once put it. His mother came of a family named Bartleet, whose county for many centuries was Worcestershire. The boy, John, was born in 1867 at Coombe, in Surrey. "From the first", continues the anonymous but authorized sketch I am quoting, "his salient characteristics were earnestness and tenacity. Not surprisingly brilliant, he was sure and steady; his understanding, not notably quick, was notably sound. At Harrow from 1881-1886 he did well in work and games. At New College, Oxford, 1886-1889, he graduated with an Honor degree in Law. After some further preparation he was called to the bar (Lincoln's Inn) in 1890. It was natural he should have taken up the law, since his father had done so. 'I read', he says, 'in various chambers, practised almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroughly.'

"In these circumstances he began to travel. His father, a successful and unusual man in both character and intellect, was 'not in a position to require his son to make money'; his son, therefore, travelled, off and on, for nearly two years, going, amongst other places, to Russia, Canada, British Columbia, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and South Africa. On a sailing-ship voyage between Adelaide and the Cape he met and became a fast friend with the novelist Joseph Conrad, then still a sailor. We do not know whether this friendship influenced Galsworthy in becoming a writer; indeed, we believe that he has somewhere said that it did not. But Galsworthy did take to writing, published his first novel, 'Jocelyn', in 1899, 'Villa Rubein' in 1900, 'A Man of Devon and Other Stories' in 1901." "Jocelyn" has been dropped from the list of Galsworthy's works, "Villa Rubein" was revised in 1909, "The Island Pharisees", a satire of English weaknesses which appeared in 1904, was revised four years later; and it was not until the publication of "The Man of Property" in 1906 that our author succeeded in sitting on the Public's head and twining his fingers firmly into the Public's whiskers.

This was the first volume of the then unplanned "Forsyte Saga" and it led Conrad, who had two years previously dedicated to Galsworthy what remains his greatest novel ("Nostromo"), to write an article in which he said:

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The foundation of Mr. Galsworthy's talent, it seems to me, lies in a remarkable power of ironic insight combined with an extremely keen and faithful eye for all the phenomena on the surface of the life he observes. These are the purveyors of his imagination, whose servant is a style clear, direct, sane, illumined by a perfectly unaffected sincerity. It is the style of a man whose sympathy with mankind is too genuine to allow him the smallest gratification of his vanity at the cost of his fellow-creatures . . . sufficiently pointed to carry deep his remorseless irony and grave enough to be the dignified vehicle of his profound compassion. Its sustained harmony is never interrupted by those bursts of cymbals and fifes which some deaf people acclaim for brilliance. Before all it is a style well under control, and therefore it never betrays this tender and ironic writer into an odious cynicism of laughter and tears.

From laboriously collected information, I am led to believe that most people read novels for amusement. This is as it should be. But whatever be their motives, I entertain towards all novel-readers the feelings of warm and respectful affection. I would not try to deceive them for worlds. Never! This being understood, I go on to declare, in the peace of my heart and the serenity of my conscience, that if they want amusement they shall find it between the covers of this book. They shall find plenty of it in this episode in the history of the Forsytes, where the reconciliation of a father and son, the dramatic and poignant comedy of Soames Forsyte's marital relations, and the tragedy of Bosinney's failure are exposed to our gaze with the remorseless yet sympathetic irony of Mr. Galsworthy's art, in the light of the unquenchable fire burning on the altar of property. They shall find amusement, and perhaps also something more lasting — if they care for it. I say this with all the reserves and qualifications which strict truth requires around every statement of opinion. Mr. Galsworthy will never be found futile by anyone, and never uninteresting by the most exacting.

Twelve years after the appearance of "The Man of Property", in the volume "Five Tales" (1918) was included a long short story, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte". The year 1920 saw publication of the novel "In Chancery" and another long short story, "Awakening"; and the following year brought the novel "To Let". These five units, separately in the order named or together in the same chronological order in the thick volume called "The Forsyte Saga", compose a record of three generations of an English family which has very justly been compared to the Esmonds of Thackeray. The Forsytes and their associates and connections are indeed "intensely real as individuals — real in the way that the Esmonds were real; symbolic, in their traits, of a section of English society, and reflecting in their lives the changing moods of England in these years". The motif is clearly expressed by certain words of young Jolyon Forsyte in "The Man of Property":

"A Forsyte is not an uncommon animal. There are hundreds among the members of this club. Hundreds out there in the streets; you meet them wherever you go! . . . We are, of course, all of us slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a 'Forsyte' is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property — it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation — is his hallmark. . . . 'Property and quality of a Forsyte. This little animal, disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you or I). Hereditarily disposed to myopia, he recognizes only the persons and habitats of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquillity.' . . . They are half England, and the better half, too, the safe half, the three-per-cent half, the half that counts. It's their wealth and security that makes everything possible; makes your art possible, makes literature, science, even religion, possible. Without Forsytes, who believe in none of these things, but turn them all to use, where should we be?"

One of Galsworthy's severest critics, St. John Ervine, calls "The Forsyte Saga" "his best work", and breaks the force of many strictures to declare: "The craftsmanship of 'To Let' is superb — this novel is, perhaps, the most technically-correct book of our time — but its human value is even greater than its craftsmanship. In a

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very vivid fashion, Mr. Galsworthy shows the passing of a tradition and an age. He leaves Soames Forsyte in lonely age, but he does not leave him entirely without sympathy; for this muddleheaded man, unable to win or to keep affection on any but commercial terms, contrives in the end to win the pity and almost the love of the reader who has followed his varying fortunes through their stupid career. The frustrate love of Fleur and Jon is certainly one of the tenderest things in modern fiction."

III

Grove Lodge, Hampstead, London, is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy. The approach to the house is described by Carlton Miles in "The Theatre Magazine" (December, 1922):

The Galsworthys live at the bottom of a long, rambling lane called The Grove, in that part of Hampstead that looks calmly down on the crowded chimneypots of northwestern London. To reach the house you must climb a steep hill from the underground station and pass the stone building in which Du Maurier wrote "Peter Ibbetson" and to whose memory it bears a tablet. A few minutes' walk in one direction and you are in Church Row with the historic cemetery in which Du Maurier and Beerbohm Tree rest side by side. Follow the Grove walk and you arrive on Hampstead Heath, black with thousands of workers on Bank Holiday, overlooking the little row of cottages where Leigh Hunt and his followers established their "Vale of Health". But, having passed the Du Maurier home, you turn fairly to your left, descend a winding pathway that takes you by the Admiral's House — designated by large signs — erected 159 years ago by an aged commander who built his home in three decks and mounted it with guns. The guns have vanished but the Admiral's House still is one of the sights of Hampstead.

At the end of the lane a small grilled iron gate shuts off the world from a green yard and a low white house, whose rambling line suggests many passageways and sets of rooms. A sheltered, secluded spot, the place above all others where Galsworthy should live. Peace has been achieved in five minutes' walk from the noisy station. "The Inn of Tranquillity."

A turn down a long hallway, up a short flight of steps — a bright, flower-decked livingroom, a tea table, a dark-eyed, low-voiced hostess, a clasping of hand by host and a bark you interpret as cautious approval from Mark, the sheepdog, lying on the hearth rug. Mark is named for one of Galsworthy's characters [Mark Lennan in "The Dark Flower"?] . . . moments flee before you dare steal a look at the middle-aged gentleman sitting quietly in his chair, striving with gentle dignity to place you at the ease he feels not himself.

Tall, gray-haired, he looks astonishingly like his photographs. Reticent to a degree about his own work, he talks freely and with the utmost generosity about that of others. Opinion, formed slowly, is determined. The face, with its faint smile, looks neither disheartened nor sad, yet sometime it has met suffering. Like most Englishmen the eagerness of youth has not been crushed. . . . There is nothing chill about the novelist. He is the embodiment of easy, gracious courtesy. Conversation is far from intimidating, a long flow of material topics with now and then an upward leap of thought. And it is this swift flight that betrays his mental withdrawal. As clearly as if physically present may be seen the robed figure of his thoughts, standing behind him in his own drawingroom. You wonder what may be their burden. About him is the veil of remoteness.

His humility, adorned by his presence and made disarming by what is certainly the most beautiful head and face among the living sons of men, does not always save him from the charge of coldness when manifested impersonally and at a distance. Where nearly all men and women give essential particulars of their lives, not to mention the human touch of their preferred recreations, Mr. Galsworthy, in the English Who's Who, besides the long list of his publications states only the year of his birth, his residence, and his membership in the Athenæum Club. This would hardly support Mr. Ervine's declaration that the Galsworthy sensitiveness "is almost totally impersonal"; and instead of being "startled to discover how destitute of egotism Mr. Galsworthy seems to be", the close student of mankind might be

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led to speculate upon the variety of egotism he had just encountered. "It may even be argued", pursues Mr. Ervine, cautiously, "that his lack of interest in himself is a sign of inadequate artistry, that it is impossible for a man of supreme quality to be so utterly unconcerned about himself as Mr. Galsworthy is." With due respect to Mr. Ervine, this is nonsense. Whatever Mr. Galsworthy may lack, it is not interest in himself. He has achieved countless satisfactory channels for the extrusion of that interest through other and imaginary men, women, and beasts — that is all.

It is as if he had long ago said to himself, as perhaps he did: "I am myself, but myself isn't a subject I can decently be concerned about or expose an interest in. Let me forget myself in someone — in everyone — else!" And since then, if he has ever repented, the spectacle of George Bernard Shaw, and particularly the horridly fascinating spectacle of Herbert George Wells, have been before him, to serve as awful warnings and lasting deterrents. Mr. Wells, in ever new contortions, like a circus acrobat whose nakedness was gaudily accentuated by spangles, began seeing it through with Ann Veronica and is still exposing the secret places of his heart, while dizzy recollections of marriage, God, and tono bungay yet linger. Mr. Shaw has gone back to . . . evolution.

"I was", Mr. Galsworthy has said in an uninhibited moment, "for many years devoted to the sports of shooting and racing. I gave up shooting because it got on my nerves. I still ride; and I would go to a race-meeting any day if it were not for the din, for I am still under the impression that there is nothing alive quite so beautiful as a thoroughbred horse." His devotion to dogs and other dumb animals is frequently spoken of as it extrudes in "Memories", Noel's protection of the rabbit in "Saint's Progress", and "For Love of Beasts" in "A Sheaf". These shifting loyalties were — what were they if not admirable realizations of the Self? But let those who still believe Mr. Galsworthy selfless but read the prefaces to the new and very handsome Manaton Edition of his works. For these volumes he has provided sixteen entirely new prefaces. I quote from the announcement of the edition:

> These [prefaces] are peculiarly interesting, for in them he frankly criticises his work; in some cases, too, they reflect the response of readers as he has sensed it. In others he tells of the thought in his mind while writing, and of the changes through which the thought has gone in the process. Again, he speculates on the art of writing in general, on the forms of fiction, on emotional expression and effect in the drama. In short, as he phrases it, "in writing a preface, one goes into the confessional".
>
> Of "The Country House" he says: "When once Pendyce has taken the bit between his teeth, the book ran away with me, and was more swiftly finished than any of my novels, being written in seven months."
>
> "The germ of 'The Patrician' ", he begins the preface to that volume, "is traceable to a certain dinner party at the House of Commons in 1908 and the face of a young politician on the other side of the table."
>
> In the preface to "Fraternity" he says: "A novelist, however observant of type and sensitive to the shades of character, *does little but describe and dissect himself*. . . . In dissecting Hilary, for instance, in this novel, *his creator feels the knife going sharply into his own flesh, just as he could feel it when dissecting Soames Forsyte or Horace Pendyce.*"

The italics are my own and I think they are permissible.

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DUHAMEL, M. D.

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

GEORGES DUHAMEL is one of the great writers — and they are few — who owe their reputation to the war. He would have succeeded in any case, for he has a sort of dogged and profound intelligence to which failure is impossible, but without the war his success would never have been so rapid or so wide. His experience as an army surgeon deepened instead of deadening his sympathies. He wrote to express the suffering of the wounded soldiers under his care; at the same time the universal suffering caused by the war was preparing him a public. When his first two novels appeared — "Vie des Martyrs" and "Civilisation" — they ran through hundreds of editions and were translated almost immediately into ten languages. One of them received the Goncourt Prize. Duhamel today is only thirty-eight, but he is one of the French writers whose influence is most wide, crossing all boundaries of government and language.

He is a great novelist, an essayist, a playwright, a poet of uncommon gifts, but primarily he is a surgeon. He writes as if with a scalpel. Reading him one has the impression that he carried a human brain into the laboratory, dissected it exactly, observed every quiver and every convolution, and recorded the results in a style remarkable for its clarity and vigor. And it is not the human brain alone that he dissects. He is capable of turning the whole world into a laboratory, and laying bare the diseased organism of society like that of the individual. "The only thing that matters for a writer", says Duhamel, "is to know society and the individual, and to tell what he has seen."

His two famous books on the war were published as novels, but they are something else besides. Duhamel himself calls them a testimony. "I wrote them", he says, "for my children, so that the things I saw might not be forgotten; the world forgets too easily. I wrote them as if I were standing in a court room and making a deposition. They are my sworn testimony." Personally I should give them a different name; they are his laboratory notes on the war. Whatever the term one employs, the emphasis is on the scientific probity of his novels. Not that he tries to make a science out of literature, which God forbid. Rather he tries to endow literature with all the virtues of science.

In person Duhamel resembles no other man of letters that I have seen. Tall, built firmly, ruddy and bald, eyes hidden under tortoise shell spectacles; he has the face of a man who wishes to observe others without being himself observed. The life he leads is one which makes no anecdotes. If his counterparts exist, you will find them in no Latin Quarter, but among the vials and retorts of a dispensary. Picture him in a long white jacket,

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Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by Dr. Duhamel*

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pouring some malodorous liquid from one test tube into another. He spent eighteen years in a laboratory, and that is the key to part of his character.

But not to all of it, for Duhamel has a sympathy that is rare among scientists. He is instantly compassionate for even the least of human suffering. A visitor looks him in the face, blinking imperceptibly. "Are you in pain?" Duhamel asks. "Only a little; my eyes." . . . Later, at the dinner table, the guest chews violently at a crust of country bread; it touches a bad tooth and a shadow moves over his face. "You are in pain," says Duhamel, not with the professional manner of a physician, but sympathetically like a fellow sufferer. One finds the same delicate compassion in his novels. Duhamel studied science because of his passion for the truth, but it was human pity which made him a writer.

His pity extends into the smallest details of everyday life, and not infrequently leads him past the bounds of Anglo-Saxon censorships. When "Civilisation" was translated for the English public, practically a fourth of it was omitted. There was a separate translation for the United States, and here also cuts were made, but they were by no means so extensive. For that reason Duhamel is not so bitter against American Puritanism as other French writers who have suffered more severely. He has, however, a criticism of his own to offer.

"Sometimes I believe", he says, "that Americans mistake the meaning of civilization. Your countrymen have a tendency to treat life as a simple problem in economics, and when they do they go astray. A people defends itself with museums, with libraries, with works of art, and not with banks or armies. The first question is always a moral question. . . . I love America, but not because the dollar is worth twelve francs. I love America on account of Whitman and Emerson."

The moral question first — that explains a lot about Duhamel. It explains why he abandoned medicine after the war, and why, in spite of this, he still remains a doctor. He has merely transferred his healing powers to a more important field; now he attends the spirit instead of the body. His ambition today, if I am not mistaken, is to be family physician to the mind of the race.

IN REPLY

By Marion Strobel

IF I had a cherry tree
And if the sky were cobalt blue —
I would leave both of them for you.

But here my sky is smoky
And mine are little city trees —
I cannot run away from these!

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SOME PUBLICITY FOR THE MASTERS

By Robert Cortes Holliday

THE other day along came another one of these literary questionnaires. There seems to be no end to the interest in them nowadays — lists of the "ten" books one would choose for various reasons, "shelves", and "libraries" of divers character. There seemed to me to be more than usual point in Frank P. Adams's notion of the books which he felt it would be most profitable for him to take with him to "a thickly populated archipelago". That is an exceedingly nice question for anyone (so disposed) to ponder.

I cannot explain how on earth it has been that I have not before this examined into the matter with an eye to a list, but I have just now risen and looked over my own "bedroom shelf". And it occurs to me that in comparison with the many others I have seen detailed it has a certain freshness and novelty. As possibly a matter of some interest to any "shelf" hounds who may chance upon these rambling notes, let me jot down the titles of a few of the intimate "bokes" I find at my "beddes heed". From left to right the outstanding volumes seem to be:

The House Organ — How to Make it Produce Results. George Frederick Wilson.
Party Leaders of the Time. Charles Willis Thompson. 1906. Inscribed copy.
The Truth of Christianity. Compiled from Various Sources by Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, D. S. O., Late Royal Engineers.
Airedale, Setter and Hound. With a Chapter on the Pointer and Irish Setter. Warren H. Miller.
Abe Martin's Almanack. Kin Hubbard. 1906. Inscribed copy.
Manual of the Authors Club. 1918.
When Winter Comes to Main Street. Grant Overton. Inscribed copy.
Hydriotaphia. Urn Burial; with an account of Some Urns Found at Brampton in Norfolk. Sir Thomas Browne. Half vellum. London: 1893.
The Hudson-Fulton Celebration. Catalogue of An Exhibition Held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 1909.
Spiers' and Surenne's French and English Pronouncing Dictionary. School Edition. 1907.
The Boy Grew Older. Heywood Broun. Unbound sheets.
Baedeker's London and its Environs. 1911.

But enough. If that "library" does not contain the "essentials" of a miscellaneous education — well, then I don't know a miscellaneous education when I see one. And, come to think of it in that light, I really don't know why it should not reasonably well serve a meditative man cast away on a "desert isle". There's a fairly wide range of human interest played upon there.

A Princeton University professor would, doubtless, be quite lost (so to put it) cast away on a desert island without books. And a number of these gentlemen have, in response to a recent inquiry conducted among them, given us their ideas concerning what you might call a desert island shelf. A New York newspaper has, with considerable perspicacity I think, pointed out that in their highly intellectual interests they have one and all omitted the classic volume which should be of the most practical service to a solitary island sojourner, the handbook, indeed, of the situation — "Robinson Crusoe."

Nobody, apparently, is out of the range of literary questionnaires at

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present. A gentleman connected with the Hippodrome, it seems, recently made a canvass among show girls as to the ten best books for a castaway. The response to this of one of the chorus misses in "The Dancing Girl" at the Winter Garden has very much struck me. One obtains in her reply an illuminating commentary upon the status of literature as it presents itself very probably to a large part of the world. "Who wants to read on a desert island?" inquired this lively lass. Her idea is that there would very likely be a lot of *real* fun there, playing with "a sheik" and eating cocoanuts. "No", she declared; "there would be no reading for me. It would interfere too much with the *enjoyment of life.*" (Italics mine.) The enjoyment of life is one thing, we discern, and the reading of books something else again.

It "gets me" how people can knock off so readily all of these lists rating books, authors, and other great men. It would seem as though one simply took out a fountain pen, looked down his nose a moment, filled out the questionnaire, and returned it by the next mail. As Mr. Brentano does not (so far as I know) get up any castaways' steamer baskets of books, if I should undertake to lay out a small group of volumes to keep me company in solitude for a span of years I'd likely miss my ship. I'd put in (first thing probably) "The Home Book of Verse", and then I expect I'd begin to get into difficulties right off. Shakespeare certainly, I'd suppose, ought to go. And the Bible, of course. My old, old friends Benvenuto Cellini, Rabelais, Montaigne, Boswell's "Johnson", "Tristram Shandy", and "Lavengro" would, of course, take my eye. But then (I'd feel) I should need to stop to think over this matter. There's the "Odyssey", and "Don Quixote", and goodness knows what all. Perhaps, when it came to a pinch, I'd really prefer to substitute my cherished "Anatomy of Melancholy" for Boswell. And, indeed, wouldn't that old backlog of my reading, "The World as Will and Idea", hold a lot more for me in the circumstances of my exile than a picaresque tale like "Lavengro"? Wouldn't Casanova be a more spirited companion even than Cellini? What about "Moby Dick"? It would be hard to be parted from "Religio Medici", which has been at my hand for so long a time. Maybe, alone with eternal things, the mind would care to dwell altogether in the region of Plutarch, Plato, and Marcus Aurelius. Anyhow (I reflect), it would be just like me, immediately upon becoming comfortably settled on a desert island, to discover that I had failed to bring along the books I really wanted there. It's not unlikely that I'd have a great itch to read again, say, "Tom Sawyer", or something like that.

My eye, as I pause for a moment from the labor of composition, rests upon a corner of the shelves in my living room. What do I see there? The two volumes of "Swann's Way" by Marcel Proust, recently translated from the French. Next to this, the two volumes of "The Legend of Ulenspiegel" by Charles de Coster, also recently done into English. Both books lately acquired, which I mean to read — sometime. I feel it in my blood that, however different in character they may be, both books are very much my kind of thing, so much so that in the complete satisfaction of reading either one of them the process would be (to borrow a turn of phrase of Mr. Belloc's) the incorporation of the work with myself. And there are other books like that on my shelves.

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But when — at what distant day — will I get around to them? Ah, me! Looking through a desk drawer not long ago I came upon a little bulk of memoranda headed, "Books to Read". These notes I had for long forgotten; but I remembered acutely, as I scanned the list, with what eager sincerity with myself I had noted down these titles. There was Herodotus; I had just a taste of him at one time, and I was not long in deciding that I'd go through him from beginning to end — the first chance I got. But in the continual press of multitudinous (and probably lesser) affairs he got lost from my mind.

Burton Rascoe has told us that he is "saving" Dickens for his old age. And a good many of us, I hazard, have in perhaps a nebulous way a notion of books which we are holding in store for sometime later on. None of the ardent list makers seems to have thought of it, but why wouldn't it be a good idea for one theoretically a prospective castaway to see how excellent a list he could make of the enduring books which he has long intended to read and never has read? Perhaps he would become so much interested that he would get at reading some of them without further delay. (Myself, I have just now determined to begin Herodotus day after tomorrow, which is Sunday.)

Another point I have mused upon concerning the lists of the desert islanders is this: all art meet for the sustenance of the soul of man is not comprised in literature. Personally, it seems to me sometimes as my length of days increases that great painting wears better even than great literature: that is, that one can more constantly have recourse for renewal of spirit to this or that first-rate painting than to this or that first-rate book. I pause (to take a chance instance at hand) every day or so, I think, for refreshment before my print of "L'Embarquement pour Cythère"; I should by no means every day or so take down Congreve. Probably that is not an apt comparison; however, I'll merely leave the suggestion where it is and pass on. If a man of fair intellectual perception should find himself on a desert island with only *one* book, he would be reasonably rich in contact with things of the mind if that were a volume of the drawings of William Blake. I think (you see how complicated the matter becomes with me) I'd have to include in my island kit Michel's "Rembrandt", or something like that. With endless leisure to contemplate beauty and to muse upon the course of civilization another book that I should want by me is:

White Athenian Vases in the British Museum. A. S. Murray and A. H. Smith. London: Printed by order of the trustees. 1896.

I am afraid, however, that it is a work which would be somewhat difficult for a swimmer to salvage from a wrecked vessel, as it is about four feet in height and of the weight of a number of pounds.

Though I am a poor hand to be called upon to reply to a literary questionnaire, and get it in in time to appear in any "symposium", I read with as lively an interest as anybody, I guess, all the lists of this kind which I find. Their currency, I suspect, is productive of considerable good. They should do a lot of log rolling for genuine genius which doesn't receive the publicity of volumes just off the press. And one should find it a heartening thing to see so much disputation over masterpieces other than those of the moment.

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The questionnaire which betrayed me into this rigmarole of thought had a peculiarly challenging turn to it. It was headed (as accurately as I can recall it), "Books Which Have Most Interested Me". The affair went on to say that you were not to vote merely for the books which you acknowledged to be the "greatest", but you were candidly to name those in which you yourself had found most interest. You were not restricted to the field of pure literature; you might put down any kind of books: garden books, cook books, hymn books.

There was something of an implication about this that your private taste might not be one with your conventional professions abroad. There seemed to be a suspicion that you were inclined to declare the superiority of "Hamlet" over everything (because you thought that was the thing you were supposed to do) and then go home and revel in "Snappy Stories". Encouraged, however, by this questionnaire to give a boldly independent answer, and with the challenge to complete honesty laid upon me, I looked into my heart very carefully.

In the nature of the thing, a sound list of ten books chosen from the wealth of the world's literature is pretty much restricted to what in the parlance of the painter are called "museum pieces": that is, compositions on an exalted scale. And one courts the charge of a perverse taste who should affect to prefer continually works of minor repute to the unassailable masterpieces. Nevertheless, it is a fact which no sensitive critic will dispute that not infrequently some slighter and more spontaneous performance of a master has more intimate interest than his most ambitious work. I suppose the point I am seeking to get at is that the matter of literature is not so simple as one might gather from a survey of our popular literary lists.

"Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond", for instance, do not (I should say) settle Thackeray. As I recall the rapturous days when I first walked into the land of Thackeray, I remember the intense enjoyment I got from a book which receives no publicity at all, and the immense admiration I had for it. Who reads, I wonder, "Barry Lyndon"? Somebody of considerable consequence as a critic (I vaguely recall) — was it Saintsbury? — held it to be in its way the finest of all of Thackeray's books. An early work, belonging to his period of extravaganzas, there is at any rate a dash and go to it which he does not exhibit elsewhere, an amazing, driving energy, a superb mockery, a gorgeous romantic glow. How I thrilled (it comes back to me) at that haughty gesture of gambler-adventurer Barry Lyndon: "These many years have I lived by my poor wisdom."

Without in the least presuming to dispute Macaulay's eloquent, if somewhat turgid, allusion to "Tom Jones" enduring beyond the dome of St. Paul's, for the purpose simply of entertainment I much prefer the father of the English novel in the comparative undress of "Joseph Andrews". If I were writing a bit of advertising copy for Mr. Fielding's publishers I might say that the adventures of the delectable Parson Adams make as rollicking, fragrant, tender, and manly a tale as one could find this season.

It has, I am afraid, been a good while since I chanced to reread that volume upon which the greatest Englishman of his time expended the treasures of his wit, and into which he instilled the concentrated essence of his rage, "Gulliver's Travels"; but

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every now and then I take down a volume labeled "Jonathan Swift: Historical and Political Tracts — Irish"; and I turn to that incomparable piece of irony, "A Modest Proposal, for Preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burthen to Their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Publick".

The author of the first instant best seller and as well known a book perhaps as there is in the world, was a very industrious man who wrote a number of books of a good deal of power in addition to his forever popular masterpiece. Most of us, I fancy, feel that we have no further concern with Daniel Defoe after having absorbed "Robinson Crusoe" in our youthful days. "Moll Flanders" in its realistic erudition remains unequaled even among the modern naturalists. And "Captain Singleton", to my mind, is a tale of adventure which is as good reading today as numbers of those which are in the show windows.

Christopher Morley has recently fallen upon Boswell's "Tour of the Hebrides", and in a recent pæan in the New York "Evening Post", with his own infectious gusto, extols its flavorsomeness over the monumental "Life". As to the matter of that I do not happen to be prepared to comment. A book which certainly is one of the out-of-the-way curiosities of literature (though I should be very far, indeed, from recommending it as an introduction to Hazlitt) is "Liber Amoris, or the New Pygmalion", "a history", as Mr. Le Gallienne calls it, "of one of the many strange aberrations of genius." I well remember one day, when Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" was first becoming known to the American public, James Huneker's observing (to W. C. Brownell), "But the *real* thing is his 'Note-Books'." They were then only to be consulted in manuscript in the British Museum. The volume later made from these notebooks, I submit, is one which any sensible man should be able to feed upon off and on for years. I have a great fancy myself for notebooks, wherein thoughts are shot as they fly. And if I should be called upon to compile a list of titles for a shelf of such works (no bad idea, it occurs to me) I should early in the matter note down my treasured volume, "Leonardo Da Vinci's Note-Books", arranged and translated by Edward McCurdy.

Among the books of modern authors, too, I repeatedly feel, there are books least read which are far from being the least interesting; indeed, in a case now and then almost the author's best work. But this article, which has only sought to suggest the failure of a tabloid view of literature, approaches its prescribed end.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XVIII: ZONA GALE

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THERE was a time, not so many years ago, when the sweet sentimentalism that ran through Zona Gale's work was like to shove her over the cliffs to disaster. She was so sickeningly dear and precious that it hurt — almost as good and cream puffy as the author of "Pollyanna". But of course her stories had more relation to art; and when one thought of her early promise, in several lovely poems, one was inclined to weep for her, going rapidly the way of the popular magazine writer, making money out of a stupid optimism, preaching an all's-right-with-the-world doctrine, when her common sense must have told her often enough that all was not right.

And Zona Gale *has* common sense — a lot of it. Years ago when she was a reporter on the New York "World", and as beautiful as any girl could be, she was put on difficult assignments that might well have terrified one as fragile and flowerlike and feminine as she; but she never winced. She interviewed Mary MacLane, of lost memory, took her to Coney Island, and heard her order a long row of cocktails so that she could consider the olives and cherries in them and note their glowing color; and afterward she wrote a piece that was full of gentle humor. She did the story of the opening of the Martha Washington Hotel and again revealed her delicate humor. She covered murders and robberies — anything given her to do she did, at any hour of the day or night. But all the while she was writing exquisite poetry; and every day of her life she sent a letter to her mother, who was back home in Wisconsin. If she was waiting for an interview with some financier of the hour, she did not dawdle her time away in the corridor of his hotel. Instead, she pulled out a pad and pencil and wrote as many pages as she could on a short story; or she dashed off a lyric; or she made copious notes for future work. I think she was about the most ambitious girl in New York at that time — too ambitious, some said; her praises were being sung — too much sung was a common rumor — in THE BOOKMAN; her picture — how lovely she was, and is! — was published repeatedly — too repeatedly, dear enemies whispered; and everyone was waiting to see just how long it would take her to make good.

She remained on the newspaper about a year, I imagine. In the meantime, by utilizing every spare moment she had, she had managed to make herself known to several magazine editors. "Success" was thriving at about this time, and her first short story was accepted there; but in the meanwhile she had written to "The Smart Set", which had printed a number of her poems: "What do you think? Instead of some verses, I am going to send you a short story tomorrow!"

In fear and trepidation she for-

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Zona Gale

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warded her manuscript; it was immediately accepted, and a check was sent her for sixty-five dollars. Her long ballads in that clever magazine Miss Gale has suppressed — they are not to be found in any of her collected poems. Why, I wonder? They were full of beauty, though often too precious, revealing the influence of Keats; they were much better than some of the piffle that chokes her last volume of verse, "The Secret Way". It is curious to note how poor a critic of her own work Miss Gale can be. She is positively stupid about it; and she is adamant when it comes to a change in a title.

When she sent "Birth" to her publishers, they were enthusiastic about the story; but they urged, begged, pleaded with her to alter the name she had given it. She could not be persuaded, though the wires were kept hot and special delivery letters were posted every hour. "Birth" it was to be, and "Birth" it should remain. There could be no argument, no concession on her part. Yet there are those who will tell you today that this meaningless title killed a fine novel. It sounds like a treatise by Mrs. Sanger; it has no value as a fiction title; and I venture the guess that in many a small town library it is catalogued under Eugenics. Had Miss Gale consented to call the volume "The Marshall Pitts" or "Mr. Marshall Pitt", she would have had a best seller. There isn't a shadow of doubt in my mind as to that. But no; she was stubborn. And the kindly publishers who gave in to her, lost her when her "Miss Lulu Bett" came along. They had published at least a dozen of her volumes — and some of them had had scanty sales, so scanty that when "Lulu" was taken out by the salesmen it was sold with difficulty. The booksellers were skeptical. Why shouldn't they be? They had an amazing amount of untouched stock by this author, and they didn't want to crowd their shelves with another batch of one of her novels. But the success of "Miss Lulu Bett" was phenomenal, though the story had been rejected by no less than six magazine editors as a serial — another of the mysteries of the publishing world. It would have made an ideal continued story for a woman's publication, dividing beautifully into six instalments. And its serialization would in no way have affected its sales in book form. Well, there is no accounting for a lost chance like this. It should hearten the beginner, who always imagines that he, and he only, is rejected. And maybe Miss Gale wrote it with an eye to serialization, judging by the cleverly placed climaxes.

Until she wrote "Miss Lulu Bett", Zona Gale had always been too verbose. Even her friends would tell her that. Her stories of that strange place, Friendship Village, and of those too-good-to-be-true old people, Pelleas and Etarre, are weighted down with words that do little to lead the characters along. She repeats herself many times in these tales — I suppose the editors have besieged her so often, and the pay offered has been so enormous, that she couldn't resist just one more manuscript. This of course led to another — and another. She certainly got all there was to be got out of an astonishingly thin vein. There never was a town like Friendship Village either in the middle west, which Miss Gale pretends, and ought, to know, or in the far east. Many of the characters talk as no American smalltowner would dream of talking. It is always Miss Gale projecting herself upon the canvas; and though she is strong on

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quotation marks, she is light on verisimilitude — sometimes. And the mush those old people of hers have uttered! Thank heaven she killed them off long ago, and got down to brass tacks in "Birth".

Here she found herself; here she was on firm soil. The people leap from the printed page, talk like human beings, are revealed in all their littleness, and in all their bigness. The poor little man who is the protagonist is a creation. Lulu Bett fades into nothingness beside him. From that hot day in the village street when we first see him, he grows in our affections, he becomes part of Burage, and part of us. The story moves to its inevitable climax with all the starkness and beauty and majesty of a Greek tragedy. I venture to say it is one of the few outstanding novels of American life; yet how many people have read it? I confess that I never did until the other day, when someone spoke rapturously of it to me. Once I heard Miss Gale herself say that she considered it by far the best thing she had done — putting it even before "Lulu". But I remembered what a poor judge she was of her own product; and so I hesitated to dip into "Birth". However, once I had taken it up, I could not put it down. It is a crime that it is so little known. Perhaps its sales were affected by the fact that it came along during the last year of the war. But why didn't the F. P. A.'s and the Heywood Brouns find out its magnificence and worth and shout from the housetops?

"Miss Lulu Bett" is very short — not over 45,000 words in length, if that. "Birth" runs to a prodigious number of pages — 402, to be exact. Some of the critics spoke of its bulk; and when Miss Gale came to write her next novel, she made up her mind that she would follow the advice of men like Wilson Follett and hew, compress, condense until for sheer economy of words her story would be faultless. Wouldn't "Lulu" have been better, had it been embellished a bit more? Didn't Miss Gale go too far in the process of whittling? I shall always think so. There are chapters that seem to me more like a rough outline than the completed product. I prefer the richness of "Birth", with its piercing comments on life, and its constant humor, forever leavening the underlying tragedy.

Zona Gale remained in New York just long enough to absorb what she wanted of it. Then, one day, having set that determined jaw of hers, she packed her trunks and fared back to little Portage — which is presumably Burage and Friendship Village rolled into one. She had made numerous friends in the metropolis. She was popular with several groups. She had contacts with the Stedmans — the last word in literary conservatism and respectability; and she knew a bohemian set who might have spoiled her, had she been of the kind that is spoiled. She was made of finer stuff, and praise only made her humble, adulation made her more doubtful of her gifts, more determined than ever to go back to the quiet of a village with a population of only five thousand and do the work she felt it was in her to do. And how she did work! She writes everything by hand, first, and then copies it herself on the typewriter, roughly, having it recopied by an expert. When she is deep in the throes of composition her mother, whom she worships, knows better than to disturb her; and she acts as a Cerberus when small town callers come, as they sometimes do, of a morning. She has even been known to put a bone on a tray outside

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her daughter's study door, tap lightly, and slip down the stairway again. Thus is the genius of Portage guarded, looked after, protected.

It was in 1912 that "The Delineator" offered a prize of two thousand dollars for the best short story not over three thousand words in length. Each contributor was allowed the privilege of offering three manuscripts, anonymously. Over fifteen thousand stories were received. Zona Gale won the first prize, and the two remaining manuscripts submitted by her — she never misses a chance — were considered so good that they were purchased at a generous rate. No one else approached her record. I recall that among the other prize winners were Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Julian Street, Ellis Parker Butler, Earl Derr Biggers, and a few unknowns. When someone said to Miss Gale, after she received her enormous check, "Well, I suppose now you're going to rest for a while", she answered swiftly, with fire in her eyes, "No, indeed; I'm going back to Portage and try to write a better story yet." This is the stuff of which she is made. She never stops. And she did not stop winning prizes. She took the Pulitzer award for the play of "Miss Lulu Bett", though I think better judgment would have been shown if the novel from which the dramatization was made had captured this prize. As a play, "Miss Lulu Bett" is ful of technical faults. When it was suggested that a trained dramatist be called in to do the stage version, Miss Gale believed she was quite as capable of doing the job as anyone. I don't think she was. Her mind runs to character analysis rather than to dramatic situations. In "Birth" there is scarcely a scene which by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be called exciting. Miss Gale doesn't understand such necessary things of the stage as "curtains", and the elopement scene, so powerful in the novel, missed fire completely in the play. She simply did not know how to get the situation before the audience in a logical way, and, like the amateur she was in a new field, she bungled, slipped — and finally fell down.

There are moments when I could figuratively shake her. In "Birth" she repeats a phrase like "over-shoulder" until one cries out with impatience. But she is fond of these little mannerisms, which annoy her readers — if she but knew it — and add nothing to her reputation as a stylist. She is so clever that she should know better. But here her stubbornness steps in once more. She will eliminate whole passages, if necessary, but she won't cut out a word that happens to please her — and pleases, unfortunately, no one else.

As a magazine contributor, she is thoroughly reliable. If she is asked for a Christmas story, and told that it must be delivered on July fifteenth, at noon, the chances are that the harassed editor will find it on his desk a week ahead of time — and just the tale he was expecting from her.

It is good that she seems to have overcome her early sentimentality — her gravest danger as an artist. For a long period I stopped reading her altogether; for no one can thrive on a diet of chocolate drops. In her last two novels she redeemed herself with me. Is she of the calibre that will press forward now, or will she slip back into an easy and comfortable popular vein? It will be interesting to watch her development from this crossroad.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

A BOSTON LANDMARK PASSES

By John Wright

MODERNITY has swallowed up the famous Old Corner Bookstore Building in Boston, and if reports be true, the quaint structure will soon be swept away by an enterprising cigar company which has bought its valuable site. At the present time the squatty old building, which resembles some commodious dwelling of the colonial period, is literally plastered with signboards advertising various wares sold and services rendered within its romantic walls. Almost obscured is the modest legend above the old School Street door:

ERECTED
A. D. 1712
OLD CORNER
BOOKSTORE
BUILDING

If someone could write a worthy description of the gatherings of New England's foremost literary men in the old store when James T. Fields and Ticknor and Fields were the proprietors, what a lively demand would await his book or paper! For it was here perhaps more than at any other one place that, in those days of ampler leisure, the authors of the early Boston group lingered to exchange bits of news and gossip on literary matters. One would need to include, among historians, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman; also Hawthorne, and five of the six New England poets: Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier.

According to Lindsay Swift in "Literary Landmarks of Boston", published by Houghton Mifflin Company — themselves once occupants of the structure under discussion — this is the oldest brick building in the city of the Puritans. It stands, moreover, on the site of the home of Anne Hutchinson (1590-1643), wherein she conducted the famous meetings for the liberalism of which she was driven from the colony. Eight firms of booksellers or publishers, besides those mentioned in this article, have done business here, and one corner saw the beginnings of a music publishing concern which now has establishments in several American cities.

It is interesting at this time to recall that George William Curtis, a resident of New York during most of his career, once said concerning the Old Corner Bookstore, "It was a very remarkable group of men — indeed it was the first group of really great American authors — which familiarly frequented the corner as a friend of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis of New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature."

The throng hurrying along Washington Street and the thousands passing up and down School Street today give slight heed to the changes as they drop in to make a purchase, take a hasty luncheon, or have their shoes blacked, and the signs have accumulated gradually since the business of the bookstore was moved a short distance away. But one really inter-

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ested, if he stops to count, will find that on the meagre surface of the store are well over half a hundred signs. Forty-seven are on the School Street wall — and roof. Twenty-four separate boards seem to shout the announcements of a talking machine company, where once the choicest talk in town went on among men of letters. Five more signs indicate the abundance, in the third story loft, of a stock of badges, medals, prizes, and flags for decoration. A cigar store already occupies the corner on the street floor, and likewise conspicuous are the last word in lunchrooms and shoeshine shops, while somewhere above is tucked away a barber shop. The stairway to the upper floors carries one back mentally to the House of the Seven Gables and the days when elevators were unknown anywhere.

On Washington Street, the display is less remarkable, though the aspect of the building is here more quaint. The frontage on the historic thoroughfare is only about thirty feet, and what space on the ground floor is not taken by the cigar store is occupied by a hat store. These bear a normal number of commercial inscriptions, and six more boards occupy all the space of the second story front, save that taken by three windows. From the right hand window of the third story a little iron fire escape, looking as if it were the first one made, leads down four steps to a window in the next building which, in turn, is covered with pictures and signs about tours to all parts of the world.

Scholarly visitors to the New England metropolis have always wanted to see this landmark. Woodrow Wilson once said that when he used to stop in Boston — this was before the troublous days when he was President — he liked to go into a back room of the Old Corner Bookstore to enjoy a portrait of Daniel Webster. He said it looked as if it had been carved out of granite.

Now, it seems, this old place of pleasant memories is at last to go. It has remained longer than one might have expected, for it is in the heart of the business district. But the Old South Meeting House, filled with things historic, and cutting deep into an ever crowded sidewalk a few steps up Washington Street, across Milk Street from the birthplace of Franklin, will no doubt long remain.

SALVATION BY GRACE

By J. W. Krutch

IT is my duty to address periodically a group of young men who hope ardently to become engineers. Wires and wheels fascinate them, but they are inclined to regard the abstract and the non-existent as, even within their own field, synonymous. Mathematics they consider only as an instrument, and though they regard formulæ as useful they are not much interested in deriving them. To them engineering is a rather complex trade with whose tools they are determined to become familiar, but they are inspired neither with a Baconian vision of man's triumph over nature nor with Huxley's determination to follow truth wherever it may lead. They have, in a word, no illusions concerning their profession and think of it in no poetic way.

It is not upon the subject either of wheels or wires that I address them. "I think", said the president of the institution, "that an engineer should know something about literature. I want you to teach them to love books."

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"I shall try," I replied, but in my heart I wondered if Hercules himself could have accomplished that labor. One might as well ask for laboratory exercises in the Mystic Vision, or commission Galahad to write a monograph on the spectrum of the Gleam. I may teach certain facts concerning the history of literature, I may enforce reading requirements and exact summaries, but I cannot teach anyone to love. I may give you the dimensions of my mistress's eyebrows, and the number of her teeth, but to you she will remain a woman and no amount of exposition can prove her a goddess. Without the aid of Venus no man ever loved a woman, and without the grace of Apollo no man ever loved books.

A student led unwillingly to the Pierian spring may (the proverb notwithstanding) be compelled to drink, but it is folly to expect him to enjoy the draught. When we resort to forced feeding we must not hope that our victims will appreciate the delicate flavors of their nourishment. They don't. I once questioned a candidate for entrance concerning "Comus". "Well", he said, "there was a girl got lost in a forest. Comus got her into his house and wanted to make love to her — and — and — all sorts of things. But she was a smart girl and wouldn't let him." That much of "Comus" can be taught, but would it not elicit from the Lady only:

> Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
> The subtle notion and high mystery.

Another man from the same group repeated to me, with fire in his eye, a passage from "Paradise Lost", which poem he had been impelled to read independently because he had been so much struck by "Comus". I can teach neither of these men to love books. One does so already. Upon the heart of the other the love of literature may descend late, as the love of woman descended upon the obdurate heart of Hippolytus, but if it does, it will not be because I taught him to love.

As I look back upon my own academic career, I realize that though I am grateful to my instructors for much information and much guidance, I cannot say that any one of them taught me to love literature. In the earlier of my undergraduate days, I looked at my instructors with much the same bored resentment which I recognize upon the faces of some of my students today. The pearls which were cast lavishly before me, I trampled under foot. The glittering gems in "Ward's English Poets" were no more than so many acorns. I too, in sober earnest, once planned to be an engineer.

If I came later to love books, no one taught me that love. As a self-sufficient sophomore I read "Hamlet", and decided that it was "pretty good" but that it certainly did not deserve all the fuss that had been made over it; and all the insight and eloquence of my instructor helped me not a jot. About two years later, almost by accident, I opened the play again and after reading a page or two, rubbed my eyes. The revelation blinded me and I could hardly believe that I had once dismissed with tolerant contempt the same phrases which now thrilled me. There was magic in the words and a spell was woven about me. My admiration and wonder were inarticulate. I knew only that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in my philosophy, and in hope of discovering more of them I searched eagerly the books which I had previously passed over.

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The radiance which emanates from certain phrases is revealed only by divine grace, and the perception of it comes and goes. That I am not today some sort of scientist, good or bad, I attribute to certain verses of Shelley from which, I must confess, the glamour has departed almost as completely as if it had never existed.

Had I never "taken English" in college, I might never have read "Hamlet" or Shelley in the first place, and might have passed my life conscious of the existence of books, but not of literature. But my conversion was not due to any teaching and was the result solely of the fact that I had in me, unknown to myself, the power to appreciate, and that I was required to read.

If it were not for the frequent occurrence of these late conversions, the problem of literature courses would be simple. One would merely excuse those who had no taste for reading and admit only those who, having the initial understanding, were in a position to profit by the history and exegesis offered by the instructor. We do not give courses in the pictorial arts to blind men, nor music to the deaf; yet literature is "taught" to all comers, and in every class there is a goodly proportion of men who might better spend their time in seizing the day, filling the cup, or sporting with Amaryllis, than in reading Horace, Omar, or Milton. But the spiritually blind are compelled to take English B1 with all the rest, because there is no way of distinguishing those who will never see from those who have merely not yet opened their eyes. And it must be so. Every year hundreds of students are called upon to admire beauties which they have no organs to perceive; and rare wines are forced across palates which cannot taste. In my class of engineers there is perhaps a larger percent of unfit than in a group of ordinary college students. Yet probably the president is wise in requiring that they shall all offer themselves to books for the sake of the man here and there who will be exposed to some work which will open eyes that might otherwise have remained always shut. For his sake, the ninety and nine will have to sacrifice many hours in utter boredom.

The teacher must take his cue from a bit of wit which some student invented and his fellows have repeated *ad nauseam*. "Did you take Professor ——'s course?" asks one. "Well", replies the other with borrowed waggery, "I was exposed to it, but it didn't take." There is penetration in this. The teacher can do no more than expose his class to the masterpieces. If it prove, as it so often does prove, that the student is immune, then there is no help for it. In a course, sparks may be fanned to a flame, and flames may be fed; but sparks cannot be kindled.

The instructor need not worry over those to whom grace is not given. For the most part they exhibit that joyous unconsciousness of depravity which the religious find so trying in the unsaved, and which led Tertullian to revel in the imaginative contemplation of the future tortures of the damned. But if, as sometimes happens, a student approaches the mourner's bench and asks how he may be saved, I know of no better answer than that given by the most brilliant teacher with whom I am acquainted to a student who asked how he might learn to understand poetry. "You are, I believe", said the teacher, "a Catholic. Then the only advice I can give you is that you will attend an extra mass next Sunday, and that you

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will pray long and earnestly that the divine grace to appreciate poetry may descend upon you."

D. H. LAWRENCE AND THE BOOK OF THE SPINSTER

By Marguerite Arnold

VERY lately has emerged the book of the spinster. If signs do not fail the old maid bids fair to become a leading fictional character. She comes in like a lion; the chances are for her going out like a lamb. In the meantime, for better or worse she is with us.

Now there are a good many spinsters — "the Dead Sea fruit of odd women", one writer calls them — persistently overburdening the middle classes. By the census of 1910 there were in the United States 8,924,056 women over fifteen years of age neither married, widowed, nor divorced. Of native born white women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four, 30.6 percent were unmarried. Consequently, the old maid as heroine in fiction represents the literary enfranchisement of a considerable body of women, and this class of women has hitherto been totally unrepresented in the art of the novel.

It is really surprising to observe, as you run down the list of good old English heroines, how the girl who married or met an untimely end if she did not, has predominated. Here and there a brokenhearted creature, like Trollope's Lily Dale, clings to a parent, never more forgetting or being allowed to forget the perfidy of her betrothed when he left her for another (generally out of monetary consideration).

Ask any Ph.D. in English. There are no heroines in literature who are old maids. Is this the same thing as saying there are no novels that are not love stories? For the women, yes. There are novels in which the main issue for the hero is not love. I can think of none in which the main issue for the heroine is other than romantic.

Then why all this stir about psychoanalysis and Freud? The English novel, in its alleged interpretation of life, has been quite as much obsessed by love as the Freudian subconsciousness, especially where women are concerned. Love, unto the last echo, has been the reverberating theme.

The girl to whom the prince has not come is thrown into the discard. But lately has appeared in fiction a slight tendency to take up the discard and retrieve her fortunes at the last moment or else, *mirabile dictu*, to let her work out her own fate on the stage less ignominiously than formerly in the wings, without a lover at all.

Sarah Cleghorn, in "The Spinster", definitely, with symbolic emphasis at the end so that there cannot be the slightest doubt, gives to Ellen Graham, her heroine, a socialized art in the place of a husband. No deep, passionate rose has burgeoned in the Vermont heart of Ellen, but a little edelweiss. A few walks, a few talks, and there is nothing more. Ellen cherishes a picture, and at the end of the book Ellen replaces the picture with a letter from four persons who have learned her published poem by heart. This is no mere substitute, though a substitute is not to be sniffed at, but something as good or better.

Then there is "Miss Lulu Bett", play and novel by Zona Gale, the title proclaiming the spinster. The original ending finds Lulu, erstwhile

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drudge in her sister's house, her brief marriage canceled by bigamy, going forth in conscious awakening to find a life of independence for herself.

With these appearances of the old maid in mind, I wandered into a bookstore recently and came upon "The Lost Girl". My sole acquaintance with D. H. Lawrence as novelist had been by means of Katharine Fullerton Gerould's essay published some years ago in "The Yale Review" called "British Novelists, Ltd." The essay not only limited the novelists. It annihilated them. Mrs. Gerould had not read D. H. Lawrence. She took him up to read him and found that he was J. D. Beresford. Mrs. Gerould contended that the younger British novelists are all alike anyway, writing alternate chapters for one another. So she wrote the essay without reading D. H. Lawrence.

The yellow cover adorning the book asserted:

> Why there are old maids and how to prevent them is the theme of this novel, a gripping story centering around a strikingly original heroine, and told with all the rare genius of D. H. Lawrence.

I should have known better. I purchased "The Lost Girl".

It is not a book that will help the eight million. It belies the cover in a way that does not do credit to the advertising agents. It does not explain why there are old maids, nor yet how to prevent them. It does not even show that there are old maids, for the heroine marries.

The saving grace is that Alvina Houghton has been an old maid. She marries, at thirty, an Italian out of a wandering minstrel troupe whose status in the industrial world is probably that of day laborer. This Ciccio, with slow, yellow eyes, a mandolin, and no other special means of communication, envelopes Alvina in his own "dark" beauty.

Did D. H. Lawrence plan the whole thing so as to be able to write about Italy in magical, compelling, moving contrast? There Alvina becomes the lost girl, lost, lost, completely lost — in a little hamlet of three dwellings called Califano, in the Ubrizzi hills.

"How unspeakably lovely it was, no one could ever tell, the grand pagan twilight of the valleys, savage, cold, with a sense of ancient gods who knew the right for human sacrifice. It stole away the soul of Alvina." The Italians, working in a dumb way, are lost, forlorn aborigines. The house is large, but "quite uninhabitable". Living is of course unspeakably crude and comfortless. Mr. Lawrence draws a marvelous picture of the flowering of that Italian spring, a thing made up of icy brooks and scorching suns and flashing stars. Is Alvina lost? She has for the stay of her soul only the beauty of a region that flouts man alternately with its loveliness and terror.

As a contribution to the literature of the spinster D. H. Lawrence is disappointing. What does he mean? Is this what happens to women who do not marry before they are thirty if they can let themselves "go" at all? Is it bad or good? Is D. H. Lawrence sweeping aside the precious distinction between the kinds of love? Alvina and Ciccio could hardly talk to each other. Or does he mean the point to lie in "Why have human criteria" or in "Perhaps life is more important than intelligence"?

At all events, in this strange book Alvina suffers mysteriously. And the reader wonders how Mr. Lawrence could be at once so disgusting, and boring, and beautiful. Has Mrs. Gerould yet read D. H. Lawrence?

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THE PARODY OUTLINE OF LITERATURE

V: DRAKE'S DRUM*

By Elinor Wylie

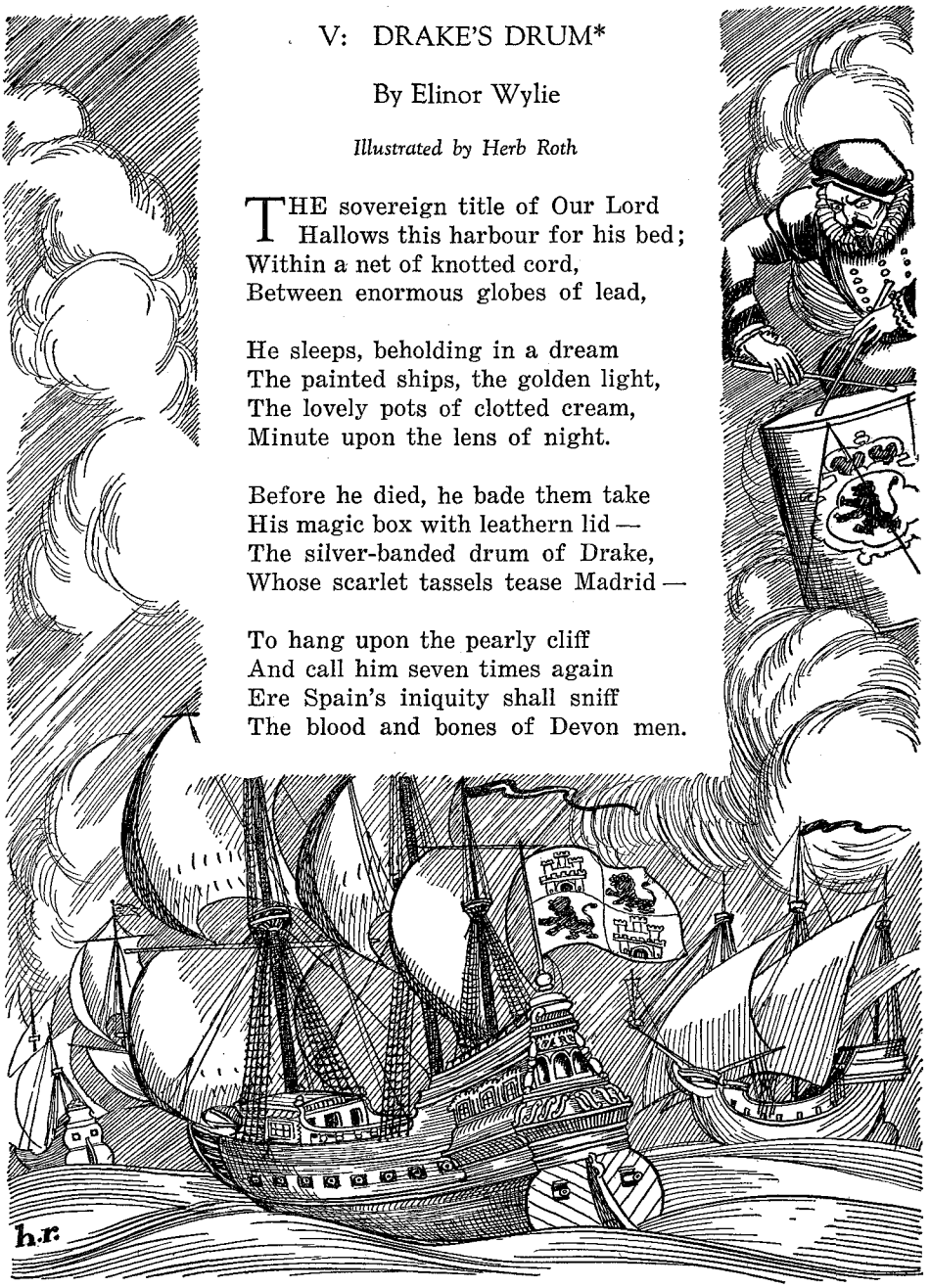
Illustrated by Herb Roth

THE sovereign title of Our Lord
Hallows this harbour for his bed;
Within a net of knotted cord,
Between enormous globes of lead,

He sleeps, beholding in a dream
The painted ships, the golden light,
The lovely pots of clotted cream,
Minute upon the lens of night.

Before he died, he bade them take
His magic box with leathern lid —
The silver-banded drum of Drake,
Whose scarlet tassels tease Madrid —

To hang upon the pearly cliff
And call him seven times again
Ere Spain's iniquity shall sniff
The blood and bones of Devon men.



*As rewritten from the poem by Henry Newbolt in the style of Mrs. Wylie's "Nets to Catch the Wind". This is the fifth instalment of the series in which various American authors, using well known tales, attempt to parody themselves.

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THE LONDONER

Katherine Mansfield--H. W. Massingham and the New Proprietors of "The Nation"--Masterman, Chesterton, and Belloc--Jane Austen's "The Watsons"--A New Critic of H. G. Wells--A Barrie Jeu d'Esprit.

LONDON, *February* 1, 1913.

THE death of Katherine Mansfield came as a great and unexpected shock to all those who knew her but who were not, as it were, among her most intimate friends. Even those, perhaps, who knew her best were surprised and horrified that the end should come so suddenly; but to myself, who had seen her only a few weeks previously, and had been glad to imagine a great improvement in her health, the news that she was dead was almost unbelievable. I first met Katherine Mansfield about twelve years ago. She was at that time reviewing novels for "The Westminster Gazette", and in the course of her work she had read one of mine. Interest in this led her to write to me. I can remember going along to a flat in Chancery Lane, where I found a small party which included Gilbert Cannan, and where for the first time I heard Stendhal enthusiasts at their talk. It was a remarkable little crowd. Richard Curle was there, begging that nobody would shake hands with him, as he had rheumatism in his right hand. Forgetting this, I shook hands with him. Katherine Mansfield was very dark and slim, not very tall, and I think wore her hair in the — much later overpopular — style called "bobbed". She always spoke very low, hardly opening her mouth. I had never previously met any young woman who talked so frankly or who looked so distinguished in her prettiness. That is to say, no young intellectual woman who did not look more markedly intellectual than in fact she was. She was so assured that I felt shy and clumsy, but in no way resentful of her assurance. For one thing, I think she probably had great tact. She had that uncommon gift of encouraging one's self-respect by subtle deference — the outcome of politeness and an air, to which at that time I was unused in my contact with superior young intellectuals, of respect and comradeship. Certainly she had a cool judgment, as her critical work showed. At that period I saw her perhaps a dozen times, always with the same feeling of admiration and affection, because I think it was impossible to know Katherine Mansfield without being strongly attracted by her personality. Then, for years, I saw and heard nothing of her at all. Only after the war did she emerge, as writer of the novel reviews in "The Athenæum". We met again. She was now obviously very ill indeed, and indeed phthisis was so far advanced that she could not with safety be much in England. She went, I believe, to Italy, but found the solitude intolerable. Montana, in Switzerland, with her cousin Lady Russell in a châlet near by, was another resort; but it did not prove beneficial. All that the Swiss doctors could do was unavailing. Then, in Paris, there seemed a hope. A Russian doctor who specialized in the disease made some progress. He possibly might have

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made more, but Katherine Mansfield suddenly abandoned the treatment, and went to live at Fontainebleau. This appeared to suit her, and she was living in company with a number of other "simple-lifers". She was happy and hopeful. And then suddenly she was dead.

* * * *

I have always felt that her own personality was superior to her literary work, because her stillness, her distinguished "air", was in writing only partially conveyed by a sort of aeration which sometimes approached aridity; but her literary work was often very good indeed. Her short stories, much praised, and much superior to most of the short story work which is being done at the present time by English writers, were ingenious, adroit, subtle, but they wanted the "creative" gift. What this gift is, I will not attempt to define, but it is the only quality which gives permanence to imaginative work. The gift is not required by the critic, whose imagination is of a different order, and therefore perhaps it is not surprising that I relished more than her stories, distinguished as they were, Katherine Mansfield's critical work in "The Athenæum". This was polished, outrageous, and always worth reading. It made the writer known even outside the range of her acquaintance, and beyond those who remembered her prewar work. There followed two volumes of short stories, and these, with "In a German Pension", which appeared in about 1911, represented the whole of Katherine Mansfield's published output. At one time, I understood that she was writing a novel, and it is possible, of course, that if this has been left either in a finished or an unfinished state we shall be given a further opportunity of assessing the value of the talent cut off thus untimely at the age of thirty-three.

* * * *

When "The Athenæum" was merged into "The Nation and Athenæum" Katherine Mansfield ceased to write the novel reviews, and contributed very rarely to the composite paper. An occasional short sketch over her name gave pleasure to her admirers, but although her husband, Middleton Murry, remained in title literary editor of the paper, and contributed regularly to it, I think Katherine Mansfield herself found that she must restrict the amount of work she did. H. W. Massingham, the editor of "The Nation", was a great admirer of her stories, and of her personality. Massingham himself has just gone to the south of France in search of good health. This departure, coupled with all the rumors which have been flying about during the last few weeks, has given rise to the belief that he is no longer editor of "The Nation". This, however, is not the case. An official announcement has been made to the effect that although the proprietorship of the paper has been changed, and although Massingham has resigned, his resignation is not accepted, and he is still responsible for the policy of the paper. As far as I can make out, what has happened is this: A group of Manchester Liberals, headed by J. M. Keynes, proposed to amalgamate "The Nation" and "The New Statesman", appointing Clifford Sharp, the present editor of "The New Statesman", as editor of the joint periodical. This part of the scheme fell through owing to the refusal of the proprietors of "The New Statesman" to amalgamate. But the Mancunians had made sure, apparently, of the proprietor of "The Nation", and it is reported that they are

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already in possession of the paper. Now, when one says "The Nation" in England at the present time one says "Massingham", for Massingham is not only one of the most distinguished of living journalists, but a personality so strong as to color the whole paper. People may disagree with "The Nation", may be exasperated by it, may laugh at its incessant gloom in face of international events (H. G. Wells summed up this attitude one day during the war by saying, "Here comes Massingham, afraid there's some good news!"); but one reads it week by week, and one respects it, one certainly has feelings of the strongest affection for its editor. The great thing about Massingham is that with all his faults he has a real love and understanding of whatever is truly fine and truly beautiful. His writing would be enough to prove this, if proof were needed. In spite of weekly work through many years, Massingham still writes a prose that is prose. When he is moved — and he is often moved — he writes with eloquence that I do not see surpassed in present day journalism. The writing is not merely the writing of a good and practised journalist; it is the writing of a lover of beauty. Massingham is quick to burn at injustice, at vandalism; he is headlong in his condemnation of wickedness, in whatever form it may be manifested. He is almost fanatical in his detestation of wickedness, so that he discovers it in all sorts of causes which are the outcome only of individual or group stupidity. He has made "The Nation" the resort of cranks and preachers of strange doctrines, has espoused lost causes of the most hopelessly absurd character, has insulted his friends and taken enemies to his bosom because he has suddenly heard that as children they were miserable; but in all that he does there is this same unquenchable idealism. It is he who has made "The Nation", and a "Nation" without him is unthinkable. All who read the paper care less for Liberalism as a doctrine (this doctrine being as good as dead and a good deal less respected than it would be if it were actually dead) than for Massingham as a true Liberal. With Massingham its editor, "The Nation" can be as illiberal as it pleases, and we shall continue to read it; but if it sinks to the position of a mere organ of Liberalism, then it will be as dead as the other weekly reviews, which are all representing some 'ism or other, and which are all moribund as far as one's sense of their individual value and necessary interest is concerned.

* * * *

Some nights ago — I am told by the daily press — there was a dinner to C. F. G. Masterman, once a prominent Liberal leader, but long ago cast from the Liberal fold and driven to contest by-elections without success and to stand with equal failure at the last two or three elections. The speeches delivered upon that occasion, as the guest of the evening pointed out to the talented speakers, were all in the nature of obituary notices; but they served, perhaps, to allow us to cast an eye back to the time when Masterman, Chesterton, and Belloc were the three young musketeers of the Liberal cause. I can just remember those days, for the three were young men when I was a boy. It seems ages ago, and I am disappointed to see what the dreams of those days have come to. These three men were constant companions, wrote, spoke in public, ate and drank together, and seemed as though they were indeed imbued with the spirit of truth and the fine fervor

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of the inspired. Twenty years ago I heard Mr. Belloc tell the Fabians how wrong they were, in what seemed to me then, and still seems to me, the most brilliant speech I had (and have) ever heard. It was about Collectivism and Communism. It split hairs, it was full of Mr. Belloc's genius for casuistry, it was packed with exuberant asides which caught the audience's breath even amid the laughter — the irresistible laughter — which they occasioned. In the same period, I heard Mr. Chesterton deliver a speech to the Humanitarians which I had seen him actually writing after he arrived upon the platform. He invited the Humanitarians to look nearer to their own bosoms than the remote savages who claimed their zeal. Fury was created. He laughed at doctrinaire Humanitarianism. I rejoiced that he should so infuriate the Humanitarians. He seemed to express all I had ever felt or thought in one brilliant series of gibes. Mr. Masterman I never heard speak, but I read his articles in the "Daily News". It was in the "Daily News" that Mr. Chesterton's articles appeared, and it was by those articles that Mr. Chesterton's fame was first secured. Mr. Masterman once told me a story of the days when Mr. Chesterton used to sit writing his articles in a Fleet Street café, with waiters around him, hovering lest he should absentmindedly walk out of the restaurant without paying for what he had had. And of how, one day, one of these waiters said, speaking of Chesterton, "Your friend, he very clever man. He sit and laugh. And then he write. And then he laugh at what he write." It was a delightful story, and should be told freely, because if there is one thing more true than another about G. K. Chesterton, it is that he is really amused at what comes out of his own head. Nobody who is so amused could be an egotist in a bad sense. Mr. Chesterton must sometimes feel as Sterne felt, that he frequently, by leaping toward them, intercepts inspirations intended for other men.

It is a contemplation of these three men, more than anything else, which has brought home to me how old I am getting. And what a change I have seen in the direction of the ambitions of writers. Strange to look back and remember the days when Gilbert Parker wrote "The Seats of the Mighty" as a serial for — I think — "The Young Man". To recall the advent of Sherlock Holmes, the thrills of Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Henry Seton Merriman, and their kindred romancers. And then the days when — possibly owing to my own circumstances — I found Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc and Mr. Masterman shouting for Christian Liberalism and Beer; Mr. Shaw having success as a dramatist under the Vedrenne-Barker management; Mr. Wells publishing "Anticipations" and "Kipps" and "Tono Bungay"; Mr. Bennett contributing weekly articles, under the title "Books and Persons", to "The New Age"; and Mr. Galsworthy suddenly emerging from pseudonymity into fame as both novelist and dramatist. What the social events of those periods were I have no notion: to me these arrivals of the intellectual plane were cataclysmic. And it is to the trinity of Chesterton-Belloc-Masterman that I still turn with most excitement of memory. They were — to some extent they still are — young men's men. Mr. Chesterton, certainly, is a force in the current intellectual life at our universities. I myself have seen his books in

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great array at Oxford, and he has just filled the Cambridge Guildhall with an overflowing audience of undergraduates and others by speaking on "The Place of Religion in Modern Life". They lectured, they wrote, they debated, with a passionate and humorous love of gigantic propositions, extraordinary familiarity with the name and purposes of God, a mystical levity, a carelessness of absurdity, which made them outstanding. When they roped Mr. Shaw into their controversies, or Mr. Wells, they sported as little boys do in a bathing pond. Four or five men, it seemed, could make an intellectual tumult. Mr. Shaw debated with Mr. Chesterton upon the proposition that it was impossible to be a Democrat without also being a Socialist, and Mr. Belloc took the chair and rang a bell in the middle of Mr. Shaw's speech. Mr. Shaw then debated with Mr. Belloc as to whether a Socialist who was not a Democrat could possibly be a Gentleman (or some such proposition — Mr. Belloc so twisted the terms in what he styled his exordium that I could never afterward recall how the dispute had started). And upon whatever subject these gymnasts lectured or wrote or debated they brought always the same high spirits, theological fervor, idealism, and noise. They drew London, at any rate, to see and hear and read what they said; and one had the sense of being very much alive and very eager for ideas and the conflict of ideas.

If I say, as a classic hero once said, "Vere is dot barty now?" it is without serious intention. I know. I see its members. They retain, probably, the old skill in dialectic; but they have lost optimism, conviction. The old words, the old phrases, come almost as readily; but they no longer stagger by their boldness or inspire by their beauty. They have lost the old sparkle, or perhaps it is we who have lost zest in the sport of playing with faith and nature and civilization. The celebrated Chesterbelloc (so named by Mr. Shaw) no longer believes in the millennium, but is sporadic in its dashes for the earthly paradise. It has become filled with horror of the Servile State, of the political Party Machine, of the Jews, of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Socialism, and all sorts of other bogeys. From standing erect with the Cross in one hand and a tankard in the other, it has lowered its arms and shouts "Wolf" with all the other sectional organizations of the day. The trouble is not that the Chesterbelloc has betrayed us, but that the world has been too much for it. The world and the processes of physical degeneration. One cannot maintain high tension indefinitely; one cannot preach the gospel of jolliness, and strive to practise one's creed, without feeling in time the ill effects of such an effort. Perhaps after all that gospel had no lasting validity; it sounds now, often, a parochial specific for cosmic ills; but whatever its rank it had in its first fine careless rapture the power of arousing idealism in the young and of carrying terror into the hearts of reactionaries. I do not know what the ideals of the young now are, in this unfortunate period of reaction, when purity is mocked and egotism is the only wear. If I were to judge by those of whom I see most I should assume these ideals to be contemptible — the attainment of the more material rewards of effort by short cuts, by self-advertisement, by evasion of responsibility — but that I am sure is not the true spirit of the time. It is only, probably, that the spirit

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awaits an exponent, exponents. May these champions quickly arise, for we are in great need of a new crusade in favor of virtue. Nevertheless, my middle aged thoughts upon this subject may serve to put upon record personal memories of a striking period which slipped away even before the noise and horror of the war deafened us to all but murder trials and the matrimonial cause list. I have been led to muse so by the announcement of a dinner to Mr. Masterman and the consequent refocusing of Mr. Masterman as a part of the group to which he once so naturally seemed to belong. Mr. Masterman, Mr. Chesterton, and Mr. Belloc are all publishing new books; and the degree of the degeneration of these crusaders may be judged by the title of Mr. Belloc's volume of essays. This is simply "On", because Mr. Belloc has not the energy to decide what the book is about.

* * * *

I perceive that the "completion" of Jane Austen's "The Watsons" has been published in England. Also that another edition of the unfinished work has appeared with a preface by A. B. Walkley. The "completion" I described some months ago in THE BOOKMAN. Although for a few pages it keeps something of the general texture of Miss Austen's style, the subsequent unfolding of a conventional story shows how much Miss Austen depended upon her own inimitable manner, and how comparatively little the classic quality of her novels owes to the author's invention. I am sorry that "The Watsons" should have been tampered with to make a fresh title in a publisher's list. No doubt the occasion of the book's appearance was the recent success of "Love and Freindship" (that collection of Austen juvenilia), which was a very different kettle of fish. Mr. Walkley's introduction is again a different matter. Mr. Walkley is a real lover of Jane Austen; although whether he loves her for the right reasons I should be disposed to doubt. There is something extremely disagreeable, for example, in his habit of calling her "Jane". Something of the faded cavalier, the familiar stranger presuming. He also, I gather from a public statement, goes through her novels counting the kisses administered in them, which he finds disappointingly few in number. Well, taste is a personal thing; and Mr. Walkley has his own standards. My own is, I am sure, too fastidious. Therefore I say that Mr. Walkley's introduction to the fragment of "The Watsons" is a very different thing from the rushing in of Miss L. Oulton. Mr. Walkley learnedly discusses the unwritten portions of the story, and the various theories regarding Miss Austen's decision to abandon it. He inclines to the belief that she found her theme tending to duplicate that of "Pride and Prejudice". But Mr. Walkley perhaps writes in ignorance of that irresistible nausea which comes sometimes upon the novelist when he (or she) has reached a certain point in a book. Always, the first inspiration will carry a novelist through the first few chapters — sometimes to half way through the book. As Arnold Bennett says, "*Anybody* can write a good first chapter!" Then comes the really difficult time for the conscientious writer. Shall he go on? *Can* he go on? All self-respect cries, "No!" Only determination, or in some cases possibly the need of money, or in the best authors a fresh or secondary flood of inspiration, can induce the novelist to carry the book through. *There are so much better books to be written.* It is a fact that

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when one has finished writing a novel one begins to see clearly how it should have been written. And again, when one has come to the end of the first inspiration, there is a sudden knowledge — "This won't do!" — and an abandonment. It is not a reasoned thing; it is an instinctive understanding. It can be countered, conquered, and the book can be finished. But the instinct is extraordinarily powerful. No need to look beyond it for the fragmentary nature of "The Watsons". A change of scene, a temporary distraction, the occurrence of a theme more attractive — any one of these accidents might have produced the same effect. Or the nausea to which I have referred — as powerful as a horse's sudden refusal to draw a heavy load. It should be remembered that Jane Austen must herself have preserved what we have. She may have intended to resume. She was never a writer working against time, for a market or an income. She rewrote her early books, and a portion of "Persuasion". There is no reason to feel sure that she would never have finished "The Watsons". She might well have discovered it later on, as Scott discovered the early chapters of "Waverley", as a living novelist is said with astonishment to have discovered a forgotten typescript of what has proved his most successful novel.

* * * *

Speaking just now of the exhaustion of the novelist's first inspiration reminds me of an impudent but amusing article on H. G. Wells which appears in the new number of "The Edinburgh Review". The author, Wyatt Tilby, says:

> The beginnings of Mr. Wells's books are apt to be better than the endings. Nobody can start out so well — he is already doing his sixty miles an hour before he is clear of the suburban entanglements of the first chapter. But towards the summit level of the middle pages the locomotive begins to labour, the pace gets slower and slower, and finally we come to a full stop at Sociological Junction; the guard discusses modern thought with the engine-driver, the station-master intervenes with a dissertation on the superior advantages of State railways, and, finally, Mr. Wells, the reformer, pokes his head out of the window, and Mr. Wells, the romancer, having taken his ticket to the terminus, quietly curls himself up in a corner and goes to sleep.
>
> It is a discouraging situation, not provided for in the ordinary time-tables of fiction. Eventually, of course, the train starts again, but the swing and the rush and glory of the first rapid motion have vanished; and as we crawl through the last wayside stations, tired and a little irritated, we notice that the weary attendants are already putting out the lamps with a series of explosive dots. . . .

This, of course, is cleverness running riot; but there is truth in it. Those who know Mr. Wells's profound love of his kind, and his anxiety that his kind should realize the vision of the world as it might be which is constantly changing before his eyes, welcome the excursions into philosophy. They do not ask of Mr. Wells's books that they should be like other books. They take them as expressions of something vital called "Wells". But if one does not share the reforming passion of Wells, and is lured into what seems to be a morass of discussion by the swift and electrifying narrative of the early pages, it is clear that one feels as Mr. Tilby does. Personally, I don't; but the view is a possible one. I admire Wells even when he disappoints me or seems to be using over again in a rather more flaccid state stuff which he has used before. But it is true that he exemplifies perhaps better than any other writer the slowing up which follows exhaustion of a first impulse to tell some new marvel or complication or piece of fun to an extra-family audience. This in spite of unusual care

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in revision. It is impossible, of course, that such a quick moving and restless mind should not start off at express rate, tire, improvise, and hesitate a good deal before resuming the narrative proper in order to complete it. We should not ask it. Some such impatience as Mr. Tilby's is the cause of the recent quite unjustifiable exaltation of "Mr. Polly" over works of greater value. "Mr. Polly", although its first inspiration quickly fails, catches up again and again, and so is believed to be more homogeneous than the bigger books. The critics who make this mistake — they are many — confuse their sentiments with their critical apparatus. It is a fatal error.

* * * *

A month or so ago the Johnson Club, which holds its meetings at Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, had what must have been a record evening even for that association of distinguished and convivial men. The Johnson Club, I must explain, is a dining club. It meets once a month, and at each meeting a paper is read or speeches are made. When I attended the club no paper was read, but I made three speeches and might have made more had time allowed. But that occasion was not a red letter day for the club. It was an ordinary meeting. The evening which I began by mentioning was one upon which the guests included Mr. Asquith, Mr. Birrell, and Sir James Barrie. It was a night that men tell of in their anecdotage. First of all there was the Asquith speech, delivered, by common consent, with that perfect phrasing which his impromptus always display. He was wise and humorous; and the members breathed heavily in their delight. But no sooner was the ordinary speechifying at an end than Barrie rose to his feet; and to the astonishment of all began a lengthy address in the broadest of Scots, in the character of a former employee of James Boswell. The reminiscences of this old gentleman, which included many memories of Johnson not hitherto recorded, were such as the Johnson Club has never previously heard. Johnson, I fear, was forgotten; forgotten, too, were Asquith and Birrell. There remained only, blotting out everything else, this haranguing old Scots servant, who at last became once again Barrie, and received his due tribute of cheers and enthusiasm. It must have been a new experience for Johnsonians, and a delightful one.

SIMON PURE

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by David Morton

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, whenever he speaks, has in his utterance the accent of authority. And the listener has always, I think, an awareness of the presence of one of the authentic spokesmen for the spirit of man. In turning over the pages of the January magazines, it would be next to impossible, on any principle of selection, to pass by the Irish

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writer's group of poems in "The Dial", "Meditations in Time of Civil War". These poems are not the Yeats of yesterday — the Yeats of mysticism, of a dreamy and sorrowful loveliness, of shadowy legend and song. In these meditations, the sources of the emotion are things mundane and actual and near at hand, and the savor of earth and the pulse of humanity are in them. Yeats's following, perhaps, will still care more for the remote and proud and lonely figure who gave us "The Wind Among the Reeds"; and they may sigh with some misgiving and some regret suggested by the third line of the second stanza of

MY DESCENDANTS

Having inherited a vigorous mind
From my old fathers I must nourish dreams
To leave a woman and a man behind
As vigorous of mind, and yet it seems
Life scarce can cast a fragrance on the wind,
Scarce spread a glory to the morning beams,
When the torn petals strew the garden plot;
And there's but common greenness after that.

And what if my descendants lose the flower
Through natural declension of the soul,
Through too much business with the passing hour,
Through too much play, or marriage with a fool,
And find a comfort in it? May this tower
Become a roofless ruin that the owl
May build in the cracked masonry and cry
Her desolation to the desolate sky.

The Primum Mobile that fashioned us
Has made the very owls in circles move,
And I, that count myself most prosperous
Seeing that love and friendship are enough,
For an old neighbour's friendship chose the house
And decked and altered it for a girl's love,
And know whatever flourish and decline
These stones remain their monument and mine.

William Butler Yeats
—*The Dial*

Color, spiritedness, and incident combine to make the following verses effective and nearly rememberable. What a flavor has the fair among rude and simple societies.

FETE

Under a crystal moon the peacock shawls
Revolve and circle. Lanterns of painted silk
Swing above a seller of perfumed dolls.

Girls, whose hair is dressed like sailing swans,
Bear baskets of yellow apples, jars of milk,
Which they exchange for tarnished coins of bronze;

While near at hand, singers with cherry-wreaths
Make music that is cool in throat and mouth,
An echo of the wind that scarcely breathes.

I saw one girl, suddenly growing bold,
Bite her apple and pass it to a youth
Who hid it, as though the yellow fruit were gold.

S. Foster Damon
—*The New Republic*

John Drinkwater asks, somewhere:

And have you gathered in the dusk
To make your heroes live again?

Well, no. That isn't being done this century. The young and the new — and this is their day — will have none of the past. The giants are for our laughter. How much of this is wise? Certainly nothing is more deadening than slavery to the past — unless it be slavery to the present. Memorials are not, therefore, the fashion of the day. But a tribute to Matthew Arnold succeeded in achieving publication. The month's poetry is the richer for it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(*Born 24 December, 1822.*)

Yet there are those who tire
Of the summer seas; there are those
Who are choked by the rotting flowers
And the too sweet fragrance of death.

Thou art for those a land
Cold, austere and remote,
Half turned to the slanting sun.
Thou art a land where the spring,

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Late and sudden and brief,
Washes thy southern slopes
With the icy tears of her pain.

High in thy pallid clefts
Those who will search may find
Flowers that are fed with ice,
Beds of moss with their roots
Deep in thy shattered rocks.

This for a few brief days
In the fire of thy summer sun;
Then as the black pole dips
Thou art thyself again,
White with thy circling moon
And thy cold implacable stars.

William A. Norris
—*The Freeman*

Good ballads are rare in these times, but Elinor Wylie has enriched ballad literature measurably by the following, which is taken from "Rhythmus", a newcomer in the field of poetry and art magazines. "Rhythmus" made its bow with the January number. It is edited by Oscar Williams, and has an advisory committee consisting of Carl Van Doren, Alfred Kreymborg, and Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

My love came up from Barnegat,
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.

His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.

But he was in his twentieth year,
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half a-feared of love.

My hair was piled in a copper crown—
A devilish living thing,
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whittled to little wrists;
Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
Were the fingers of his fists.

Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins.

Dreadful his strength and length of limb
As the sea to foundering ships;
I dipped my hands in love for him
No deeper than their tips.

But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enscrolled within a heart.

And something made our wills to bend
As wild as trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend,
But only lover and lover.

"In seven weeks or seventy years—
God grant it may be sooner!—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my captain's schooner.

We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to our touch;
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.

When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
'How wonderful a man!'

When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
'How beautiful a wife!'

And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep.

Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest."

Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?

Elinor Wylie
—*Rhythmus*

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Hazel Hall touches on one of the most catholic of the emotions, in its suggestion of continuity in the life of the race.

THEY WILL COME

They will come, at last they will come, who
have not gone by:
The many that time and life have not yet
defined.
Even now the sound of their tread is a cry
Moving along my mind.

They will come and like mist be blown down
a shadowy street,
Even as others have come and were mistily
blown.
They will move to music of unisoned feet,
Yet each, like others, alone.

Their eyes will be sharpened as eyes of
the others were not;
They will see in the sun, hear more in the
wind than sound;
They will feel in the cold crusts of earth
the hot
Desires of the ground.

All that others have known of longing and
pain
Will be *immeasurably theirs; they must*
reckon and face
Rapture unknown, then pass like the rain
Drifting on into space.

Hazel Hall
—*The New Republic*

Marjorie Allen Seiffert is using the sonnet form often and with success these days. "Dark Magic" conveys its idea and communicates its feeling forcibly and with beauty.

DARK MAGIC

It is a foolish thing you ask, I said,
This solemn ritual of earth with earth,
How shall it profit us, whose hearts are wed
In this clear ecstasy of delicate mirth,

This spirit wind by which our hearts are
shaken
And merged like flame? How pagan is
your pride
Crying: "Now let our bodies' pledge be
taken!"
I said, You ask a foolish thing! . . . I lied.

For joy speeds lightly by, and we can keep
Only her finger prints that fade and are
gone,
And there is nothing left for us to weep
Or curse, or bless, or break our hearts upon.

Only one seal, *immutable and tragic,*
Can mark us ineffaceably with dark magic.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert
—*The Double Dealer*

"Scars in Air" contains an imaginative conceit that is nearly fantastic, and yet entirely acceptable.

SCARS IN AIR

The wind is scarred
By apple-trees on slanted hills
Where dancing branches cut and tore;
And there are wounds of thin birch whips
Slashed sorely in an hour of speed.
Rail fences rip the wind to fringe
And maples tear it into lace
That only long, smooth fields can mend
Or pastures cleared of stumps and briers.
A hill can break or hurt the wind —
Divide or dent it, jag or blunt
Its great cool edge of even air;
A mountain big enough could stop
A little wind and make it die.

II

I am the wind and you are a hill
And an old stump fence and a big oak tree;
And I am in tatters from meeting you,
Though you are unchanged from meeting me.
Only myself can heal myself
With time, till my scars like scars in air
Are blended back to the rest of me
And I am whole and blowing free.

H. Underwood Hoyt
—*Contemporary Verse*

One poem which any compiler would wish to reprint in this department, if space permitted, is "Lundy" by Frank Ernest Hill, in "The Measure". Unfortunately for present purposes, the poem runs to more than a hundred lines, which makes its inclusion here impracticable. But it presents a very vivid and poetic picture of a town's abandonment after the interruption and arrestment of contemporary life.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

THIS has been a hard winter for the drama uplifter. There has been practically nothing for him to do. It used to be that those who go about among obscure towns lecturing on the drama could always warm things up by taking a few cracks at the commercial managers. Indeed many popular lecturers on the drama made such an attack the body of their discourse. What do they talk about now?

This season will probably be known in history as the Year of the Atonement. One after another the hardened sinners of the theatre have hit the sawdust trail. Amid songs of rejoicing they have sought to wipe out years of evil doing by acts of expiation. There are still a few who remain defiant in their wickedness, but they are growing lonely, and may become thoroughly respectable at any moment. Who would be surprised if announcement were made tomorrow that Al Woods was planning to present Margaret Anglin in "Electra"? Morris Gest of course is the pride of the Mission, and he surely deserves all credit. He has been responsible for the appearance in New York of two of the most interesting organizations in the world. With the zeal of the convert he has now set his heart on bringing Max Reinhardt to this country. The Selwyns have, as yet, not been so successful as Gest, but they have not been lacking in ardor or courage. Whatever one may think about "The Fool" there can be little doubt of its author's sincerity, and it is probably true that the Selwyns had an almost equally exalted and unmercenary attitude toward it. Their costly production of "Johannes Kreisler", while perhaps ill advised, was an effort to do something difficult, new, and beautiful. Now they have sponsored a quite superb production of "Romeo and Juliet" and are reaping the reward of virtue. Even William A. Brady came forward. His production of "The World We Live In" was an attempt to reproduce faithfully and reverently a play which he had seen abroad and which he thought was a challenge to his better nature. Charles Dillingham's past is irreproachable, but he has usually been identified with productions different in spirit from "Loyalties". Broadway presents an inspiring and bewildering spectacle.

It would be interesting to discover what has brought all this about. Have the managers suddenly got religion, or has the public really changed its attitude toward the playhouse? Whatever it is, the Theatre Guild has probably had much to do with it. Its members were perhaps the pioneers. They set an example which even their most sophisticated fellow producers could not ignore. When plays which would never have seen the light of day, except for the Guild, developed consistently into great popular suc-

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cesses, the situation was something that had to be looked into. The old argument that the managers must give the public what it wants and that it wants nothing very serious, lost some of its force. There had never been a sustained attempt like the Guild's to give the public anything very serious. Arthur Hopkins had tried it, but his fate had not been such as to make many converts. The Guild management did the thing boldly. They put on plays they themselves liked, and they continue to do so. Due to their policy of putting on so many plays a year, they are not so prosperous as might be supposed, but their record of solid popular successes is scarcely surpassed by any of the managers who are frankly in the producing business to make as much money as possible. This fact has had, we can only suppose, a tremendous influence on the American stage.

The following which Eugene O'Neill has been able to build up has also been something of a surprise to the old timers, and to most others, for that matter, who try to anticipate the public taste. O'Neill also is something of a pioneer. He is one of the first of native dramatists to treat the theatregoer as any equal, and to write with honest sincerity exactly the things he wants to write. He has had much to do with initiating the public into the novel pleasure of using its brains in the playhouse. He, too, without a doubt has had a huge effect on American drama as we find it today. His success and that of the Theatre Guild have perhaps been chiefly responsible for giving the other managers the courage to produce the sort of plays they may have wanted secretly to produce in the past.

For, say what you like about the average manager, he nearly always has a deep and sincere affection for the theatre. Most of the men who risk large sums of money each year on plays are shrewd business men. In other fields they could probably make much more money with a tenth of the risk. In nearly every one of them there is, underneath, a sedulously guarded delicacy and surprising subtlety where plays are concerned. The diamond scarf pins, the profanity, the villainous cigars are usually a disguise. Most of them have suppressed desires — effectively suppressed, too often — to do the finer type of thing when they reach the point where they can afford it. This has been a year of release. Those plays which, according to tradition, would have been certain failures, have been the greatest successes. It is a season which will either mark the beginning of the palmy era in the American theatre or be recalled as the red letter year.

The Theatre Guilders still insist on keeping out in front. They seem to be happy only when they are making new clearings and hacking new paths through the underbrush. The beaten track is not for them even when it is a track they have blazed themselves. Having done so much, they may spend themselves as they seek further and further afield for the uncharted and bizarre. That is a not uncommon fate of pioneers and other radicals. They did a bold thing when they produced "R. U. R.", but there was a novel appeal in that play which finally brought it popular favor. They did a bold, almost a perverse, thing when they put on "The Tidings Brought to Mary". Its swift failure must surely have been foreseen. They have done an audacious and magnificent thing in producing Ibsen's "Peer Gynt".

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This production is a thing of splendor. The exuberant imagery of the poem is materialized with an effectiveness that is quite surprising. It is difficult to see how the drama could be more faithfully mounted. But the very excellence of the staging, unfortunately, emphasizes its unsuitableness for stage production. Those scenes of fancy which give the poem its power can scarcely fail to be mangled, and almost burlesqued, when the attempt is made to reproduce them with fantastic costumes and scenery. Ibsen wrote a richly imaginative fairy tale: the account of a man's dream life. The drama, in one sense, takes place in Peer Gynt's imagination. It is the record of his inner longings. It is the fanciful journey which all men make. Fame, wealth, and beauty all come to Peer — but really only in his restless dreams. That is what one feels in reading the play, that is what gives it its strange charm and melancholy beauty. So to see Peer Gynt, in the flesh, is something of a disillusionment. Peer Gynt, as a person, has no place in the play that is named for him. He is a spectator of those episodes no less than the person in the theatre.

The production, as given by the Theatre Guild, is therefore a little befuddling. The passages which are really literal are played with a disturbing air of unreality. Those which are purely fanciful seem incongruously matter of fact. Joseph Schildkraut is the one principally at fault, possibly because Peer Gynt is a part too exacting for any but a very few actors to play. There must be a remoteness in the reading of this part, and that requires a special sort of temperament, not easy to define. Peer must be the onlooker, even when he takes most active part in what is happening. There seemed to be none of this quality in Schildkraut's performance. He was too much with us. But he does do many things well. He follows with facility the many changes of mood as the long story unfolds, he feels the cadence and beauty of the

JANE COWL

There can be no doubt that she is one of the most beautiful of Juliets.

lines, and the pathos of the unhappy dreamer he plays. The production is a satisfaction to the eye. Lee Simonson has managed to blend the bleak with the exotic, and that is the background "Peer Gynt" should have.

In several ways the production of "Romeo and Juliet" with Jane Cowl as Juliet must be a revelation even to those who, on principle, go to see a Shakespearian play whenever they have the chance. From the crowds in the lobby of Henry Miller's theatre every night it must also be a revelation to thousands of others who, in the past, have never gone to a Shakespearian play if they could get out of it. There is no suggestion of a ritual as it is done this time. It is a love story shot through with beauty and passion, a love story of two very young

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and delightful people. It has an air of freshness, even of novelty. There is no overhanging sense of tragedy. The mistaken suicide of Romeo seems youthfully impulsive and understandable, but comes almost with the shock of surprise.

There have been better Romeos than Rollo Peters, but he creates an audacious, hot blooded lover. His duel with Tybalt is not provoked, as it often is, with obvious consciousness of the dire events which are to result from it. As Peters does it, it is merely youthful and quixotic, as it should be. He does not fight so much for the honor of his clan as he does for the code which he as a smart young gentleman must adhere to. This is a praiseworthy bit of work, though it is not nearly so thrilling a piece of stage business as the same scene in the hands of McKay Morris. This scene, not the balcony scene or the one in Juliet's chamber, is really the crucial one of "Romeo and Juliet". It is here that Shakespeare ruthlessly intervenes in the smoothly running love story and suddenly gives it the twist which leads to tragedy. If this sharp turn is smoothly made all is likely to be well. Under the direction of Frank Reicher the scene really is kept thoroughly in key. The events which lead up to it are scrupulously shaded to emphasize the bravado of the young bloods who take part in it, and to suggest the danger that lurks.

The balcony scene is also anticipated with rather delicate skill. Before it comes the romance of the two young strangers has been the story of the play. All else has been submerged. When Romeo and Juliet finally talk in the darkness of the orchard their clandestine meeting is a gratifying outcome of his audacity and her suddenly realized infatuation for him. These two do love and desire each other. They do not merely repeat some famous poetry, which is what too often happens when actors, untrained in the speaking of blank verse, play the scene.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
He gives a painstaking and eloquent performance as Peer Gynt.

Through this intelligent, unself-conscious rendering the play becomes, on the stage, the exotic and brilliant tragedy of love which Shakespeare imagined.

"A Square Peg" by Lewis Beach has a first act that is an excellent piece of stage construction. The fires which smolder under the placid life of the Huckins family are suggested with innumerable casual touches; and as the events move smoothly forward the sense of imminent tragedy translates itself into an indefinable suspense which is one of the keenest thrills any play can offer.

The trivial happenings in the lives

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of these trivial people take on tragic significance because for such trivial and helpless souls disaster must be so much more moving. The Mother Huckins missed her vocation. She should have been an efficiency expert in a Newark factory or the matron in a workhouse for women. She nags her husband and her children until they, in their ineffectual resentment, are driven to the point of frenzy. But this desperation which leads to their final rebellion is, as the dramatist quite skilfully suggests, the result not only of what is presented to our view in the play, but of years of persecution. When the crash comes at last it seems a rational outcome, psychologically; but to have one catastrophe follow another so rapidly is a precarious proceeding. That sort of crescendo, unless done with extreme care, is likely to suggest farce to the unregenerate. Indeed the story becomes a little too glib toward the end. The suicide of the husband is a pathetic, almost a squalid tragedy; but he kills himself chiefly to escape from his wife's henpecking, and that has rather a farcical tinge.

It is, however, a sober, conscientious attempt on the part of a promising young American dramatist to depict the life he has found in the middle west. The chief obstacle to its critical and popular success is that Eugene O'Neill did not write it.

"Jitta's Atonement" is a remarkable theatrical novelty. George Bernard Shaw, presumably, mislaid the original manuscript after adapting the first two acts. Then with his usual resourcefulness he made up the rest of it out of his own head. If you wait until after the second act before entering the theatre you will find it enjoyable. The acting of Mme. Kalich, also, is something that some people must like.

We saw the following musical shows this month: "Lady Butterfly", "The Dancing Girl", "Caroline", and "Sun Showers". To be perfectly honest we can't recall which was which, but we don't remember suffering particularly at any of them.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Forcing House" by Israel Zangwill (Macmillan). Treating, under thin disguise, of Russia under the Soviets. Mr. Zangwill apparently has not even yet decided whether he wants to be a political propagandist or a dramatist.

"Windows" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). A moving story of a woman who saw the truth a little too late. One of the best of this very human dramatist's recent plays.

"R. U. R." by Karel Capek (Doubleday). The play from which the current Americanism "Robot" was derived. This volume is one of the projected series in "The Theatre Guild Library".

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE HINGES OF CUSTOM—Ednah Aiken—*Dodd, Mead.* A character study that is too clever to be spoiled by the jerky manner in which it is told.

MANY MARRIAGES—Sherwood Anderson—*Huebsch.* The author reaches a new level in this tale as he derides prudish emotional restraint. *(See page 211.)*

*BLACK OXEN—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* Flapperdom in a new idiom. Entertaining throughout with the sort of writing F. Scott Fitzgerald might do if he were of Mrs. Atherton's generation.

UNDER THE LAW—Edwina Stanton Babcock—*Penn.* These flappers and jazz artists, modern to the core, are fundamentally decent and very attractive.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Romance and ambition under the kindly eye of Benjamin Franklin.

THE DIM LANTERN—Temple Bailey—*Penn.* Youth struggles with middle aged opulence for the love of a desirable young woman. The story is conducted to the customary satisfactory conclusion through a pretty vein of sentiment—a pretty thick one.

UP AND COMING—Nalbro Bartley—*Putnam.* Time is a great leveler when peasants and patricians mix.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper.* An oil well as substitute for the usual gold mine in the usual red blooded story.

SECRET DRAMA—Isabel Beaumont—*Harcourt, Brace.* Six women and the emotional complications that underlie their apparently simple existence. Slightly neurotic.

*RUBÈ—G. A. Borgese—*Harcourt, Brace.* The well told story of a provincial Italian lawyer whose life the author uses as a symbol of wartime unrest and despair. *(See page 207.)*

THE VOICE AT JOHNNYWATER—B. M. Bower—*Little, Brown.* The Voice calls a real man to a golden future.

PROUD LADY—Neith Boyce—*Knopf.* A woman who never admits she's in the wrong marries a lovable chap—and then the complications begin.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—C. Nina Boyle—*Seltzer.* The adventurous progress of a young girl and her escape from one band of criminals after another.

THE SHINING ROAD—Bernice Brown—*Putnam.* In this spirited story of the middle west we follow the hero's career from orphaned farm boy to lawyer, and straight through a mass of crooks to the girl he loves.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A continuation of "The Head of the House of Coombe" depicting love under the shadow of war.

*ROUGH-HEWN—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* A superb study of young love, surer in its sentiment than "The Brimming Cup".

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf.* Precise and beautiful stylistically, this portrayal of youthful heroism fails only in its war details and war attitude.

THE TALKERS—Robert W. Chambers—*Doran.* Pseudo-science laboriously exploited to create pseudo-drama; in intervals Mr. Chambers damns New York.

THE HOUSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL HOPE—Robert Stuart Christie—*Seltzer.* Of a little love and a great one, of a city in England and a garden in Portugal and the strange jest of the stone gods in the garden.

ERMYTAGE AND THE CURATE—A. M. Coggswell—*Longmans, Green.* Three Tommies in a convalescent camp "somewhere in France", and fed up with it all.

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LOST WAGONS—Dane Coolidge—*Dutton.* Despite exaggerated characters in the exclusively cinematic west, the yarn is rather amusing.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* It is Peter, the dog, in this tale of love in the outlands, who behaves most like a human being.

STAR OF EARTH—Morris Dallett—*Knopf.* Romance, 99% pure. Adventure somewhere in South America colorfully imagined.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* How to win an elderly heart? Dress up in boy's clothes, this heroine decides.

THE COAST OF EDEN—Robert L. Duffus—*Macmillan.* Aspiration, frustration, disillusion, all neatly blended into a happy ending.

*THE ENCHANTED APRIL—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page.* How four women escape the drabness of life and frolic for a month in Italy.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright.* Utterly unmoral and appallingly frank, yet vitally interesting.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS—Jeffery Farnol—*Little, Brown.* Adventures of a young poet who decides to dare the broad highway. Unfailing formula for popularity, and again it has not failed.

LOVE'S LEGEND—H. Fielding-Hall—*Dutton.* With a bold absorbing theme in a beautiful setting, the author sadly mars the story by allowing the actors to appear so unreal.

BEING RESPECTABLE—Grace H. Flandrau—*Harcourt, Brace.* Mild and futile immorality behind the dignified front of the middle west plutocracy.

THE CHARING CROSS MYSTERY—J. S. Fletcher—*Putnam.* A tale of crime and retribution brimful of thrills.

THE LOST MR. LINTHWAITE — J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf.* A riddle novel done in this author's usual dry, precise style.

THE SONG OF THE DRAGON—John Taintor Foote—*Appleton.* Seven short stories containing as major ingredients dramatic intensity, humor, and romance. Standard stuff, but skilfully administered.

HOT CORN IKE—James L. Ford—*Dutton.* The inside story of how John Y. McKane, boss of Coney Island, and the boss of the Bowery swung a presidential election.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—E. M. Forster—*Knopf.* An amused and amusing commentator pokes light fun at the world's modern ways. *(See page 212.)*

THE GLOBE HOLLOW MYSTERY—Hannah Gartland—*Dodd, Mead.* More mummery than mystery, and much quiet humor.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs—*Doran.* Negligible as a novel, exceedingly interesting for its presentation of present day Europe.

SUZANNE AND THE PACIFIC—Jean Giraudoux—*Putnam.* A brilliant lady's reactions to a process of desert island marooning. *(See page 207.)*

THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT—John Goodwin—*Putnam.* The old story of the wicked uncle who vainly tried to wrest a fortune from the rightful heirs, skilfully retold.

THE SHAFT IN THE SKY—John Temple Graves, Jr.—*Doran.* The mirrors of the younger generation in Washington, with the Washington Monument as a finger-pointing Dr. Munyon.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Zane Grey—*Harper.* A crime expiated in the great desert is far less important than some really excellent scenic detail.

TITANS—Charles Guernon—*Duffield.* A close up of the bleak lives of a little fishing village.

*THE BRIGHT SHAWL—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A young man encounters revolution and a Spanish dancer in Cuba, and is curiously unmoved by his encounters.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* People still go on reading this modern Dickensonian novel. We once thought it a good book. We still think so—but a new line about it? Read it, then send us one!

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A somewhat hazy presentation of an old problem—woman in the home or out of it.

THE LONG JOURNEY: FIRE AND ICE—Johannes V. Jensen—*Knopf.* A competent but somewhat dull account of man's progress through the ages written in fable form. *(See page 209.)*

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THE WEDGWOOD MEDALLION—E. B. C. Jones—*Holt.* English climate at its worst and English society at its politest. The heart interest is just as complex as you would expect among such sophisticated and urbane persons.

PERADVENTURE—Robert Keable—*Putnam.* How Simon Called Peter finds himself in a labyrinth of religious doubt.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* How one man, and a minister of the gospel at that, finds sex and war indissoluble.

THE BELLS OF ST. STEPHEN'S—Marian Keith—*Doran.* One of those nice, sweet, innocuous products that Canada (outside the Province of Quebec) insists on exporting to us.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* If Cappy continues to be so thoroughly amusing he must never retire.

*BABBITT — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* With pitiless faithfulness, this satirist of the American middle class turns his attention to the life of a real estate man and his family.

FAIR HARBOR—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Sentiment bordering on the sentimental still keeps freshness in a tale of old people who love the salt of the sea.

THE TALE OF TRIONA—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* A literary adventure story and the triumph of unselfish love.

MYSTERY AT GENEVA—Rose Macaulay—*Boni, Liveright.* Unlike her other works, this is a mystery story without distinction. *(See page 212.)*

MAN'S COUNTRY—Peter Clark Macfarlane—*Cosmopolitan.* The eternal conflict of love and ambition told in popular vein with insight and skill.

THE HILL OF DREAMS—Arthur Machen—*Knopf.* A reprint of a young writer's ascetic battle which should bring new recognition of a charming literary manner. *(See page 211.)*

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION—Edison Marshall—*Little, Brown.* This stirring tale of the farthest north comes to a fitting climax in a terrific fight for life.

SOLILOQUY — Stephen McKenna — *Doran.* A fierce old lady, on her deathbed, talks 90,000 words or so and talks herself to death.

*WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS—Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Page.* Fancy and satire here blend in a mixture that is Morley's best.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* If Mrs. Norris knew better how to suppress unimportant detail, this story of a San Francisco family might have proved the "Great American Novel".

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1922—Edward J. O'Brien—*Small, Maynard.* A catholicity of taste—Ring Lardner to Sherwood Anderson—brings a good panorama of the better magazine material.

IN LONDON—Conal O'Riordan—*Harcourt, Brace.* The lucky adventures of a young Irishman precipitated onto the English stage. Written with a sense of humor.

A POCKETFUL OF POSES—Anne Parrish—*Doran.* The story of a woman who would dramatize herself whatever the circumstances. Amusing and well told.

PENDER AMONG THE RESIDENTS—Forrest Reid—*Houghton Mifflin.* In that dangerous borderland that commences where realities cease, Pender ventures in search of a romance dead these hundred years.

FOURSQUARE — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* Literary ideals, a great teacher, love, and problems of domesticity. Sentimental, but fairly refreshing.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* Mystery and murder combined with psychological study—stimulating as well as thrilling.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* The title is self-explanatory. The setting, Spanish seas. Almost but not quite so good as "Scaramouche".

THE SNARE—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* A madcap lovable Irishwoman in Portugal with Wellington scrambles out of one scrape after another, and we with her.

*CHALLENGE—V. Sackville-West—*Doran.* The story of a young man's romantic adventure in the Greek Islands, somewhat in the genre of Conrad's "Nostromo". One of the most admirable achievements in fiction of recent years. *(See page 200.)*

SPILLED WINE—G. St. John-Loe—*Seltzer.* An emancipated Cockney girl lives for what she supposes is art and love.

RULERS OF MEN—E. W. Savi—*Putnam.* Mrs. Savi borrows Mr. Kipling's India as

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an appropriate scene on which to show how fatuous true love may be.

THE ROAD TO THE OPEN—Arthur Schnitzler—*Knopf*. A character sketch of a sentimental egoist who seeks freedom through art. *(See page 208.)*

THE HOUSE OF YOST—Georg Schock—*Boni, Liveright*. Heredity and love in a Pennsylvania Dutch setting. Well told, in the manner of the Scandinavians.

*ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS—May Sinclair—*Macmillan*. A masterly study of varying sex relations in a closely knit family. Delicate emotional situations finely handled.

THE LORD OF THUNDERGATE—Sidney Herschel Small—*Bobbs-Merrill*. The Masquerader this time is a white man in the guise of a Japanese; his adventures make exciting reading.

BEYOND THE SUNSET—Arthur D. Howden Smith—*Brentano*. Two hundred years ago it was held impossible to cross the continent and to return safely. The three heroes of "The Doom Trail" succeed in doing it.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF MARLEY (MERELY MICHAEL)—Mark Somers—*Moffat, Yard*. Michael and the detective together unravel a very pretty mystery.

THE GROUND SWELL—Alfred B. Stanford—*Appleton*. A first novel which attempts, in somewhat formless and jerky manner, to tell the story of the voyage of the ship "Craigentoul". Moments of power do not redeem it from mediocrity.

A KING IN BABYLON—Burton E. Stevenson—*Dodd, Mead*. So thrilling a tale of a film troupe in the desert was well worth reprinting.

THE CITY OF PERIL—Arthur Stringer—*Knopf*. Out of the web of the Inner Circle a rich idler tears the girl of his choice.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Arthur Train—*Scribner*. Just one more great-wealth-and-high-society novel. The Chambers formula, not the Fitzgerald one.

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran*. How a powerful but pompous man is brought low before the force of small town gossip. Rich background and delicate characterization.

FEATHERS LEFT AROUND—Carolyn Wells—*Lippincott*. A puzzle novel in which an author of best sellers figures as a corpse.

*THE JUDGE—Rebecca West—*Doran*. A masterful study of how a mother's love can wreck her son's life and destroy her.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton*. How some people manage things when they are born, so to speak, "in society", but not in affluence—or, at least, how two of them did.

SILAS BRAUNTON—J. Mills Whitham—*Macmillan*. A well rounded picture of English country people, after the Hardy tradition.

PICTURE FRAMES—Thyra Samter Winslow—*Knopf*. Character sketches of common, ungilded American men and women in their least lovely aspects. The stories are reprinted from "The Smart Set", and done clinically, with the peculiar stylistic brilliance cultivated by that publication.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

The Impossible Ideal

"CHALLENGE" by V. Sackville-West (Doran) seems to me the most carefully wrought, the most completely satisfactory novel I have read since "The Judge". It is curiously like Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl" in plot and theme. In my opinion it is far more successful. In both stories a young idealist is fired to action by sympathy with an oppressed nation. In both cases, an exotic native woman is connected with the hero's ideal of freedom. In both cases he renounces life and love for his intellectual picture of this ideal. Miss Sackville-West sets her romance in the Greek islands. Against a background of aging diplomats, vineyards, revolution, she lets her brilliant characters move. Eve, young, enigmatic, the beautiful and tremendous egoist to the last, dangerous to men, loving greatly but selfishly. A portrait so lovely and so devastating that it may well be called cruel. Julian, nineteen, idealistic, passionate, an egoist, too; but still faithful to his idea of what life and womanhood should be, carried on by a magnificent sense of illusion to ill considered revolt against the conventions of his friend and his family. Kato, artist, native, deep bosomed with the air of a Ceres, loving yet suppressing her love for her ideal of the good of her own people. The story of these three is the real theme of the book. The story of intrigue and revolution is secondary. Miss Sackville-West writes at times with cold brilliance when she pictures a salon or a dinner party. Her small portraits are clear, cold, flashing. Then again, she lets herself swing into rhythms of almost poetic passion. Why have we no American women who can write like this? Where Hergesheimer is clumsy, Miss Sackville-West is deft. Her color is as sure as his; but her words are more limpid. As romantic in some ways as a fairy tale, this novel is yet handled with an artistry that is amazing. Perhaps I have overstated my case. I only know that I have been thoroughly taken in by the magic of an astonishing book!

A Living War Book

WHEN "The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport" (Houghton Mifflin) first appeared in America in 1918, I suspect that I was busy getting back from France, or trying to finish college; at any rate it was only when the new edition with an introduction by William McFee appeared that I read this simple, faithful, yet powerfully dramatic picture of one phase of the war. Here is no sentimentality, yet here is beauty — the beauty of well oiled winches, of open sea, of storm and of safely made ports. Whoever "Y", the anonymous French writer of these letters, may have been, he was truly of Homeric proportions. The ability to write of one's daily bread with charm is rare enough; but when one's daily bread is eaten amid great events, the ability to preserve a sense of humor and proportion is so rare that it may well be called Homeric. The "Pamir" becomes again a living ship for us! Her engine troubles are

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grievous to us. Her captain's troubles are ours. Her routine and the list of expenditures become important to us. Mark the simplicity of this. Visualize the tragedy that lies beneath:

As the Pamir was starting for Malta to carry those shells to the battleship that was being repaired there, they sent a hundred broken arms and legs and as many sick along with us. Fortunately, we had the planks left from the Morocco Boches and from the stowage of the field-artillery. We were able to manufacture a series of frames on the deck and in the forward hold. It was splendid the way the crew worked. Engine-room men, stokers, deckhands — everybody — nailed, screwed, and hammered for four days. You could do anything with boys like that! Fourgues could grumble and say it was not going fast enough, but all the same there were tears in his eyes, especially when, one bed being hardly finished, a poor devil with the face of a dying man came along and was hastily shoved into it, who smiled as soon as he was quiet. Sometimes three or four would come at once, and we put them where we could while we nailed the final boards of their beds. The hammer-strokes hurt their heads, but they waited smiling.

It is this type of war book that will live forever, not "Three Soldiers", with its violent reactions, nor "One of Ours" with its bursting of sentimentality. Here is a record of heroism with no pretense of heroics. I hope that this small book will go on through many, many editions. It can scarcely fail to find a growing public as the years go by.

A Lady on Poetics

THERE is much wisdom in "An Anatomy of Poetry" by A. Williams-Ellis (Macmillan), and some opinions, to be sure, that do not seem so wise. However, I cannot help but wish that every person who heckles all comers on the subject of modern verse would read and digest this handbook. The progress of poetry might then be a smoother one. The chapter on "Poetry and the Child" is excellent, though the expression is sometimes less praiseworthy than the idea. Mrs. Williams-Ellis's sense of humor is not always with her. For example:

Let the girl be as sentimental as she likes about love. If a girl child is a great reader, and will not be warned, and has a library at her command, then look ahead and see to it that she reads "Don Juan" early. Such poems act on many natures not provocatively, but like a cold wind. Such a wind may be harmless when the tree is in bud, and wholesome when the fruit is set, but there is a short time when the blossom may be hurt by it, when only the soft airs of Keats and Spencer [Spenser?] should blow.

Perhaps true. Who knows? Certainly not I. Well, this good book contains also essays on "Learning to Write Poetry", on "Learning to Read Poetry", on "Poetic Suggestion", and on many other topics connected with the gentle art of rhyming. In addition to which Mrs. Williams-Ellis gives several short characterizations of modern poets. Among them, for Americans, are Vachel Lindsay and Amy Lowell. In a discussion of the new critics I was astonished to find that the only American mentioned is the estimable Mrs. Wilkinson, whom the author pays the following compliment:

A very different critic is Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, an American. She, like Mr. Sturge Moore, never mixes up criticism and controversy. Her book "New Voices" is intended as a more or less elementary introduction to modern poetry. It is all suavity and good sense. Mrs. Wilkinson can blame without being severe, can see faults and virtues in the same set of verses, and is an admirable analyst. The reader will find an extract from her book in the chapter on Metre. The passage consists of some observations on Miss Amy Lowell's "Patterns", and will, I think, display Mrs. Wilkinson's virtues as well as her one vice. This vice is that she is so interested in technique, she understands the poets she is criticising so well, that she is apt to be a little too charitable, and in the case of a good many American writers she is apt to take the will for the deed, and to treat mediocrity with a re-

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spect only due to first-rate powers. This, of course, weakens her book. But, as I have said, she possesses in a high degree the power of analysis; she really knows how to concentrate on a poem and to consider it under several headings, which is, as anyone who has tried it knows, as difficult as trout-tickling. She also possesses the faculty for putting a book together and knows when to give the reader ample quotations and to allow him to judge for himself.

Around the Casket

ALTHOUGH "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson", edited by Rosaline Masson (Stokes), is in some ways a thoroughly delightful book, it yet has the atmosphere of a funeral. It is as though the mourners sat about patting their black gloved hands together and saying, "Oh yes, I knew poor Louis well, we played together in ——", and on and on. Don't let this drive you away from the book if you are really an ardent Stevenson lover. It just happens that I don't like this type of book and the sentiment it expresses. Stevenson, after all, was one of the simplest of authors and the cult of curious and bathetic worship which surrounds his memory becomes almost intolerable. However, in the midst of much that is worthless we here find penetrating, kindly, humorous reminiscential bits about him. Best of all I like "A Recollection" by George Saintsbury, F. B. A., LL. D. Here dry humor combines nicely with sentiment.

The following report of how I first met Louis Stevenson is short, but may possibly in form be not unsweet. I was introduced to him at the Savile Club, I am not quite sure by whom, but it was almost certainly by Andrew Lang. Before I could say anything he said, "I'm told you think what I write is rot." I replied, "No; I think *some* of what you write is rot. Will you come and dine with me to-night?" Which reply, after forty years and more, I regard as in both parts not unworthy of an Englishman. So he came, and we were friends ever after. I had a pretty good notion as to who was likely to have been his teller, and probably some of the other contributors to this book may share it.

The following anecdote of his amateur acting days with Fleeming Jenkin, by Flora Masson, is a jolly one:

But once Louis Stevenson surpassed himself. It was in Greek tragedy. The curtain had fallen on a powerful and moving scene, amid the applause of the audience, and the stage was left in the possession of two of the young actors — Mr. Hole and my brother — both in Greek garb. In a momentary reaction after so much unrelieved tragedy, these two, oblivious of their classic draperies, threw themselves into one another's arms, performed a rapid war-dance, and then flung themselves on to opposite ends of a couch at the back of the stage, with their feet meeting in a kind of triumphal arch in the center. Louis Stevenson, who had been officiating at the curtain, took one look at them. He touched a spring — and up went the curtain again.

The audience, scarcely recovered from the tragic scene on which the curtain had fallen, gave one gasp of amazement, and then broke into a roar of applause.

And not the least vital paragraph in the entire volume, illuminating as it does the souls of both men, is the closing one of Thomas Hardy's appreciation:

From this point my mind is a blank, excepting as to one fact — that shortly after the publication of "The Mayor of Casterbridge", in the May of the following year, he wrote to ask if I would permit him to dramatize it, as he had read the story, and thought Henchard "a great fellow", adding that he himself was keeping unusually well. I wrote back my ready permission; and there the matter ended. I heard no more about the play; and I think I may say that to my vision he dropped into utter darkness from that date: I recall no further sight of or communication from him, though I used to hear of him in a roundabout way from friends of his and mine. I should add that some years later I read an interview with him that had been published in the newspapers, in which he stated that he disapproved of the morals of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", which had appeared in the interim, and probably had led to his silence.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

LAFCADIO HEARN'S "WRITINGS"

By John Erskine

Professor Erskine's review is the fourth of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

THIS beautiful edition of his writings bears witness to the growing fame of Lafcadio Hearn. His place seems secure enough on several counts, but his fame still grows, and just how his work will appear in the judgment of readers fifty years from now we can only guess. At least we are grateful that he seems already important enough to justify the gathering of all the books he published and of all his letters into volumes so handsome as these; and there is little doubt that the bringing of them all together will remind us of some parts of his work which we were in danger of forgetting, and will therefore help his fame to grow with more justice to his industry and his genius.

The romantic life of the man is too well known to need rehearsing, and the present edition carries with it no new biographical material. He wrote of the picturesque south of this country, and, visiting the West Indies, he studied the colorful life he found there in brilliant essays, half story, half meditation. He supported himself by what may be called journalism, if you stretch the word — he wrote for the daily press sketches and fantasies which Flaubert or de Maupassant might not have been ashamed of, scenes carefully studied in manner, inspired more by reading in unusual books than by observation. He drifted finally to Japan, to study and to write about the life of a country which it was of obvious importance for America to know, and he found unexpectedly an end to his wanderings, a civilization in which he was at last at home. His books on Japan are not so much reports sent back to his fellow countrymen by a visitor abroad, as they are a championing of Japanese culture by one who had found nothing better in the modern world.

In Japan Hearn became a teacher of English and European literatures in the governmental educational system; and to understand his work, to know what kind of temperament to look for in all his writings, we should remember that he was primarily a literary scholar, a student of life for literary purposes, and a teacher. Nothing could be wider of the truth than to suppose he became a teacher in Japan merely to earn a temporary wage. His teaching of European literature became more important in his own eyes than even his interpreting of the Orient to the West; his extraordinary lectures on western literature to his Japanese students — not included in this edition, since they are preserved only in the notes his students took — show

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how profoundly he had meditated on the significance of the literature to which he was born, the literature of France and England and Greece. If some of us think that his accomplishment was greatest in those lectures, where he was expounding a civilization he thoroughly understood to an audience with which he was in sympathy, he probably would agree with us, for in his letter to Ellwood Kendrick in 1902, discussing the possibility of his return to the United States for a lecture tour, he proposed to lecture strictly on subjects connected with European literature. To be sure, he says in the same letter that he is at length convinced he knows little about English literature, and that he has not the scholarship for criticism in the proper sense of the term; this passage has been quoted against him, to indicate that he was only an amateur in scholarship, after all. But we must remember what to him was criticism "in the proper sense of the term"; assuming, as we all do, that literature is an expression of racial or national life, Hearn thought that criticism should deal with books philosophically, should explain the ideals, often long since abandoned, which gave them form. Such criticism one might have from Sainte-Beuve, from Goethe, to some degree from Coleridge — and this was the only kind of criticism that Hearn thought respectable! He was not unaware that in most classrooms the professor imparts merely the historical facts of literature, the biography of the writer, the dates of his books; indeed, Hearn's duties required him to give such instruction in his elementary classes, and among the notes of his lectures are chapter after chapter of such information, certainly no worse than the histories of literature on which the American student is brought up. But Hearn set no undue value on such knowledge, which any man of energy could get up for himself; the real office of scholarship he knew was to shed light on the information, and to draw wisdom from facts. In this high office he was modest, but he was a master.

Whether or not his fame centres permanently on the lectures, it is natural that for the present he should be known chiefly for his books about Japan. He came into the stream of interest that flows stronger and stronger between Japan and America, and he guided that interest in both directions by interpreting each country to the other. Such a service is almost unique in literature, and the cooperation of his genius with the psychological moment was too striking not to fascinate thoughtful readers, on both sides of the Pacific. The average American knows Japan and Japanese thought only through Hearn's books, and in Japan his pupils teach English literature, spread his tastes, and guide the studies of their own pupils in the directions that interested him. But rereading either the books or the lectures, we can feel now that the source of his power lay in his studying his subject for his own sake more than for the reader's; he has the convincing manner of a seeker for truth, who does not try to convert but who shares his thoughts with us. The quality of Hearn's thought fitted him exquisitely to interpret for us the meeting of East and West, for he was full of those new questionings of the western spirit to which the Orient may perhaps give the answer. Long since emancipated from the orthodoxy in which the average European or American acquiesces, at least outwardly, he yet retained a genius for piety in the most humane sense, which gave to all he wrote and

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said, to all his thoughts, we must suppose, an invariable tone of reverence and dignity. His interest in scientific speculation as he had met it in Spencer and in Huxley had made him familiar with those infinities in which the mathematician and the oriental are at home, but which are altogether too large for the average western philosophy. In Japan he made the acquaintance of religions which centuries ago had speculated about the nature of life, and which had developed a theology not in conflict but in harmony with the speculations of western science. Such an essay as that on "Nirvana", in "Gleanings in Buddha Fields", or "Ultimate Questions", in "The Romance of the Milky Way", shows with what unusual preparation and aptitude this western student approached the philosophies of the East. This brooding on life filled his days in Japan; it filled his lectures on western literature; it appeared even in the fruitful subjects he asked his students to write about in the composition class — "What do men remember longest?" "What is eternal in literature?"

It was really life he brooded upon, not Japan. His students say that he did not portray their country as they know it, that his books on Japan are not, like his lectures, on a subject with which he was perfectly acquainted. "He idealized us," they say. They mean, for one thing, that Hearn rarely, except in his letters, gives us a hint that the Japanese themselves have any problems in life; their world is so completely an answer to his questions, that they appear by implication to be leading a godlike life, spirits untroubled by our human ills. From the letters we know that Hearn was no onesided observer, and we learn also that the Japanese government treated him badly and failed to appreciate the remarkable benefits he had conferred on the country. But from the letters also, and from the charming memories of him which Mrs. Hearn has confided to us, we know that he turned from such vexations to the large visions of life, as to his real spiritual country, and chose deliberately to meditate only on those aspects of experience, eastern or western, which have some worthy relation to heroic questions.

There has been some danger that the importance of his Japanese books would entirely crowd out of his fame the exquisite writing he did in the West Indies; there was some danger of a legend that until he reached the stimulating soil of Japan he was only a clever scribbler who had not found himself. The complete edition of his writings gives us the opportunity to recall that from the first he was an artist. The "Creole Sketches", the "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist" are the work of no novice; even in the bulk of these sixteen volumes they now make their own definite impression. "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature", published in 1884, shows how early Hearn was thoroughly familiar with the books of the world from which he was later to draw in his lectures. The series of newspaper essays called "Fantastics" contains unforgetable prose-poems, full even then of that probing into life's mystery which we find in the mature books. And the studies in the West Indies are masterpieces in their kind.

Hearn will now, we hope, be read as a whole. Curious that he should have appeared when he did; for it needed a scholar to bridge the gulf between the West and East—a philosophic scholar, the rarest kind, and just now all scholars are rare. Curious too that such writing as his should have won

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any fame at all, for its virtues are the old artistic virtues of discipline and selection and restraint, in thought, in feeling, and in word; these sixteen volumes are written in that pure vein which used to be called good taste — not a word or phrase in them would shock the despised Victorian. Hearn was not Victorian; he was a true cosmopolitan, a lover of life and of mankind, a scholar and a great artist. Curious that a day which seldom demands these excellences of its popular writers should be aware of them, or should care to reward them, in one who thought them essential to literary success.

The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn. Large-Paper Edition, sixteen volumes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE FIRST YELLOW JOURNALIST

By Maurice Francis Egan

EDWARD HUTTON has made the most satisfying study of Pietro Aretino yet done in the English language. Aretino, like so many personages of the Cinquecento, has meant in general literature a name which implied obscenity and apologiæ for all hideous vices. It is true that he was a blackmailer of the first order, a sensualist as brutal as any in the history of the Renaissance, without any of those refinements which made vice attractive to the æsthetic. He lived by calumny and detraction and he was quite willing to sell the services of his vigorous pen to any monarch or noble patron who paid him sufficiently. And yet he had some characteristics which save him from some of the foul charges made against him by rival calumniators and blackmailers. In his time it was the custom to hire assassins and mercenary troops whenever their services were deemed necessary; and, although the assassins were punished, if discovered, the mercenaries received the highest honors when they were strong enough to claim them. Aretino as a writing mercenary received as high honors as any fighting bandit.

Pietro Aretino, born in 1492 and struck dead by apoplexy in 1556, was the premier mercenary of the pen. Mr. Hutton insists, with some reason, that he was the first and the cleverest of all "yellow journalists". If St. Francis de Sales is the patron, named by the Pope, of honest men of letters, Pietro Aretino is the patron, with a vengeance, of those writers who are salacious and sensational and unscrupulous on weekdays and overwhelmingly pious in their comments on sermons on Sundays. Hitherto in literature his name has been synonymous with obscenity, and the Popes of his period, who could endure a great deal from Italian freedom of speech, felt obliged to watch him with careful eyes.

His most outrageous sonnets were written for the designs of Giulio Romano, engraved by Marcantonio. Pope Clement VII was shocked by the spectacle of Romano, an artist of great repute, lending himself to the production of these sixteen plates of horribly

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indecent figures; but the engravings had some technical merit which the sonnets had not. The indignation was general in Rome, and the Pope insisted on the destruction of the whole series, only fragments of which remain today in the British Museum. Marcantonio was thrown into prison and, great as was his reputation, it required the combined efforts of Cardinal de' Medici and Baccio Bandinelli to have him released.

The tone of the Popes of the Renaissance and of all Italian ecclesiastics was sufficiently liberal toward art, and Mr. Hutton well expresses their attitude when he says:

> Giulio Romano in producing these obscenities had broken a very noble record. Italy was the Mother of the Arts and especially of the art of painting; and it is enough, as evidence of the very noble and lofty use to which he had put her genius, to remember that in all the art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there is not to be found today, nor have we any record or rumor of, a single obscenity or even an indecency. Nothing can well excuse Giulio for degrading his art and for the first time.

We owe to Vasari the knowledge that he engaged Marcantonio to execute the engravings.

Aretino nevertheless gloried in his shame; and yet later, when he had become the friend of Michael Angelo he complained to him that he had introduced "too many nudes into the holiest chapel in the world", the Sistine! He succored the poor, and he kept a harem in his house. He was devoted to his two little daughters, each by a different mother. He refused to marry and yet was most desirous that his children be baptized. His letters have the brilliancy of a decaying civilization. His two comedies — "The Cortigiana", decidedly the best before Goldoni's, and "Il Marescalco" — are really the beginning of Italian comedy, as his revival of the pasquinade was the beginning of modern satirical "society" journalism.

Toward the end of his life, he aspired to be a Cardinal, and this hope was cherished by his devoted friend, Titian. He died weeping for his sins, or at least, he wept in anticipation of death. Altogether, he represents one of those paradoxes which, even when analyzed by the skilful method of Mr. Hutton, must still puzzle us, so far removed by the rise of a new civilization from the pagan and spontaneous and strangely unself-conscious life of the Italian decadence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Aretino's contemporaries called him "the divine".

Pietro Aretino, The Scourge of Princes. By Edward Hutton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

BEST QUALITY, IMPORTED

By H. W. Boynton

WITH the stupidity of literary isolation, we are quite through and done. And the intelligent modern publisher is freeing us from the almost equal stupidity of haphazard contacts. We are really getting, in excellent English, the best European books of our time. In fiction we are literally up with the game. "Suzanne and the Pacific" took half the Prix Balzac for 1922. "Rubè" is a story of the war and after. The "Revue des Deux Mondes" pronounces "Rubè" "the most important literary event that has occurred in Italy for fifteen or twenty years". It might be said that "Suzanne and the Pacific" is the most exhilarating event in literary France for at least as long as that.

It is the kind of book that almost brings to life certain verbal corpses like "scintillating" and "coruscating".

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It is a book all sparkle and color, immensely witty and high spirited — warmhearted too, in the Gallic, not the Teutonic, way. Its only fault is that it is unremittingly and almost pitilessly brilliant. However, when we get Suzanne established on her desert island, well away from the kaleidoscopic world of men and cities, there comes a sort of breathing space. We have accommodated ourselves to the pace, and the pace has slackened, and altogether the going is more comfortable and we have a chance to look about. Beyond the horizon is a world aflame, a fiery upheaval of which now and then some intimation vaguely reaches us. But our main business is (in the person of Suzanne) to pit our civilized resources, not against physical danger or privation, but against solitude, and mental hallucination or oblivion, and the enervating luxury of the tropics. Suzanne has partly reverted to the savage when, after some five years, she is rescued; nothing in the tale is so irresistible as the account of her gradual awakening, and her joyous homing flight to her own land. France! "I recognize France, from the size of your wasps, your mulberries, your cockchafers, and — what happiness to have escaped from that dream which gave me power over birds — the birds fly from me! . . . A train whistles. What joy not to be alone in France!"

"Rubè" is the first novel of a well known Italian critic. We naturally expect little of it. The first novel of a Yale sophomore, or an operatic tenor, or a saleslady, or a light-heavyweight champion, or a Pullman porter, or even a college professor, we may quite naturally open with the expectation of being able to "hail" it as something or other. These people are in the game anyhow, they have to do with real life. But as everybody knows, matters stand quite differently with a critic. On the evidence of this novel, it is plain that G. A. Borgese is a regular author. All honest citizens will join us in the hope that he will waste no more time being anything else. Of course, until he found out . . .

"Rubè" is an uncommonly powerful novel, and we easily believe that it has made a noise in Europe. It tells the story of the wartime world in telling the story of Filippo Rubè, provincial lawyer, logician, soldier, and "intellectual". He embodies the unbelief, the unrest, the rudderless enthusiasm, the futility and despair of his time and species. The cavalryman who rides him down as he heads a Fascisti procession gives ironic quietus to his unhappy spirit. Whether, as a London critic has said, his death symbolizes not only the passing of a type but the dawn of a new era, is a question for the reader to ponder. The vast merit of the performance lies, as always with the big novel, in the creator's successful expression of his theme in human terms. You believe without effort — you can't help believing — in the reality of Rubè and his whole human entourage: his sturdy mother, his Eugenia, Father Mariani, Federico, and all the rest of them — most vivid of all the sumptuous Celestine, doomed to an end so casual and so ignominious.

"The Road to the Open" is the only novel ever written by Schnitzler. It was originally published in 1908. Its materials resemble those of the play "Professor Bernhardi" (1912). Here also are the Viennese social types of the decade or two before the war, when Austria, like the rest of Europe, was jogging comfortably along without much to worry her except matters of personal theory and conduct. Here

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is another gallery of portraits by a master: portraits chiefly (as in "Professor Bernhardi") of various types of Schnitzler's fellow Jews — the Jew defiant, the Jew defensive, the Zionist, the Jew who reads anti-Semitism in every Christian glance. But the hero, the central figure, is not a Jew, he is a Baron of old family and small means; an amateur of life, a lover, a musician, a sentimental egoist. For the rest, Schnitzler holds in this book the familiar brief for the social irresponsibility of the creative artist. Baron George, Teuton that he is, sentimentalizes over his dead child and its mother. But the fact that it has died, the fact that he can therefore (with tears) abandon the mother — these are facts all to the good so far as his real life is concerned — they are part of his "road to the open", to freedom and self-realization through the medium of art. It is interesting that Schnitzler's fellow countryman Wassermann has lately written a story of not dissimilar experience ("The Goose Man"), with a precisely opposite conclusion or moral.

"The Long Journey" is a sort of double barreled trilogy, or hexalogy, of which the first two parts are included in this first volume of the English version. The author, Jensen, is a Dane who has written many books (one of them about Chicago), this being his magnum opus. It is a long fable embodying the story of man. The first two parts cover the ages of Fire and Ice, during which the man of the north advanced from the estate of hairy forest savage to that of the clothed and tool bearing dweller in houses and builder of ships. In the translation the narrative displays thoroughgoing intelligence rather than inspiration on the part of the story teller. It is a solid product of thought and research, but not much can be said for it as a story moving of its own accord.

Suzanne and the Pacific. By Jean Giraudoux. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Rubè. By G. A. Borgese. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

The Road to the Open. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Horace Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Long Journey: Fire and Ice. By Johannes V. Jensen. Translated by A. G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf.

SIDELIGHTS ON COOPER

By James Melvin Lee

A BRIEF letter from Edgar Allan Poe to Fenimore-Cooper is one of the most interesting which the novelist's grandson of the same name has put into "Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper". Poe wrote at the request of T. W. White, editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger", to solicit "some little contribution" for the magazine. Plans for a special issue consisted "altogether of articles from distinguished Americans, whose names may give weight and character to this work". In conclusion, Poe added, "Any spare scrap in your portfolio would answer our main purpose."

Poe's letter was dated Richmond, June 7, 1836. The favorable reply was not a manuscript but a subscription. Two years later the June issue of the "Messenger" contained a long biographical sketch of Cooper. Though no mention of it is made in the two volumes of correspondence, Cooper made so many corrections and expressed so many of his own views about his novels that the article of his copy looked like page proofs revised by Horace Greeley.

Greeley, when sued for libel by

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Cooper, used almost an entire issue of the New York "Tribune" for the account under the caption, "The Cooperage of the 'Tribune'." Certain views of Cooper expressed by Greeley in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" are confirmed by Cooper's woodchopper who later became a director of two banks. This former "handy man" about Cooper's home supplements the picture of the novelist afforded by the letters just published by the grandson. Cooper filled the columns of his favorite newspaper, the New York "Evening Post", with his side of the controversies with the press.

Professor Lounsbury in his Cooper volume of the American Men of Letters series has collected the appreciations of Cooper, the novelist. Right or wrong, Mark Twain's opinions of Cooper's tales are interesting. The catalogues of auction sales of private collections contain numerous references to Cooper letters and frequently print long extracts from them. These letters are not included among those authorized by the Cooper family. John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies", once wrote a long article about the home and haunts of Cooper for the old "Literary Era" of Philadelphia. It was profusely illustrated from photographs.

Francis Whiting Halsey in his "Old New York Frontier" tells how Cooperstown was founded by William Cooper and shows how Fenimore's literary ability was inherited from his father who was also a writer. The son wrote a book containing the chronicles of the town where he spent most of his years. His letters now supply the local color that was lacking in the mere chronicles.

This chat about Cooper is not a review of the "Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper", admirable as the two volumes are to portray Cooper as the family knew him. It does question the assertion made in the introduction that no fairly complete life of the novelist is possible. The field has long lain fallow, but it would seem that the time has arrived when there might be a Life to accompany the Letters in order that the public may know the manysided Cooper.

Whatever may be the facts as to his dismissal from Yale University, his inability to get on with his fellows, his numerous libel suits with the newspapers, his dogmatic ways, his intolerance and unreasonableness, his controversy with the citizens of Cooperstown over a piece of land, resulting in a movement to withdraw his works from the Franklin Library in that village — whatever may be said of his eccentricities, there is no man of the American men of letters who has been more misjudged because of his actions; who was more in the right when the public thought he was wrong; who showed more hate for the low and mean and more love for the beautiful and true in character than James Fenimore-Cooper.

Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper. Edited by his grandson James Fenimore Cooper. Two volumes. The Yale University Press.

NOVELS A LA CARTE

By Percy N. Stone

WERE the privilege of prescribing specific reading for certain persons given us, we would seize four new publications from the shelves and run in search of the following types:

A woman of, oh, charitably speaking, thirty-three, well but incompletely

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married, who fills the incompleteness with vicarious adventures.

A young man struggling against the agony of unsatisfactory creation in any field, to be recognized by the mingling of defiance and prayer in his eyes.

A business man asking for diverting train reading, the book to be left in the Pullman when finished.

A gentle social revolutionist, not living in an artists' colony, who smiles his disapproval of things as they are.

Having found the quartet, our enthusiasms — positive and negative — would force these opinions:

"Sherwood Anderson has never written anything better than this. We used to feel sorry for him, believing that while there lay within his reach a considerable power, some strange blindness prevented him from grasping it. He appeared to be reaching into the dark, always conscious of the proximity of strength, never quite able to use it. In 'Many Marriages' he has come out of the darkness. The ambiguity and occasional incoherence of style have disappeared, though there does remain a strong suggestion of a sex obsession.

"Here is the story of a husband gladly laying hold of an unconventional love because of limited emotional rations in his home. As he is about to leave for his amorous feast he grows anxious lest his daughter live through the spiritual denial of his wife's life which has ruined his own as well. So he narrates to her the story of his life and love. In these chapters Anderson touches literary planes he has never before explored.

"It is all neatly told. There is meaning to it — good psychological probing — and a sustained story interest. He has turned a searching eye into a bit of Puritanism that should be destroyed. It may shock some, but we feel certain that you will enjoy it immensely. We did — which means that others than your ilk will find the book worth while."

Then we turn to the artist:

"We recommend above all else that we have read since, possibly, 'The Way of All Flesh', this book of Arthur Machen. There is really no story to it, but there is a style that is beautiful, and a message that is important. No propaganda. We don't mean that. But you are given a picture of youth fighting through artistic disappointment toward some superlatively good work that is never finished. He is denying himself a necessary accomplice — love. Asceticism gets him nowhere, except to the dismal sadness of the last pages — perhaps not sad for him, but sad for the reader pulling hard for the attainment of the goal the youngster wanted.

"You will fight his loneliness with him — and oh, the ache that lack of comradeship brings not only to him but to you. It seems determination must see him through, until you realize he needs to seek something outside himself. You want to force him to someone — anyone, to ease this tension. But his fear of losing his dreams holds him in his little room.

"The book is a reprint, and it means much for the publisher that he would dig out of the young past this excellently written volume. Many books of today are interesting and all that, but too few of them have the character and style that marks this. It is not for the Philistines, who would not believe the boy's dreams and hallucinations, but it is for those who understand reaching for and crying for the moon."

Then the business man, to whom we would say in a rather disappointed

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tone, not wanting to be pulled away from Machen:

"Rose Macaulay has disappointed us, but she will probably please you. We did not rave over 'Potterism' or 'Dangerous Ages' but it seemed there was promise in them both. This newer book of hers is a turn for the worse. There is nothing to it except a temporary diversion in a mystery story. True, she attempts bits of character work that the 'hack' thriller misses, but aside from that there is nothing except the author's name and the book's advertising to distinguish it from hundreds of volumes that chase each other from the publishers' presses. But you'll like it, if you want just light diversion. No one will remember it for long, but that doesn't seem to keep people from reading anything."

That leaves us none but the gentle protestant to deal with, and to him we say:

"Unless we're mistaken, you thought 'Main Street' a bit too broadly done. So did we. That's why we enjoyed the delayed production in this country of E. M. Forster's 'A Room with a View'. Some persons have said it shows a sane treatment of sex, but our strongest objection to the book is that the treatment of this is too 'well done'. The girl's attitude toward love and life — she is always wanting a 'room with a view' — makes the plot of the book, and we prefer this thing a bit less thoroughly cooked. The flavor goes unless the thing is served with a little more color. But aside from that there is much to enjoy. Forster looks at life with a twinkle. He knows people and things are generally stupid but he doesn't get up and shout it as Lewis does. Instead, he tells just what happened and lets you draw your conclusion. If you want to smile with him, all right. If you don't, well, the plot stands up without an understanding of his light laughter. He touches and runs. He doesn't attempt to smash. It is a delightful experience to go through the book. Of course, 'Babbitt' is still on our shelves, but there is more of the skilful writer's charm about this."

Then we would say to them all that our enthusiasms are based on contemporary output only, and that we wonder where there is a genius who can hold out against commercial lures long enough to claim his own.

Many Marriages. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch.
The Hill of Dreams. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf.
Mystery at Geneva. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright.
A Room with a View. By E. M. Forster. Alfred A. Knopf.

AMERICA'S MUSICAL DIARY

By Deems Taylor

THIS is a book of facts. In the space of fewer than 300 pages Mr. Lahee has set down every important musical event in America from the reprinting of the "Bay Psalm Book" in Boston, in 1640, to the world première of Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges" in Chicago, on December 30, 1921.

There are nine chapters, each covering a stretch of years in our musical history. The first deals with the 110 years between 1640 and 1750; the second treats of the succeeding half century; the next three progress by quarter centuries up to 1875, and the concluding three take us to the end of 1921. Every chapter begins with a brief summary of the period with which it deals, followed by a chrono-

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logical list of its outstanding musical happenings. These embrace first performances of important compositions, native and foreign, birth dates of American musicians, notable débuts, and the founding of various kinds of musical organizations.

An alphabetical "Index of Composers", which follows, gives the place and date of the first American performance of virtually every important work by a famous composer. In a concluding section, headed "Miscellaneous", the author rearranges in more convenient order his chronological lists of foundings, first performances, and débuts.

Concise as this survey is, and necessarily confined to the tabulation of unadorned facts, it gives a fascinating bird's eye view of our musical history. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century we had practically no public musical life at all. The most important event of this period, according to Mr. Lahee, was the installation of our first pipe organ in 1700, at Port Royal, Virginia. Six decades later, in '59, the first American composer, Francis Hopkinson, published his first song. Twenty-one years after that, "The Mock Doctor", the first opera ever performed in America, was sung at a theatre in Nassau Street, New York. The country's first orchestra, a "Philharmonic" (not *the* Philharmonic; that came forty-two years later), was founded in the last month of the eighteenth century.

The book obviously represents an enormous amount of labor, for the facts presented, while they are none of them, probably, inaccessible to the earnest student, must be scattered through vast piles of histories, biographies, pamphlets, and programs. There are, of course, occasional inaccuracies and omissions. Gigli's début at the Metropolitan, to cite a by no means epochal instance, is erroneously given as having occurred nearly a year later than it actually did, and there is no definite date assigned to the foundation of so important an organization as the Philadelphia Orchestra. These slips seem to be rare, though, and a few of them are almost inevitable in a work devoted so overwhelmingly to facts. As a whole the book is a valuable contribution to reference literature.

Annals of Music in America. By Henry C. Lahee. Marshall Jones Co.

THE YOUNG DISENCHANTED

By Gerald Hewes Carson

WITH the young *révoltés* in the saddle, romance seems almost to have vanished from the United States. One of the last citadels has been the college — that happy make-believe world of song and color and liquor and boon companionship evoked by the moonlit fancies of George Fitch, Owen Johnson, and, more recently, Meade Minnigerode. F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1920 indicated the new approach when he turned a cynical, searching eye on the undergraduates of Princeton. Now come Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross with "Town and Gown", like "This Side Of Paradise" a first book, to complete the demolition of the romantic formula.

Thirteen short "episodes" make up "Town and Gown", the episodes each being a quick, authentic character study, each conveying a sharply delineated bit of atmosphere. The cumulative effect is neither fragmentary nor slight. "Town and Gown" is the representation of a complete little

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microcosm, presented with skill and minuteness and a point of view steady and disenchanted.

Mr. and Mrs. Montross learned, at the University of Nebraska and the University of Illinois, respectively, what Mr. Fitzgerald observed at Princeton — that the college world is remarkably like the great outside world in the elements of its humanity, in its beauty and passion and struggle and ugliness and aspiration and frustration. Yet at Illinois and Nebraska this similarity was even more pronounced. For there they had the girls, "several thousand young virgins with knee-conscious skirts and rouged ear tips and rolled-down stockings and bobbed hair and plucked eyebrows and baby stares and affected lisps and a terrible frankness." And after them "several thousand men students who roared about in high-power, low-slung automobiles apparently in an endless pursuit of the several thousand young virgins."

Six of the thirteen episodes, then — "The Fusser", "Girls Who Pet", "The First Man", "Bass Drums", "The Strangest Serenade", and "A Blind Date, Cousin Lottie and the Cat" — treat of the passion of love in its highly specialized, coeducational phases, ranging from the light mood of a comedy of manners, through flirtation and flirtage to a sketch of such elemental and tender undertones as "The First Man". The style is smart, neat, indeed often brilliant, and so evenly maintained that the dual authorship of the episodes passes unobserved. The predominant mood is indicated in the philosophy expounded by the undergraduate heartbreaker: "College is a hard, sordid, practical kind of place 'nd petting is its substitute for romance."

The faculty is done up in three little stories: "The Faculty and the Creaking Shirt", which tells of the rise of the spirit of youth in an assistant dean of English chaperoning a fraternity dance, and how it was baffled; "Dry as Dust", a rarely intuitive study of the mind of an academician; and "Bass Drums", a daring rendition of the sex complexes of a dean of women.

Mr. and Mrs. Montross, in their own heightened and telling way of putting things, have indicated that the cynical interpretation of college life is the true one. Young college alumni still in the sentimental stage will resent the touch of caricature; old alumni, with that special disposition for direct, immediate interference which old alumni always display, will peremptorily demand a course in spanking for the adventurous, cynical young people of "Town and Gown". If, however, the sentimental objectors will look closely into "Peter Warshaw" and "Girls Who Pet", they will find that this picture of life at the alma mater is much more balanced than they had supposed. They will find in these young people the travail of creative desire, the restlessness of intellectual questing, and the chaos and incoherence and tempest out of which come maturity and effective power. In suggesting that the younger generation as it graduates from college today has a lively spirit, inquiring mind, and adult emotions (as well as the inevitable smartness and sophistication and cant of the incurably adolescent) Mr. and Mrs. Montross have noted facts which are significant, and which apparently entirely eluded the observation of all their predecessors who have sat down to turn their collegiate years into fiction.

Town and Gown. By Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross. George H. Doran Company.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN enjoys boasting of a paucity of enthusiasms. His latest book, "The World in Falseface" (Knopf), as others before, indicates that while in number the critic's enthusiasms may be scant, in emotional measurement his one great love — the theatre — is tremendous. He revels in it. One knows that Nathan must be Nathan, so a dig or a conscienceless epigram is looked for on every page; and because Nathan is Nathan these expectations never bring disappointment. He is such an institution by now that one rather takes him for granted. He explodes in queer places and with strange noises sometimes, but generally he is like Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone Park — one can tell just when, where, and how the eruption is to be. Yet, as with the geyser, each performance is enough to hold one's attention while it lasts.

Memories of "The One-Hoss Shay" were constantly called up by a pleasurable reading of the "Yankee Notions" (Yale) of George S. Bryan — the G.S.B. who so frequently adds flavor to F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower". Well scattered through the versed stories in the Down East dialect, though, are bits that are extremely different. They are poems of a New England into which no Yankee farmer intrudes. They are children born of an adoration of this, for America, old section. The hills, the trees, the weather — all the things that have for ages inspired songs to nature win a happy response. These, perhaps, will be first forgotten, for the others have the qualification of being pure Yankee despite the light ridicule at the traditional characters of New England. The poet is a man laughing at the peculiarities of what he loves. These poems have fewer rivals with which to compete and so should better stand the battle for existence. The whole collection is for those who know New England and for those eager to see the literary records of nationally recognized characteristics.

Out of the tumbled pile of European events, Charles A. Beard has selected a few facts and piled them neatly in "Cross Currents in Europe Today" (Marshall Jones). The revelations of the secret treaties, the rise of new European governments, the tendencies of the socialist and labor movements abroad, and the general economic situation are the diverse subjects of the volume. From a consideration of them, and of America and the balance of power, Beard draws hesitatingly conclusions which he placards "general and tentative reflections". Perhaps the chronicler of so many glorious plans gone to smash may well hesitate to conclude by drafting another labeled, "Infallible". And the value of the book may be that it isn't trying to prove, or recommend, or forecast anything.

Is Ambrose Bierce still living? The question is raised by Samuel Loveman, who edits a limited edition of "Twenty-one Letters of Ambrose Bierce" (George Kirk). The startling possibility opened up by Mr. Loveman is based upon the last communication

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he received from Bierce, dated September 10, 1913, consisting of the message, "This is only to say goodbye. I am going away to South America in a few weeks, and have not the faintest notion when I shall return. May you prosper and be happy." Resting his case — presumably upon what some will regard as the slender evidence of this letter, since no further proof is even suggested — the publisher asserts, "Bierce knew his destination; Bierce willed to disappear. Hence, the hoax of his entry into the World War and his reported engagement with Mexican bandits, is punctured for all time. The possibility may even be ventured that Bierce is still alive." No attempt is made to strengthen the weak points in this theory. For instance: had Bierce planned such a hoax, would he have endangered it by the very letter upon which the hoax theory is founded? The rest of the correspondence printed relates largely to certain poems by Mr. Loveman.

One day in 1921, some three years after his death at Palermo alone and in distress, a Uruguayan warship brought back to his native city of Montevideo the body of José Enrique Rodó for burial beneath a national monument erected to his name and fame. Rodó's genius has been widely recognized in many lands, especially throughout Latin America, and now "Ariel", perhaps his greatest work, has been translated from the Spanish by F. J. Stimson, late United States ambassador to Argentina. In "Ariel" (Houghton Mifflin) Rodó speaks to all who are striving for an art of life, and particularly to youth, through the mouth of "the venerable old master whom we used to call Prospero". And it is Shakespeare's Spirit of the Air who guides him in warning his scholars against the sensual and stupid Caliban. Prospero teaches and preaches in delightful talks "the coming of a human generation which shall return to life a sense of the ideal", and the education he would bring about includes "the informing of the fathers' experience with the innovating inspiration of the sons". Mr. Stimson's beautiful English translation makes "Ariel" doubly welcome.

The blurb on the cover of "Fauns at Prayer" (Brentano) informs the reader that Leolyn Louise Everett is American born but an adopted daughter of Italy. Perhaps that explains the mediocre quality of the author's poetry. It is very evident that she is suffering from too much mingled emotion, and the result tends more toward a farrago than anything else. Italian landscape gardening has so blinded her as to cause the reader to suspect instinctively that she keeps a memorandum of choice phrases. At any rate, so unexpectedly do they leap out at one that very often the intent of the poem is lost in an intermittent salt shaking of utterly incongruous, if pretty, phraseology.

Unselfish interest by England is scouted by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt" (Knopf), an interesting amplification of notes of history in the making as it came under his observation during a long period of years. In the chronicling of it he does not mince matters to protect his personal friends. "It is", he says, "one of the evils of the English Imperial system that it cannot meddle among free people, even with quite innocent intentions, without in the end doing evil. There are too many self-

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ish interests always at work not to turn the best beginnings into ill endings." Mr. Blunt found during his travels, prior to the English occupation, free tribes of Bedouins who actually practised "liberty, fraternity and brotherhood" to a degree that is but an idealistic dream and an empty boast among "civilized" nations.

In "Eminent Europeans" (Putnam) Eugene Bagger reveals himself as a biographer with a journalist's heart, a chronicler with a gossip's soul, a little brother to Lytton Strachey. Throughout the volume, and especially in the thumbnail portraits of Paderewski and Queen Marie of Rumania, he interpolates an occasional bit of philosophic shading that serves to lift his work above the ordinary clever level of the various Mirrors. He has introduced a subtle device not unknown to biographers but rarely employed to better effect: when he chooses to retail some choice morsel of gossip, or some questionable myth of uncertain source, he salves his conscience by prefacing his version with a skeptical line or two scouting the authenticity of the yarn. Yet he tells it, thereby spicing the solid meat of fact with the ever palatable sauce of semi-libel.

Over one of the doorways in the library at the University of Pennsylvania there is a motto wrought in stained glass to the effect that Talkers are No Great Doers. After reading "American Individualism" (Doubleday, Page) one might add that Doers are No Great Writers, for despite the fact that so capable a citizen as Herbert Hoover is its author, this book sounds like nothing quite so much as a Fourth of July oration. It is a tract abounding in vague, grand gestures, and juicy phrases: a conventionally composed potpourri of platitudes.

Somewhere in "Our Best Poets" (Holt), Theodore Maynard, himself a poet, says: "When the author has confessed that he does not fully understand all of his own poetry, but that the meaning of this line or that has been discerned by him only in flashes of illumination, others can hardly expect to gain his meaning with casual ease. The whole definition of inspiration is that the inspired man, be he prophet or poet, is possessed by an influence, whose instrument he is, whose will he performs, but whose purpose is not always known to him." It is these poets who are the greatest, says Mr. Maynard. There may be a few sincere students who find the greatest poems ever written those whose obtuseness baffles comprehension. For these few, Mr. Maynard's attitude toward poets and poetry may be clear. The majority of those who love the beauty of poetry, however, sing not the praises of those who bury their truth or philosophy or purpose within the unlit walls of some labyrinth, the secret of which even the poet knows "only in flashes of illumination". Mr. Maynard's book treats of the twelve poets of England who, he thinks, rate the highest, and then a few last chapters on American writers are tossed in. Mr. Maynard loves Chesterton above all others and sees little of good in the vers libre schools of this country.

Despite the typical frankness and exactitude of Emile Zola as used in "Nana", it seems possible that it may act as a palliative to the ailments of the Sumnerian group. "Nana" has always been a comparative rarity in this country, possessed almost exclu-

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sively by those who owned the complete works of the French master. Now Alfred A. Knopf has tossed three thousand handsomely done copies of the book into the market, but it seems unlikely that the reformers will protest. Aside from the recent judicial bumps administered to the habitual protestants, there is the story of the book to keep them away from suppression. Casanova's escapades were attacked because they were successful; Nana's unconventionalities will probably miss the valuable advertising of attempted destruction because Nana, at the end, lies dead, with the body that so many worshiped in a horrible condition. It would probably be safe to say that anything could be printed in this country were it made clear that dishonor staggers its sinful way to the morgue. Despite the hundreds of realistic novels that have been published in recent years, "Nana" still stands out above most. Burton Rascoe has written an introduction to this edition in which he gives a concise criticism of Zola in an endeavor to beat back the attacks which have been made upon the Frenchman.

"Chinese Nights Entertainments" (Brentano) is hardly a fair title. It leads one to expectations that are in no wise fulfilled. Brian Brown has selected and edited a group of oriental folk tales to give an idea of China's mythology, and to connect the tales he has endeavored to reproduce the circumstances under which these yarns might be spun. Stories of the China which preceded western civilization seem belied by this book. Surely out of the land of past romance and learning should come more interesting tales than these. There is through them all an oriental air — at least, it is not occidental — the atmosphere being more arresting than a majority of the stories. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese minister to this country, has written a short foreword to the volume.

With "Leaves on the Water" (Seltzer) by Stanley Kimmel, the Pole Star of romantic poetry swings again into its favorite oriental orbit. Here in a series of "sketches" in free verse, and "tales" in violet prose, we meet again that perennial romantic figure, the mysterious Chinese, inscrutable as ever, with pink blossoms, lanterns, and shy, silky maidens forming a familiar and attractive background. A shrewd ironical vein seldom occurring together with the Chinese motif rises to the surface from time to time as a reminder of the common bond of human frailty uniting East and West.

There are two kinds of newspaper romance. One is the kind that leads persons to read and enjoy stories about cubs who make scoops and thus win glory. The other, and authentic kind, makes men cling to newspaper work despite inadequate pay, interminable hours, and recurring disappointment. Of the latter is made "Deadlines" (Covici-McGee) by Henry Justin Smith of the Chicago "Daily News". The era of yellow journalism which was at its height about the time of the Spanish-American War might have furnished better copy for an adventure tale. It was a wise author who decided to make his book of the stuff of which real newspapers are made. Here we have portraits of a city room, of the men in it, and of their stupefying shop talk. Newspaper men will call this book authentic and harrow their souls by reading it. Others will just enjoy it.

To read B. W. Matz's volume on

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"Dickensian Inns and Taverns" (Scribner) is to be transported back to the pages of "David Copperfield", "Nicholas Nickleby", and "Martin Chuzzlewit". The inn, in the Dickensian sense of the term, is an institution that has practically vanished, doomed by the advent of the locomotive; but all the good cheer, the friendliness, and the hospitality of the inn and of "its first cousin, the tavern" are made to live again in Mr. Matz's book, which is devoted to a discussion of "The Saracen's Head", "The Maypole", and other public houses celebrated in the novels of Dickens. Genuine warmth and a kindly good humor radiate from the pages of the volume, which will prove a joy to all who have found delight in "Bleak House" or in "The Old Curiosity Shop".

The "Essays" (Harper) of Percy Stickney Grant are readable and entertaining, though their general trend, perhaps, is one of affirmation of foregone conclusions rather than development of newer thought. The present generation, generally, will agree with the author in answering "Yes" to the question: "Is Bernard Shaw an Immortal?" "Browning's Art in Monologue" is a good bit of appreciative criticism, already covered; "The Religion of Shakespeare", with apt quotations, emphasizes after all the second planeness of religion in a narrower Christian sense where the dramatist is concerned. The best of the essays seems to us "Feodor Dostoevsky", an able and well informed study. There are some happy thoughts, some fine lines, in "A Fifth Avenue Parade" (a volume of poems uniform with the "Essays" in appearance). Various ones among the poems strike a note which emphasizes the difference of viewpoint between the Washington Square of Dr. Grant's Fifth Avenue and Old Trinity, Bishop Manning's Broadway.

However helpful conferences on disarmament may be, they can no more prevent war than Scotland Yard can eradicate crime. A radical change in thought among individuals must precede. Then governments, their representatives, will respect the rights of others and not insist upon their own, real or fancied, at whatever cost. Harold F. B. Wheeler in "The Story of the British Navy" (McBride) shows why Britain needs her navy. Without her sea hounds, the British Isles would long since have passed into other hands. His story takes us from the earliest times down to the present day, the chapters relating to the late war being particularly interesting and enlightening.

Someone once paraphrased Omar into: "I often wonder what the Poets read one half so precious as the stuff they write." Had Elizabeth Madox Roberts used sufficient discretion in choosing the poems to go "Under the Tree" (Huebsch) the paraphrased verse might well be applicable to her. But it is hard to believe that she can read all of this collection and emerge from the hour with that feeling. She has written bits of verse giving the child's interpretation of the things of everyday life. Some of them are unusually well done. It is not fair, of course, to put them into competition with "A Child's Garden of Verses", yet it is hard to avoid mentioning a similarity of purpose. She admits that the verses are not intended exclusively for children and there is the same attempt to give infantile impressions. Sometimes they are there with the semblance of genuine mes-

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sages from imaginative children. But too often they seem what they really are — the attempts of an adult to show what children might be thinking about. One exceptional verse, in these days of prolific publishers, is justification enough for a new volume, however, and "Under the Tree" offers this, and more. There is plenty of chaff, but the kernels are to be found by the inquisitive.

When a reviewer meets a book "affectionately dedicated" to "The Osmunda Club of Richville-Standish at Sebago Lake, Maine", after which is appended the list of senior, junior, and associate members, he feels an anticipatory glow. Then when on page 277 he finds: "If you persist in illuminating your character with the brilliant rays of self-satisfaction, how can you progress?" he realizes that the glow was due to those very rays. But progress or no progress, that self-satisfaction must brand "We Are Here — Why?" (Marshall Jones) as one of the season's most entertaining books. No offense is meant to the Osmunda Club, nor to the author, Edna Wadsworth Moody. To hearts tuned to this sort of religious thing the book may mean much. To one whose Bible is a composite of good books, past and present, the volume will be entertaining. Perhaps the reason the book did not influence this reviewer is to be found in a chapter called "Admission into the Mysteries". Here we read: "Meditation . . . is the act of turning over and over in the mind all the aspects of a single truth or quality until the consciousness is in a state to receive intuitive knowledge of the thing in its essence." We did not meditate.

The volume of essays by the late Professor Caleb T. Winchester, "An Old Castle" (Macmillan), is written neither *à la* Montaigne nor yet Emerson. The author approaches his subjects — beginning with a colorful evocation of Elizabethan England and Philip Sidney, using the "Old Castle" of Ludlow as its pivotal point — from the biographical angle. The sympathetic and appreciative papers devoted to various Shakespeare plays, to "The Literature of the Age of Queen Anne", and "The Life of Jonathan Swift", justify the claim advanced in the preface that the author was "especially interested in the man behind the book". Burns, Ruskin, Browning, and Clough are discussed; and our own New England mystic, Bronson Alcott, comes in for somewhat over fourteen pages of study, too much or too little, as one may or may not reverence his achievement. Professor Winchester is, perhaps, at his best in the Elizabethan and Queen Anne essays.

"Samphire" (Seltzer) by John Cowper Powys is an exotic little book of verse, highly artificial and self-conscious, and conceived in a decadent mood. One cannot but feel, however, beneath all its caprice, and beneath the mocking cynicism which runs through the poems, that there is much stubborn good cheer in the temperament of Mr. Powys, that his constitution perhaps lacks the delicacy which is necessary to the fantastic imagination, and that he is a devoted student of Plato.

A series of stories contributed as daily articles to a big city newspaper is more likely to be a "stunt" than a contribution to literature. Perhaps Ben Hecht, who has gathered such a series in "One Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago" (Covici-McGee), was warned by the success of Jack

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Lait, who did a similar series in Chicago several years ago. Hecht did not try to write tales in the short story form. He produced sketches, descriptions, anecdotes; he portrayed a real city. Then someone turned Herman Rosse loose on the book. Mr. Rosse has devised a series of hollering illustrations and smeared them liberally all over the volume. There is hardly a page without a drawing. The pictures are interesting and symbolic — but they belong to Sandburg's "Chicago Poems". Ben Hecht isn't devastating this time. The pictures are. The book is honest writing, to be read for its content not for its shocks.

Immigration, studied in the light of what may well be called the "Nordic" school of anthropology, is the theme of "America's Race Heritage" by Clinton Stoddard Burr (American Historical Society). Assuming as proved a Nordic superiority, responsible for all the achievements of the white race since the battle of Marathon, the book goes on merrily to show the general acceptability of most of our immigration before 1880 and the undesirability of most of it since. A selected — and possibly indentured, registered, finger printed, photographed, and catalogued — immigration would preserve America for the heritage of the Nordic race, Mr. Burr believes. The book is full of historical facts and dates and tables, some of which bear on the point at issue. This is the sort of thing that comes of taking Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard too seriously.

Poets, with the exception of an occasional genius, go through periods analogous to human physical development. There is infancy when thoughts are pure and genuine but when, alas, expression is handicapped. From this there is a disappointing plunge into poetic adolescence, bringing partial knowledge of verse mechanics but forced thoughts generally ridiculous except to the poet himself and his adolescent contemporaries. Here is no restraint as emotions jump from whirling with the stars to horrid association with graves, the jumping being done because that is the conventional thing for a poet's emotions to do. Balance between these is rare. Ill chosen, overemphatic words are used to convey the posing thoughts of this adolescence. Some persons, undiscouraged by the children of this exuberance, work on into poetic maturity; and so comes the mass of contemporary poets. An excellent example of adolescent work is "Eight More Harvard Poets" (Brentano) edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer, containing verse by Norman Cabot, Grant Code, Malcolm Cowley, Jack Merton, Joel T. Rogers, R. Cameron Rogers, Royall Snow, and John Brooks Wheelwright. Many of these young men show real promise, and isolated poems by almost any are up to magazine standards. But a thorough reading of the book brings a feeling that if these men continue as poets there will come a time when they will regret the publication of most of the pages of this book.

The Supreme Court decision which invalidated the Federal Child Labor Act may not be the evil it seems, Raymond G. Fuller points out in "The Meaning of Child Labor" (McClurg), if the court's decision results in legislation which actually prohibits premature employment instead of reaching the end by indirection. The book is no polemic; it is an interpretation of a problem. "There is no

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danger of intellectualizing the heart out of child-labor reform if only we keep its purposes in mind," says the author. Much tenement home work and grinding farm exploitation of children continue where child labor laws are in effect, Mr. Fuller tells us. Few states lack legislation on the subject, but much of that legislation is inadequate to preserve the rights of the child.

"Knowing Birds Through Stories" by Floyd Bralliar, beautifully illustrated by E. R. Kalmbach (Funk, Wagnalls) is a worthy addition to the books which introduce us to bird life. The birds we meet and become acquainted with in these stories belong to the families of birds we are most apt to see in our wanderings in the woods, by the ocean, in the orchard. They are described clearly and hence effectively.

One can hardly be said to receive "The Hour of Magic" (Harper) promised by W. H. Davies's book of that name. Such enchantment as there is slips through the pages elusively. One traces it faintly in several whimsical poems, in a few vivid phrases none too subtly devised; otherwise the reader must be content with superficially pretty poetry.

The dedication of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's 250 page defense of censorship, "The Morals of the Movie" (Penn), is a short but significant one. "To Katherine A. Niver, my comrade in arms in the thin red line" — so it reads, and never was a dedication more revelatory of the state of mind of an author and the clan which he represents. As a member of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors Dr. Oberholtzer has been battling valiantly for the last six years to keep several millions of his fellow citizens from embracing the devil. He and his comrades of that "thin red line" are all that stand between sin and the sinful minded. Only the few can gaze upon these lascivious motion pictures without moral contamination, and these few are the censors and their friends. The great majority of men and women must be saved from their own evil impulses and devilish desires that lie dormant until the uncensored film arouses them. That, in brief, seems to be Dr. Oberholtzer's explanation of the necessity for a censorship of films.

Like our own Paul Elmer More, the Honorable Stephen Coleridge is something of a literary Tory. Yet while Mr. More chooses to hold himself apart in austere impeccability, only occasionally amending his meditations in a new Shelburne essay, Mr. Coleridge dares to believe that he can diffuse the vision of the grand style and the Great Tradition, even on this side of the Atlantic. And so he has made a new compilation of his masters and called it "The Glory of English Prose" (Putnam). This book takes the form of letters to his grandson — evidently a model youth. The nobility, majesty, and pomp of English literature, the extraordinary charm of the landscape of Devon (the county which produced Sir Walter Raleigh, J. A. Froude, and the Coleridges), the spaciousness of the days of Henry VIII and the vulgarity of our own era, are all insisted upon with impartial emphasis. If the gloriousness of our literary heritage consists less in its expression of a national spirit, and less in a criticism of life, than in its reflection of parliamentary grandiloquence and a tradition of social aristocracy, then the

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Honorable Stephen Coleridge has produced a sound and a valuable book.

For a great many years Sunday school children were taught to look upon the "Songs of Solomon" as being addressed not to a beloved woman but to a revered God. The casual reader of "Soul's Secret Door" (Vedanta Centre) by Swami Paramananda could easily be led into just the reverse misconception. Among these verses, after the manner of Tagore, one finds this from "The Joy of Thy Coming":

> For this madness of mine I can find no cure;
> There is no help save when Thou art near.

Yet it is not an amorous note but a religious one. The book is full of phrases, too, reminiscent of Biblical passages, and there is no noticeable improvement over the older work. For those of the author's faith it will be welcome; others will be bored by a lack of originality and beauty.

Little or nothing is added by the journal of Louis Etienne St. Denis, known as Ali, to the already crowding shelf containing recollections of "Napoleon, from the Tuileries to St. Helena" (Harper). Here the main facts are given again from the customary angle. The chronicler is not interested in studying Napoleon, but includes among such traits and characteristics as are mentioned a new and fuller catalogue of his menus, wardrobe, and daily routine. These are set down with all the zeal of a devoted personal attendant.

There have been at least two bibliographies of Walt Whitman published in the past decade, and now comes a third, limited to 550 copies, edited by Carolyn Wells and Alfred F. Goldsmith (Houghton Mifflin). They call their little volume "A Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt Whitman with a Supplement of Fifty Books About Whitman". Then, in an introduction, they explain that the work is not complete but "is, rather, a check list of the works of Whitman". An effort has been made by the editors to list all of the various editions of "Leaves of Grass", which effort seems to be the purpose and the accomplishment of the book.

Coué appears to have desecrated the medical man's holy of holies — mystery. William Brown, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.), D.Sc., M.R.C.P. (Lond.), in an enlarged edition of "Suggestion and Mental Analysis" (Doran) gives the medical attitude on Coué and autosuggestion which should act as a necessary brake on the enthusiasm of those who forget Coué's warning that only those things possible can be done.

Witter Bynner's apotheosis of America has been reprinted by Knopf. "The New World", with its uneven metrical form, its frequent climb into ecstatic beauty, its almost naïve conviction regarding an impending triumph of love, gives the impression of at least contemporary immortality. The cynic laughs at its trust in the human mob; the idolater of orthodoxy spurns the erratic rhythm, but still it has a body that probably will be palpable when much of the verse of today has merged into a hardly distinguishable wraith. Even though there be occasional passages that to scan properly is to lose the emphasis — "That a just portion of the whole" — the poem generally runs smoothly. He who can excuse a fatuous American

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will find delight in this attractive reprint.

In 1878, at the festival commemorative of the death of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the principal address was made by Henri-Fréderic Amiel. Rousseau has been called "the father of the nineteenth century". It was his preaching of a return to nature that caused the spiritual and literary upheaval of the stiff, gilded country that was France under Louis XV. M. Amiel's address consisted of a precise and scholarly analysis of the philosopher's ideas and a survey of his influence on the thought of his time. Now, nearly fifty years since the essay was read to the gathering at Geneva, it still ranks as an unusually fine example of pure criticism. "Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Huebsch) has been translated by Van Wyck Brooks.

Paul De Kruif, bacteriologist, research worker, journalist, investigator, and a young man at that, has in "Our Medicine Men" (Century) indulged in some cynical and rather ribald jesting at the expense of the doctors. He is impatient with what he alleges are their scientific pretensions, and he would therefore separate medicine into a science of the study of disease, reserved for laboratory investigators, and the art of healing, delegated to the practitioners. Actually the history of medicine shows that the doctor in the field has contributed more than a proportionate share of the facts of medicine. Perhaps had Dr. De Kruif had experience in the study of disease at the bedside of the sick, he would realize that it is only here that disease may be satisfactorily studied. Amid all the satire and cynicism, amid the half truths and questionable statements, amid the bitterness and the savagery of this book, there are, however, thought provoking, serious, well grounded criticisms which the medical profession may well consider. Its immaturity and uncritical censure may lead the uninformed lay reader to wrong impressions, but to the physician it will indicate the pregnable points of his profession.

Outside of the fact that the recent two volume edition of W. H. Prescott's classic on "The Conquest of Mexico" (Holt) has all the physical qualities that might lead the collector of attractive books to prize it, it is distinguished by two features that set it apart from all previous editions. The first is an introduction wherein T. A. Joyce undertakes to criticize Prescott's opening chapters in the light of recent archæological discoveries; the second is a series of drawings by Keith Henderson, illustrative of the narrative, and interpretative of the spirit of the old Mexican civilization. Many of these drawings are of full page or even double page size, and they constitute an original and valuable auxiliary to Prescott's famous work.

Colorful pictures of the Palestine of today — of irrigated lands where the fig and olive grow, of blazing, sun scorched deserts, of bleak rocky hills, of treeless plateaus, and of great salt lakes steeped in a perpetual sultry haze — are to be found in Frank G. Carpenter's volume on "The Holy Land and Syria" (Doubleday, Page). The author holds his reader's attention from beginning to end; and he reveals Palestine in a light that may be surprising to a western audience, showing that it far from fulfils the Biblical description of "flowing with milk and honey", and that it is largely composed of parched deserts and of treeless hills.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

Zane Grey has another book out; naturally it jumps from nowhere to a place very near to the top of the list. If this proves anything it would seem to be that the age of realism in American literature has not yet quite arrived. A great many persons, apparently, still believe in fairies. Taken in the mass, Americans are still optimists.

If further proof of that thesis were required, the title that heads the February score in the non-fiction list would clinch it. Indeed, the whole list bears out the assertion that the general run of readers, of whom the book borrower from the public library is the perfect type, read subjectively. The fiction that appeals to them most strongly is the sort of tale in which they can dramatize themselves as the courageous strong man or the successful business man, the lovelorn damsel or the misunderstood wife.

Nothing is more consoling to the inferiority complex with which most folk become afflicted after a few experiences in the world of actuality than to triumph vicariously in the persons of their favorite heroes and heroines; nothing, that is, except the belief that, if they only wished to take the trouble, they could actually become the supermen and super-women of romance. M. Coué's book is merely the latest in a long list that hold out this hope and inspire this belief. Doubtless many will achieve merit through its perusal. Doubtless, too, the great general run of readers, seeking the sensations of leadership and success without their responsibilities, will turn from Coué back to their romantic fiction with the comfortable feeling that they, too, if they so desired, could conquer circumstance and win to wealth and love and fame.— F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Babbitt	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	This Freedom	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
3.	Wanderer of the Wasteland	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Cathedral	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5.	Rough-Hewn	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
6.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
7.	The Breaking Point	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
8.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
9.	Fair Harbor	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
10.	Certain People of Importance	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Self Mastery by Conscious Autosuggestion	*Emile Coué*	AMER. LIBRARY SERV.
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
4.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
5.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
6.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
7.	Atolls of the Sun	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
8.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI
9.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
10.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

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WHAT'S WHAT AMONG THE SEASON'S BOOKS

"ARE there any new books worth reading?" This question, to one just returned from adventuring in the middle west, has a more than familiar ring. "Surely", was my usual answer, "but what books are *you* reading?" And from various replies as well as from my own investigations in the bookshops, it seems that Mrs. Atherton's "Black Oxen", "The Enchanted April", and, especially in the towns where Mr. Walpole had recently lectured, "The Cathedral" were the books commanding the attention of and opening the wallets of the reading public. All this, however, will doubtless speedily change. From a recent observation of publishers' catalogues there seems to be no reason why we should not be buying, or at least reading, dozens of other good books through the summer months. There are many indications of an excellent season for good books. To guess what those books will be? It has been an entertaining game. Will you not join in it with me? There are books by our favorite authors, books which cannot fail to be well done, though alas they may turn out to be dull! There are books of new authors of whom rumors have reached us; books whose titles appeal; books of immediate journalistic interest; and so on. At any rate, here is my choice. That you will try some of them, I hope.

Ten novels there are which seem to cry out to be read first. Stella Benson's "The Poor Man", because her style has always been finely wrought, and because we hear from those who have already enjoyed this book, that it is a splendid one; "The Tree of the Garden" by Edward C. Booth, because of an unusual amount of critical praise given it when published in England; "Faint Perfume", because of Zona Gale, and further, because of several instalments which have appeared in "The Century"; "Challenge" by V. Sackville-West, which I have read and feel is not only a work of art but an exciting story; "Many Marriages", because any work by Mr. Anderson, though of the most uneven quality, demands attention; "Danger", because Ernest Poole's last book "Millions" seemed to carry him back into the ranks of grace; "Conquistador", because, though her first novel did not prove the point, Mrs. Gerould may be as good a novelist as she is a writer of short stories; "Impromptu", because of Elliot Paul's first novel, "Indelible", and because the announcements sound exciting; "The Girl Next Door", because we admire the brilliant style and the subtle characterization of Lee Wilson Dodd's novels; "Capitol Hill" by Harvey Fergusson, because his first novel, "Blood of the Conquerors", was both interesting and moving in spite of imperfections in its style. To this number, if I had never read it, I would add the new edition of Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius".

After these ten there is another group, by Americans whose books you

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probably always like to read if you have the time. Rupert Hughes has a novel, "Within These Walls". There is a continuation of "The Soul of a Child" which Edwin Björkman calls "Gates of Life". Elsie Singmaster, whose prose style and understanding of psychology are rapidly bringing her forward, gives us "The Hidden Road". Irving Bacheller, turning from historical romance, has written a genially humorous study of modern youth, "The Scudders". Grant Overton's psychological romance "Island of the Innocent" I have already read and liked. "Family" by Wayland Wells Williams, whose first books were painstaking if not inspired, is said to be a great advance over them. Curiosity will lead us straightway to Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Hardigut", and to "The Shining Road" by Bernice Brown. Both of these young women have already long been prominent in other types of writing. "Trodden Gold" by Howard Vincent O'Brien seems already to have attracted popular attention, and Newton Fuessle's previous novels have been good enough to warrant an investigation of his new one, "Jessup".

A boyhood admiration for Harold MacGrath's stories will lead me, at least, to "The World Outside". If Padraic Colum's novel "Castle Conquer" has one half the charm of his fairy stories and the music of his poems, it should be most unusual. Another poet turned novelist is Cale Young Rice, with "Youth's Way". "Stella Dallas" by Olive Higgins Prouty is said to be a good problem novel. In "His Children's Children" Arthur Train has attempted to analyze New York of the present day, and in "Country Club People" Margaret Culkin Banning presents the well known and comfortable verandas overlooking many a golf course, where doubtless many of these books will be read.

An unusual number of collections of short stories seem to be appearing this season. Can it be that real popularity for this type of book is growing? With a determined and unreasonable prejudice for the magazine short story, I yet find that I enjoy them immensely when they are reprinted in book form. There are two anthologies, at least: O'Brien's usual selection from American publications, "The Best Short Stories of 1922", and a sturdy, large volume from England containing stories by May Sinclair, Katherine Mansfield, Norman Davey, D. H. Lawrence, and many others, labeled "Georgian Stories, 1922".

First on the list for me are "The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories" by Mr. Tarkington, whose most successful books have often been somewhat disguised collections of short tales; "In Dark Places" by John Russell whose superb "Where the Pavement Ends" was better appreciated in England than in his native America; "Murdo", more gipsy fancies from the fiery Konrad Bercovici; "Cross Sections" by Julian Street and "Little Life Stories" by Sir Harry Johnston; and "Miss Minerva on the Old Plantation" by Emma Speed Sampson. There is a collection too by Frances Noyes Hart, whose "Contact" was so successful as a war story; "Four of a Kind" by J. P. Marquand; stage life romances by Rita Weiman; some love stories by Josephine Daskam Bacon entitled "Blind Cupid"; and the somewhat sensational pictures of coeducational life in a western university, "Town and Gown".

There are new novels from at least three prominent English writers

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(male): Sir Philip Gibbs, H. G. Wells, and W. B. Maxwell. On account of their earlier work I shall look forward to Francis Brett Young's "Pilgrim's Rest" and Michael Sadleir's "Desolate Splendour". From the announcements I should suggest leafing "Scissors" by Cecil Roberts and "In London" by Conal O'Riordan. The Englishwomen, too, are active. There are new volumes from Phyllis Bottome, Virginia Woolf, E. B. C. Jones, Ethel Sidgwick, and several others.

Another incomplete Jane Austen novel, "The Watsons", will be published. Also, in addition to a new volume of essays, "A Hind in Richmond Park", an unpublished short novel of W. H. Hudson's for which Mr. Hudson had written part of an introduction before his death. This manuscript will be reproduced in facsimile in the American edition.

Where to place "The Last of the Vikings", Johan Bojer's new novel, I don't quite know. Many other translations are announced and some of them seem, from the announcements, to be interesting; but unless someone tells me that I must, "The Last of the Vikings" is the only one I shall read.

We cannot leave fiction without a glance at the more popular titles. "Man's Country" by Peter Clark Macfarlane looks like a pleasant type of problem novel. Bernie Babcock writes me that she has spent years of research in preparing the background for "The Soul of Abe Lincoln". Why I have chosen "Time Is Whispering" I don't quite know, possibly because it seems to me that Elizabeth Robins has chosen a peculiarly poor title for her book. This seems to me also to be true of Dorothy Scarborough's "In the Land of Cotton". Corra Harris, that unusual combination of religious propagandist and sane woman, offers her readers "A Daughter of Adam".

Alas! I almost forgot the adventure, detective, and mystery stories, of which five stand out for me above the rest: "The Seven Conundrums" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Keeban" by Edwin Balmer, "The Four Stragglers" by Frank L. Packard, "The Step on the Stair" by Anna Katharine Green, "In the Tenth Moon" by that able literary critic, Sidney Williams. After these five there are others which I choose largely for picturesqueness of title: "Whose Body?" by Dorothy L. Sayers, "Ramshackle House" by Hulbert Footner, "The City of Peril" by Arthur Stringer, "The Meredith Mystery" by Natalie Sumner Lincoln, "The Mystery of the Twin Rubies" by Armstrong Livingston, "The Haunted House of Marley" by Mark Somers, and "Tracked by Wireless" and "The Voice from the Void" by William Le Queux. Edgar Rice Burroughs, romancer of apes and jungle days, has outdone himself this season with a title. He calls his book "Tarzan and the Golden Lion".

Travel books have not been especially popular during the past six months. The reason for this is difficult to see. Perhaps, however, now that summer tours are planned they will again appeal. Probably Lord Bryce's "Memories of Travel" will be as interesting as any. We have an idea that for the lover of colorful narrative and description Rose Wilder Lane's "Peaks of Shala" will be more than acceptable. Olive Schreiner's "Thoughts of South Africa" should be an important book. It will appear along with a sheaf of prose pieces collected since her death, to be called, "Stories, Dreams and Allegories". Take your choice of countries from these romantic venturings: Harry L. Foster's "A Beachcomber in the Ori-

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ent", two words of the highest romance in that title! Grace Thompson Seton's "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt", F. W. Up de Graff's "Head Hunters of the Amazon", A. Hyatt Verrill's West Indian wanderings which he has called "In the Wake of the Buccaneers". A book on Australia and New Zealand by William D. Boyce, rambles through Arcadia by the prolific Charles Hanson Towne, and two so called humanized guide books to London and Paris by one Arthur Milton. A diary of ocean voyages which is said to be remarkably salty is "From the Deep Sea" by Charles E. Smith. "Prisoners of the Red Desert" is the story of how the crew of H. M. S. "Tara" were captured by Arabs, told by Captain R. Gwatkin-Williams. If it is only one tenth as interesting as "Beasts, Men and Gods", Ossendowski's story of escape from Bolshevik Russia, of which its announcement somehow reminds me, it will be well worth reading. As to that turbulent country, we have "My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia" by Odette Keun, a Dutchwoman of aristocratic family.

Two books of archæological rather than travel interest, but which may very well prove popular because of the recent Egyptian excavation, are "The Glory of the Pharaohs" by Arthur Weigall (incidentally the author of such popular type novels as "Bedouin Love" and "Burning Sands"), in more serious moments a student of archæology; and "The Valley of the Kings", a study of Egyptian dynasties by Percy Edward Newberry.

Essay writing is a developing art in America, fast developing, perhaps. Of all the books of essays upon which I shall fling myself during the summer months only three are from England: "Things That Have Interested Me" (Second Series) by Arnold Bennett, "Landmarks in French Literature" by Lytton Strachey, and "The Dance of Life" by Havelock Ellis. We have gathered and reprinted "The Apple-Tree Table and Other Sketches" by Herman Melville, with an introductory note by Henry Chapin. This adds another book to the growing Melvilliana, the collection of which has become popular.

How literarily self-conscious we have suddenly become in the United States, or perhaps more particularly in New York City and Chicago! Our critics are quarreling with each other as to "What Is American Literature?" From Dr. John Erskine this spring we have a volume "The Literary Discipline" in which he expounds his sturdy academic philosophy, tinged slightly with liberalism. Carl Van Doren has collected a series of his papers from "The Nation" and called them "The Roving Critic". And Stuart Pratt Sherman issues studies in behalf of the younger generation, a subject which has troubled him much in the past, around which his middle age plays somewhat more warily. He calls this collection "The Genius of America". Edward J. O'Brien, the short story anthologist, turns analyst with "The Advance of the American Short Story". William Lyon Phelps, considering among others Cooper, Lincoln, Webster, Emerson, adds to his studies of writings, from the Bible and the Russians to the flapper novelists, with "Some Makers of American Literature". The first of a series of small books issued under the patronage of the Authors Club is a study of Edwin Arlington Robinson by Lloyd Morris. For amusement, we may turn to "As I Was Saying" by the versatile Burges Johnson, "The Powder of Sympathy" by the genial

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Christopher Morley, "The World in Falseface" by George Jean Nathan, that tragic buffoon armed with bladder and dagger, or "In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill" by the eternally rambling Robert Cortes Holliday.

Poetry, last autumn, seemed a neglected art. With the new season, however, there is much about which to be encouraged. A noticeable fact about the poetry lists is the number of collected, selected, or edited editions. There will be Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems", as well as his absurdly fantastic single volume, "Going-to-the-Sun". A new "Selected Poems" from Masefield, a popular edition of "The Dream", previously issued privately, and a play. There are, too, the "Poems" of Santayana, selected by himself and including all of the sonnets, "Selected Poems" by Robert Frost, and by George Sterling, the San Francisco poet. Stuart Pratt Sherman has edited the poetical works of Joaquin Miller, Floyd Dell those of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, William Alexander Percy those of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and a new edition of Alice Meynell's poems is to be published. Willa Cather's early volume of verse, "April Twilights", will be reissued, with the addition of later lyrics. Among the anthologies is a second volume of "Folk Songs of Many Peoples", gathered together by Florence Hudson Botsford.

Of the new volumes of original poetry I should urge five and mention eight others. The first five are "Roman Bartholow" by Edwin Arlington Robinson, "Preludes" by John Drinkwater, "Finders" by John V. A. Weaver, "Black Armour" by Elinor Wylie, and "Roast Leviathan" by Louis Untermeyer.

The others are "The Great Dream" by Marguerite Wilkinson, "Old Coins" by Karle Wilson Baker, "Songs of Unrest" by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, "A Few Figs from Thistles", a new edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay's slight book, "Magic Flame" by Robert Haven Schauffler, "The Hour of Magic" by W. H. Davies, "Walkers" by Hazel Hall, and "The Tide Comes In" by Clement Wood.

Popular psychology is too important to pass by without mention. Therefore "The Passing Throng" by our one verse maker of really national appeal, Edgar A. Guest. Light verse, too, is represented, and we choose "So There!" by F. P. A. There is novelty, surely, in "A Child's Garden of Verses" translated into Latin. This feat has been accomplished by T. R. Glover and the book is printed with English text facing Latin, a quaint enough proceeding. Mary Austin's "The American Rhythm" will probably prove to be a much discussed work on a question which few persons actually understand.

The vogue for the extravagantly intimate autobiography has somewhat passed. We do not find so many titled ladies pirouetting among great personalities as formerly. Here, instead, is solid meat — "My Thirty Years in Baseball", for example, by John J. McGraw. Dr. G. Stanley Hall's psychological studies have led him to write a frank nerve study of himself. There is David Starr Jordan's "The Days of a Man", and from Germany another book by the Kaiser and one from his eldest son on his war experiences. In "An Outlaw's Diary" Cécile Tormay describes Budapest in the hands of the Hungarian Social Democrats. Edwin Lefevre's "One in a Million: Reminiscences of a Stock Operator" and the anonymous "Real Story of a Bootlegger" speak for themselves. There is a new volume

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from the pen of the author of "The Pomp of Power", to be called "The Abuse of Power". A transcription from the journal of John Davis Long, Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish War, made by Lawrence S. Mayo, may practically be called an autobiography. There is, too, the sensational "Farington Diary", the chatty personal reminiscences of Joseph T. Farington between 1793-1821.

Between biography and autobiography lie Gamaliel Bradford's "Damaged Souls" and Rosaline Masson's compilation "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson". The Bradford book is a series of sketches of characters who have been given a bad name by fame but whom Mr. Bradford attempts to discuss with sympathy — characters as unsympathetic as Thomas Paine or Aaron Burr or Ben Butler.

Of the biographies I shall pick up first "Barnum" by M. R. Werner, hoping to find much circus atmosphere. Then there is "Lord Northcliffe: A Memoir" by Max Pemberton, an interpretation of Henry Ford by Samuel S. Marquis, and two studies, one of Dante by Mary Bradford Whiting and one of Robert Browning by Frances M. Sim.

Although this has been one of the best seasons theatrical New York has ever known, the drama books on the publishers' lists, while attractive in themselves, are not striking numerically. One of the most interesting collections of plays announced in some months is "Contemporary American Plays", edited by Arthur H. Quinn, which will contain "Why Marry?", "The Emperor Jones", "Nice People", "The Hero", and "To the Ladies!" Here is a volume of truly American plays which do not depend for their force on the amateur pageant idea nor have we included any masks for high school socials. An interesting volume, this! Then there is Burns Mantle's collection of "The Best Plays of 1921-22". Oliver Sayler has edited the plays being presented by the Moscow Art Theatre, and we are to have, too, "British Drama League Plays". Our own "Theatre Guild Library" should prove interesting. One title, "R. U. R.", has already been published, and Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine" and Louis Untermeyer's translation of "The Mass-Men" are to follow. A special Theatre Guild edition of "Peer Gynt" is being brought out by another publisher. The most interesting plays from the practical theatre to be published this fall are two by Middleton and Bolton, the dramatized version of Somerset Maugham's "Rain", and the long awaited volume of plays by Zoe Akins, which she has called "Déclassé and Other Plays". Closet drama, or at least closet drama so far, are A. Edward Newton's "Dr. Johnson" and a drama of Wisconsin history in four acts, "Red Bird", by an able poet, William Ellery Leonard. Alfred Kreymborg's "Puppet Plays" are to be collected, with an introduction by Gordon Craig. Percival Wilde, probably better known to amateur companies in this country than any other writer of one act plays, has done a treatise on "The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play".

A year during which one gave up the reading of fiction, magazines, and poetry, and spent his time on the general, informative, casually titled books would be, in a way, a fascinating year. As I picked out the following titles I could not help regretting that I should be able to read so few of them. However, if not granted the time to read, I can at least glance over Gene Markey's "Literary Lights", a book of

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caricatures, and perhaps it will be a matter of necessity to study "The Outline of Literature and Art" — a book inevitable after "History" and "Science". It has been edited by John Drinkwater, John Erskine, and Sir William Orpen. John Macy has written "The Story of the World's Literature" which will be, in a way, a companion book for Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind". Even physicians are beginning to consider the peculiarities of literary folk. Dr. Joseph Collins's "The Doctor Looks at Literature" is said to reveal startling things about many of the people who write our books.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale examines a more general subject than authors in "What's Wrong With Our Girls?" There are several volumes of sociological interest that look provocative: "A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster", with an introduction by James Harvey Robinson, "Letters from a Business Woman to Her Daughter" by Zora Putnam Wilkins, "The Family and Its Members", a sociological study by Anna Garland Spencer, "Nutrition of Mother and Child" by C. Ulysses Moore, M. D., which includes a number of menus and recipes, "The Economic Pinch" by Hon. C. A. Lindbergh. "A Study of American Intelligence" by Carl C. Brigham with a foreword by Robert M. Yerkes is misleading as a title unless you believe that mechanical intelligence tests actually measure the mind. Perhaps "Making Yourself" by Orison Swett Marden will aid conditions of unintelligence, or "Personal Hygiene Applied" by Jesse F. Williams, M. D., whatever physical difficulties are the besetting sins of America. There are countless other health books. Even "Coué for the Child" confronts us, and "Dame Curtsey's Book of Beauty Talks". Why not "Beauty Hints à la Coué"? "Advanced Lessons in Lip-Reading" by Elizabeth Helm Nitchie, a real authority on that subject, should prove of veritable assistance to the deaf. Perhaps the most extraordinary title among books of this character is one which seems to miss nothing in popular appeal. It is written by William J. Fielding and is called, "Health and Self-Mastery Through Psycho-Analysis and Autosuggestion".

Out of doors and sports books, these for summer surely. Here's an anthology in praise of walking, edited by W. R. B. and called "The Joys of the Road". There is "Autocamping" by F. E. Brimmer, "Book of the Black Bass" by James A. Henshall, M. D., "The Spirit of the Garden" by Martha Brooks Hutcheson, "Knowing Birds Through Stories" by Floyd Bralliar, and "The Burgess Flower Book for Children". What games shall we play this year when we tire of mere wandering in the fields? We may learn "How to Play Mah Jong" from Jean Bray, or "How to Box" from Norman Clark. There are "Lessons on Conjuring" by David Devant, and, for the younger set, I suppose "Real Games for Real Kids" by Emmett D. Angell, and "Something to Make" by Eric Wood. Let us not forget at this point, when an appetite has been created by the above activities, the cookbook concerning which rumors have long been abroad, "A Handbook of Cookery for a Small House" by Jessie Conrad (Mrs. Joseph Conrad) with a preface by the great novelist himself. Then Harry Leon Wilson jests in "So This Is Golf!", Mr. Tilden prophesies, explains, and spins yarns of tennis in "Singles and Doubles", and George Saltonstall Mumford narrates his story of "Twenty Harvard Crews".

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It is seldom that architecture receives due attention, as "The New Republic" recently pointed out. Perhaps "The Significance of the Fine Arts" written by ten members of the American Institute of Architects will bring this neglected art more keenly to the public mind. Amelia Leavitt Hill tells us how to doctor our houses when they are running down with the passing of years in "Redeeming Old Homes".

Not many volumes of historical interest caught my eye, except those mentioned under other heads. George Bird Grinnell's study of "The Cheyenne Indians" should prove timely now that politicians and welfare circles are trying to take an interest in the native American. A new study of "The Civil War in America" is being added to an already long list. This one is by Walter Gaston Shotwell.

From a political standpoint, the first of what we understand will be a series of volumes on international affairs as developed during the Great War, by Winston Churchill, is probably of great importance. "Public Opinion in Peace and War" by the President of Harvard University is a collected series of lectures. "People and Politics" as observed by a Massachusetts editor, Solomon Bulkley Griffin, should contain a wealth of humorous and penetrating anecdotal material. "Economics for Everybody" by Frank Vanderlip should be general enough to interest even those not actually connected with business. "Banking under the Federal Reserve System" by Dr. Willis, who was the expert on the house committee that framed the original bill, is an important book, probably of interest only to teachers or students of economics or those who are actually connected in some way with the business world.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher is not only a novelist but an expert linguist and a student of literature. Her translation of Giovanni Papini's much discussed "Life of Christ" is, therefore, an important contribution to the body of English literature. "Roosevelt's Religion", Christian F. Reisner's discussion, should have a certain popular appeal, and A. Maude Royden's "Woman at the World's Crossroads" will doubtless command the attention of those who know this evangelist's work or have heard her preach.

In closing I find before me several titles which are interesting and which I've failed to fit in elsewhere. Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) gives us another oriental prose collection of semi-essays, semi-stories, "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul". A book about a company of Massachusetts gold seekers who sailed around the Horn seventy-five years ago sounds as though it might be interesting, doesn't it? Octavus Thorndike has written it, and it is called, "Argonauts of '49". Then there is "Getting By in Hobohemia", a study, by Nels Anderson, of the homeless man in Chicago. "The Classification and Identification of Handwriting" by C. D. Lee and R. A. Abbey might be recommended not only to criminologists but to editors, secretaries, and in fact all those who must peruse handwritten scripts. Finally, I come across a comforting title, "The Meaning of Relativity", a book by Mr. Einstein himself based on his lectures delivered last year at Princeton University. This reminds me soothingly that the importance of literature, current literature especially, is, after all, only relative — and spring is here!

—J. F.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

THE BOOKMAN *presents the sixth instalment of its series of literary club programs. Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to evolve for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see* THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, January); II. Contemporary American Poetry; III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any questions confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE group of poets presented this month forms the second part of a study program of present day poetry. The committee have tried, in mapping out this program, both to show the varying trends of modern American poetry and to combine these differing elements into some sort of ordered pattern which might be easily followed. For this reason, the poets whose work is to be considered have been divided into groups. ("The New England Group", including Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and Amy Lowell, may be found in the March number.) Of course, the same poet may logically belong to two or three groups. In such a case, the determining factor has been the type of his most pronounced work.

The program is intended for a season's study. Yet in order not to make it too long, it has been considered wise to include only those poets already well known to the public. The committee wish it clearly understood that, in choosing these poets, every decision was made by ballot, the majority ruling.

The names of easily procurable books and magazine articles dealing with individual authors are listed after the account of the poet to whom they refer. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

Anthologies

The New Poetry. Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. MACMILLAN.

Modern American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HARCOURT, BRACE.

A Miscellany of American Poetry, 1919. HARCOURT, BRACE.

American Poetry, 1922. HARCOURT, BRACE.

References and Guides

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. Amy Lowell. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HOLT.

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New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.
An Introduction to Poetry. Hubbell and Beaty. MACMILLAN.

Poetry in General

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. John Livingston Lowes. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
A Study of Poetry. Bliss Perry. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
The Principles of English Versification. Paull F. Baum. HARVARD.
Lyric Forms from France. Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The American Rhythm. Mary Austin. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY

Committee: Amy Lowell, chairman; Grace Hazard Conkling, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer.

Middle Western Group

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The appreciation of poetry is a most personal matter. The following program represents the painstaking effort of the above group of distinguished poets and critics. It includes only names of living Americans, and most of the younger poets were omitted as not having yet won their spurs. When this program was submitted for approval to the executive committee, suggestions and emendations were many. In few cases did the comments of any one member of the executive committee agree with those of another. For this reason, we have decided to publish the program as originally outlined by the poetry committee, without change. The biographies and quotations from critical material have been added by the editors of* THE BOOKMAN, *and for these the poetry committee is not responsible.*

VACHEL LINDSAY

Collected Poems. MACMILLAN.

A combination of religious propagandist and clown, this preacher of the gospel of beauty has achieved a note of chanting passion which is unique in American poetry. His sense of color and his love of pounding rhythm often carry him into the realm of the bizarre, but at his best he is as truly of the middle western tradition as is Robert Frost of that of New England. To the mysticism of Blake and the ruggedness of Whitman, he adds his peculiar civic pride, which reminds one occasionally of the method of Abraham Lincoln, but also, unfortunately, occasionally of Billy Sunday.

(Nicholas) Vachel Lindsay was born at Springfield, Illinois, in 1879. For a time he studied at Hiram College, Ohio; later, at the Chicago Art Institute and at the New York School of Art. He has sometimes illustrated his own books — witness his recent "Going-to-the-Sun" (Appleton), written as an answer to Stephen Graham's "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies". Mr. Lindsay's development from a Y.M.C.A. lecturer and a lecturer for the Anti-Saloon League to a career in poetry was logical. It is this spirit which led him to tramp the countryside, now farming, now earning his meals by reciting or by giving away printed pamphlets of his rhymes. His ambitions would make him a poet of his people; but his tendencies place him oftener at the feet of the great mystics where the people cannot follow.

At present he lives in the town of his birth, or rather, perhaps, he makes Springfield his headquarters; for he is constantly traveling and lecturing, paying visits to New York or to San Francisco. Those who have yet to hear Mr. Lindsay recite his poems, have missed one of America's finest vaudeville performances. His booming voice, his elaborate pantomime, his dancing steps, frequently add to the interpretation of his chants; for they are more often chants than poems. There is a rugged sincerity in Lindsay, a deep sense of humor concerning humanity as a whole, that completely obliterates his occasional lack of humor with regard to his work and his mannerisms.

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"It is in this homely fantasy, this natural extravagance that Lindsay excels. It runs through things as delicate as the moon poems and as burly as 'Simon Legree' with its fallacious moral and its rollicking high spirits. And it is this last quality which will keep Lindsay from accumulating too fat a churchliness. It is the whimsical buoyancy, the side-spring, the gay appraisal of beauty as he finds it in people, places and art (as he hopes to find it even in politics) that will keep Lindsay the missionary from superseding Lindsay the minstrel. A careless singer of democracy, he goes adventuring with one hand on his lyre and the other on his sword. And the tune that he whistles is 'Gaily the Troubadour — '." — *Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

"Vachel Lindsay is another poet who shares life with us in every word. He puts it in the turn of every sentence. His phrases growl and flirt, smirk and glare, point fingers and make faces, sputter and fizzle and splash color broadly upon the universe. We come to realize gradually that he is a man with the imagination and sensitivity of the bards of Greece and the prophets of Israel, living in an immense modern world, where life is multiform and multi-colored, graver and more humorous, more complex and more varied than ever it was in the days of the ancient Greeks or Hebrews. And we realize, also, that he has lived in that state of social and spiritual consciousness which we call the United States of America.

"In this fact we find one reason for his vitality as a poet. He is deeply rooted in our civilization. Our folklore, our customs, our ethics, our idealism and our reasons for laughter are well known to him. The time that he spent upon the open highways of our country, preaching his gospel of beauty, — 'Bad public taste is mob law — good public taste is democracy' — that time was also a time of learning. In those days our people gave him many secrets. Perhaps they taught him not to scorn the simple and homely virtues which they value. Perhaps they helped not a little to make him what he has certainly become, the spiritual descendant of Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley, as American as Riley's pumpkins or the whitewash on Tom Sawyer's fence.

"But his artistic heritage comes to him from long, long ago, from the troubadours and bards and minnesingers and minstrels, from the markers of sagas and runes. To sum it all up, he is something that has never been before — an American minstrel.

"In 'General William Booth Enters Into Heaven' we have a poem which is a masterpiece of powerful phraseology set to the tune of 'The Blood of the Lamb'. In this hotly human poem we are permitted to watch the transfiguration of Booth's 'vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath' when they are led into the courts of Heaven to the beating of Booth's drum. In the light of the beatific vision of King Jesus they become

" 'Sages and sybils now and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green!' "

— *Marguerite Wilkinson in "New Voices".*

"It is very interesting to notice the effect of Mr. Lindsay's poems on the poetically unsophisticated. They prove a delight to the perfectly natural person or to the child. The mixture of humour, nonsense, and rhetoric, the high spirits, the go of them, act like wine when the listener is entirely unselfconscious and unprejudiced. It is for the unselfconscious and unprejudiced that they are intended. Perhaps Mr. Vachel Lindsay is one of the first people to do really good æsthetic work which is intended for 'natural man'. It is not here a question of 'writing down', of words in one syllable, it is a question of appealing, as does Edward Lear's nonsense, to our simplest æsthetic tastes — the tastes which all of us share, but which have hitherto generally been appealed to so badly and so shabbily, that even the simple have been rather ashamed to acknowledge them and the sophisticated have suppressed them altogether as unworthy. It was not the tastes that were unworthy, it was the stuff that was provided for their satisfaction. Nor is the question of this satisfaction an academic or even a literary one; it is one which probably has more to do with human happiness than is as yet well understood." — *A. Williams-Ellis in "An Anatomy of Poetry".*

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The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HARCOURT, BRACE.

New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.

Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies. Stephen Graham. APPLETON.

An Anatomy of Poetry. A. Williams-Ellis. MACMILLAN.

A Critical Fable. Anonymous. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Salvation with Jazz. Carl Van Doren. CENTURY, April, 1923.

The Rodin of American Poetry. Glenn Frank. CENTURY, August, 1921.

Vachel Lindsay: a Folk Poet. P. L. Benjamin. SURVEY, October 15, 1921.

Vachel Lindsay sees a new heaven descending upon the earth. CURRENT OPINION, September, 1920.

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CARL SANDBURG

Chicago Poems. HOLT.
Cornhuskers. HOLT.
Smoke and Steel. HARCOURT, BRACE.

Brutal, sometimes coarse, with a love of ordinary human beings, Carl Sandburg writes from the inheritance of Walt Whitman but with a strong note of individuality. Sometimes difficult to understand, often chaotic in rhythm and thought, he yet stands as one of the most important interpreters of what might be called American folk life. There are some who feel that his style and his rhythm are those of prose; but reading aloud a poem such as "The Windy City" in his latest volume, "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (Harcourt, Brace), cannot fail to disclose an underlying music. He is fond of the violent and the virile in life and he translates it admirably into words, words which are often from the vernacular. Louis Untermeyer says that he often reminds us of "an epithet exhibiting its muscles"; but it is perhaps this very quality that is his strongest claim to originality. He has learned much from the shadow of the stockyards and the Chicago "loop". Profoundly moving at times, indubitably sincere, his poetry is deeply rooted in the subsoil of the great middle west.

His Swedish ancestry does not seem to the casual beholder to have influenced Carl Sandburg deeply. Yet there is a certain warmth of vision and coldness of intellect that is characteristic of the Scandinavian in him. He was born in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. His early life was one of rough contact and ready action. At one time or another he was dish washer, scene shifter, harvester, porter, and soldier in the Spanish-American war. Later he entered Lombard College, where he was editor in chief of the undergraduate paper. Since then, he has been variously employed as advertising man, newspaper man, political organizer. At the present time he is one of those numerous geniuses on the staff of the Chicago "Daily News". His work as motion picture critic interests him keenly. Perhaps, if there is one thing he admires more than another on this earth it is the screen masterpiece, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari". He has a family, and it is for his own children that he first wrote his fascinating "Rootabaga Stories" which seem to be about to become one of the American classics for children. Rambling about Chicago streets in the summer time without a coat, his mass of greying hair falling over or toward an eye, his famous black leather cap in his hand or pulled low over deep and extraordinarily penetrating eyes, he is a kindly and a somewhat majestic figure.

"Here, in the work of Sandburg, is another phase of the new and definitely American spirit in our poetry. Here, in spite of its moments of delicacy, is no trace of delicate languors, of passion extracted from songs or life that is gleaned in a library. This is something carved out of earth, showing the dirt and the yellow clay; there are great gaps and boulders here, steaming ditches and the deep-chested laughter of workers quarreling, forgetting, building. As of 'Leaves of Grass', it can be said that he 'who touches this book touches a man' — and there is nothing arts-and-crafty about him. Brutal, tender, full of anger and pity, his lines run light as a child's pleasure or stumble along with the heavy grace of a hunky; common as sunlight or talk on Third Avenue of a Saturday. Rough-hewn and stolid; perhaps a bit too conscious of its biceps; too proud of the way its thumping feet trample down quiet places. But *going on, on . . . gladly, doggedly;* with a kind of large and casual ecstasy. One thinks of a dark sea with its tides tossing and shouting. Or the streets of a crowd-filled city when a great wind runs through them." — *Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

"There is something of Hans Christian Andersen in that poem. A touch of the Scandinavian mysticism which Mr. Sandburg comes by through right of inheritance.

"Judged from the standard of pure art, it is a pity that so much of Mr. Sandburg's work concerns itself with entirely ephemeral phenomena. The problems of posterity will be other than those which claim our attention. Art, nature, humanity, are eternal. But the minimum wage will probably matter as little to the twenty-second century as it did to the thirteenth, although for different reasons.

"Mr. Sandburg has not the broad outlook to achieve the epic quality of Mr. Masters' work. He is a lyric poet, but the lyrist in him has a hard time to make itself heard above the brawling of the marketplace.

"It is dangerous to give a final verdict on contemporary art. All that one can safely say of Mr. Sandburg's work is that it contains touches of great and original beauty, and whatever posterity may feel about it taken merely as poetry, it cannot fail to hold its place to students of this period as a necessary link in an endless chain." — *Amy Lowell in "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry".*

"Carl Sandburg, the only contemporary poet of first importance who limits himself to free verse, is of Swedish descent, and is by profession a Chicago journalist. Like Masefield and Masters, he has been charged

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with 'brutality'; but if his poems lack polish and good taste, they have great power. Synge, the Irish dramatist, was of the opinion that before poetry could be made human again, it would have to learn to be brutal. Sandburg is perhaps too much of a propagandist to be a consistent artist; but his poems are full of a hatred of injustice and are filled with sympathy for poverty and suffering. More than any other poet of our time, he has endeavored to write the poetry of life in large cities. His best known poem, 'Chicago', has been quoted in the preceding chapter." — *Hubbell and Beaty in "An Introduction to Poetry".*

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New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.

A Critical Fable. Anonymous. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

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A Poet of the Common-place. P. L. Benjamin. SURVEY, October 2, 1920.

A Poet of American Industrialism. LIVING AGE, January 22, 1921.

Our Great Carl Sandburg. E. Carnevali. POETRY, February, 1921.

Strong Timber. Louis Untermeyer. DIAL, October 5, 1918.

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EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Spoon River Anthology. MACMILLAN.

Difficult to analyze because of the varied and uneven character of his works, Edgar Lee Masters is perhaps more novelist than poet. His finely drawn portraits in "Spoon River Anthology" place him firmly in the front rank of American writers. They are at times brilliant with satire, poignant with a subtle understanding of life, strong in their vivid irony, and occasionally tinged with beauty. Masters's earlier work is conventionally romantic, his later turgid and difficult. Though "Spoon River Anthology" still remains his best novel, in spite of several succeeding volumes, he may perhaps in the final instance be a writer of strong prose narrative rather than a poet.

A morose, somewhat stern figure, is Edgar Lee Masters. He was born at Garnett, Kansas, in 1868; but has lived most of his life in Illinois. For a year he attended Knox College. He studied law and has practised in Chicago, where he has been a popular figure in civic life, both as lawyer and politician. It was the late William Marion Reedy who first persuaded Mr. Masters to desert his highflown romantic poems for the crisp, almost legal diction of the epitaphs in "Spoon River", and it was in "Reedy's Mirror", under the pseudonym "Webster Ford", that they first appeared. Since the success of this book, Mr. Masters has traveled abroad. He spent most of last year in Italy, but has now, we hear, returned to his home and practice in Chicago. There are critics who rank his later volume, "Domesday Book", with "Spoon River Anthology", but in the main it has been considered of inferior quality. Here realism verges on naturalism and involved wording and structure make the reader's path a difficult one. Mr. Masters is a strange combination of rigid New Englandism and the fecund soil of the west.

"The 'Spoon River Anthology' has been called the greatest American book since the days of Columbus and it has been called the 'apotheosis of village gossip'. It is very much to be doubted whether any one book can rightly be called 'the greatest'. Any such decision made in this generation would be premature, to say the least. It is wisest to leave the bestowal of superlatives to Time. Nor is this a book of gossip. For gossip is external to the persons discussed. And the ladies of Spoon River, who would have taken delight in the knowledge that Deacon Taylor drank "spiritus frumenti' daily, could never have guessed the spiritual realities told in this book.

"But one thing the book assuredly is, on every page and in every line. It is interesting. Life is rank and rich in it. The acrid odor of weeds matted down and crushed mingles with the fragrance of flowers, as a rule overcoming the fragrance. But the flowers are there too, growing among the weeds, as they do in the open field, in the open world, not segregated and protected as they would be in hothouses. And they would be persons of 'queasy stomach', as Stevenson says, who having begun to read this book, would not go on to the end." — *Marguerite Wilkinson in "New Voices".*

"Dirt, darkness, disillusion; an insistence on looking at what is morbid and perverted, a preoccupation with sex and suicide, a moral obliquity — these were a few of the literary crimes charged against the author when his detractors wearied of attacking

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the technique and form of his work. What they failed to see was that the evidence of decay in his people was not a perversion of Mr. Masters but a true version of the gradual dissolution of so many communities that wither and are forgotten. Whether it be Bernadette or Havana, Illinois, or any mid-Western or New England village that has gone to seed, the background is essentially that of a tawdry clutter of houses and hotels, a few reminders of a once prosperous past, a mill that has closed down. '"All is changed save the river and the Hill." That is the secret of Spoon River', said the New York 'Tribune', 'and it is as the record of a failure, of an American community passed over and with its face turned to the past, that the book is to be judged.'

"But the book must be judged as something much more than this. It must be given a place of undisputed importance, first, for the veracity of Mr. Masters's report; second, for the poetry in which he has framed it. As a document, it is by turns arresting, stimulating, irritating."—*Louis Untermeyer in "The New Era in American Poetry".*

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The Literary Spotlight. Anonymous. BOOKMAN, August, 1922.

Poets of the People. Marguerite Wilkinson. TOUCHSTONE, May, 1916.

Frost and Masters. POETRY, January, 1917.

Contemporary Poetry—News and Reviews. Jessie B. Rittenhouse. BOOKMAN, May, 1918.

Poets as People. Joyce Kilmer. BOOKMAN, November, 1916.

PRIMAVERA

By Amy Lowell

SPRING has arrived.
It is no use your telling me to look at the calendar,
And saying that it is five good days to the twenty-first of March.
Is the year bound to obey the almanac-makers?
O model of all egregious pedants!
Would you shackle Spring to times and seasons,
And catch her back by her long green skirt
Till the moment you have planned for her?
She has stolen a march this year, for certain.
Today, at sunrise, I saw a white-breasted nuthatch
Running up the branch of the oak tree
That was so broken by the ice storm last December,
And in the garden a pheasant was picking grains
Out of the manure covering the garden beds.
There is a snowdrop up by the porch,
Shot clean through the tulip-straw;
And the crows are all agog over my neighbor's pine trees.
It is a game of catch-who-catch-can with that green skirt then.
Even though, in your passion for order, you bring about a snow
storm tomorrow,
It will not matter to me.
This morning, beyond the shadow of a doubt, I saw the Spring.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Daniel Webster Was Right

NO one can keep up with the post-war literary celebrations in Germany; hence this belated reference to Anna Luise Karsch, born on December 1, 1722, and memorialized by the Fatherland with emphasis and emotion on the occasion of her two hundredth birthday, nearly four months ago. Die Karschin, as this creator of hopelessly inane poetry was known, came in the course of her unenviable career to be dubbed, even by Lessing, "the German Sappho". The excess of praise connoted by and contained in this remarkable soubriquet must be evident to anyone who has even and only a history-of-German-literature acquaintance with this lady's lyrics. Write she could not; but since she had had only one predecessor among women poets (Hrotsvith von Gandersheim, who "flourished" in the tenth century) she was regarded, it seems, by her contemporaries as a marvel. It was her splendid isolation that did it: she was the only one of her sex.

Her life, it must be admitted, was neither drab nor uneventful. She was born at a place with the alluring name of Schwiebus near Frankfort-on-the Oder, the daughter of an R. F. D. saloon keeper. In her childhood, she was put out as a shepherdess of shotes and sheep. Early in life she married a weaver by the name of Hirsekorn, lived eleven years of domestic torture with him, and then left him. Her second marriage was with a tailor who was a drunkard and who brought her nothing but distress. After having passed thirty-nine winters, and having acquired fame — in Schwiebus — for her rhymes indited for set occasions, she moved into Berlin — and was positively presented at the Court. There the miracle took place. Though she had written quite a few verses in praise of the army of Frederick the Great, that ex-distinguished statesman and military genius — whose statue no longer adorns the War College — was so æsthetically inept as to fail to read them. She got at him however in another way. Granted an audience, she attempted to persuade the King to give her daughter a subsidy. The hardened but well-to-do gentleman said: "Is your daughter beautiful?" "No, your Majesty", replied Die Karschin, "she does not have a beautiful mother."

Frederick the Great's successor had a different experience. Die Karschin appealed to him for funds to build a house. He sent her a dollar; really only a *taler*, or seventy-five cents when Washington was a general. She sent it back; he then sent her two dollars, of the same denomination. But this "German Sappho" eventually wheedled a home in Berlin out of the German government, lost what had been given her through economic unwisdom, and died in poverty on October 12, 1791, six years after the death of the Frederick who never gave Washington a sword.

Professor Eugen Wolbe published in the "Berliner Tageblatt" of December 2, 1922, a hitherto unknown poem by Die Karschin. The "argument" is as follows: She had been ordered to write an ode in memory of a prominent hanger-on of Frederick the Great's

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Court, and instead of sending it direct to the editor of the paper in which she wished to have it appear, she sent it to a friend of the editor, with these words, in a rhyme scheme that is as complicated as any triolet, madrigal, or ghazal that Friedrich Rückert ever wrote. The opening verses follow — they gain much in prose translation:

> I send you this song; you will give it to that fine and cultured gentleman who recently opened his columns to my martial poems. Run to him as fast as you can *(lauf hin mit schnellen gängen)*. He cannot refuse my request for a minute. He must choose my ode in preference to all the other copy he has in order to please his many readers.

And so it goes on. The author of it was called "the German Sappho".

This would obviously be a preposterous display of unreasoned blurbing were there no extenuating circumstances. But German literature was on a level at that time (1778) which it is difficult for the modern mind to conceive, especially if the fact is not overlooked that both English and French literature had centuries of unbroken literary glory behind them. Moreover, such German literature as was being written in those days was supposed to be informative, so that it was not at all uncommon to christen a writer in honor of an illustrious predecessor, from another land.

Moses Mendelssohn was referred to as "the German Socrates". There was a measure of justification in the reference. Though it is impossible to follow those of today who are essaying to prove that Moses Mendels Sohn from Dessau (1729-1786) was the father of what passes at present as "Impressionism", he at least wrote works that inspired Lessing and evoked encouraging praise from Kant. Johann Peter Uz (one of the speaking characters, incidentally, in Jacob Wassermann's "Sturreganz", soon to be published in English) was called "the German Anacreon". Apart from the fact that Uz translated Anacreon into German (1746), there is but tenuous justification for this unless it be that Horace admired Anacreon because the latter once threw away his shield and fled from the battle, as the former himself is discredited with having done. Ewald von Kleist was alluded to as "the German Tyrtæus", because both joined the expeditionary forces of their days, and not merely fought but wrote songs that buoyed up the morale of their outfits, though neither Tyrtæus nor Kleist was in any shade of the word a "Y" man. Ramler, though really not much more than a versificator and poetaster, was called "the German Horace" because, it would seem, he was domiciled in Berlin, and Berlin was then and always has been chemically free from poetic inspiration. No city of its size has ever produced so little literature. If Karl Wilhelm Ramler could live there, at the time of Frederick the Great, and write at all, he was regarded as a Horace, somewhat as a five year old looks upon himself as a Sitting Bull when frocked with feathers, leather, and papier mâché tomahawk.

Four months ago, there was a mild repercussion, with a modification, of this custom in Germany: At the celebration of Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday, some critics slopped over to the extent of pointing to Gerhart Hauptmann as "the twentieth century Goethe". Others, more and less restrained in their judgments, nipped the mischief, as they saw it, in the bud. They insisted that Goethe was Goethe, and that no one should be considered eligible to belletristic succession after him.

That is the German of it. The Ger-

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mans, it seems, are quite unable to realize that they have been the world's most insistent imitators in literary affairs; that they have been and are the world's greatest translators; that they have not only imitated foreign literatures and translated them, but that they have been excessive in their praise of them; and that, despite all this, and despite the incalculable value of their own body of national literature, their influence on non-German literatures has been remarkably slight.

Is this due to the alleged offensive habits of the Germans, or to the downright and ubiquitous ingratitude for which the world is noted, or at least of which it can be successfully accused?

I do not know. But I do know that no man, woman, book, or institution has ever been helped by an ascription on the part of his, her, or its would be friends of unwarranted merits. Unjustified condemnation may discourage; but unjustified laudation deludes. Where one man in this country has been obliged to put up his shutters because of discouragement, hundreds have been forced to pull down their blinds because of their undisciplined allegiance to delusions.

The rest of the story is soon told. Let him who can visualize a student of 2023 engaged in a searching study of spiritual America in 1923. One of his most valuable source books will be "Babbitt". Its irony he will understand; its consequent facts will show him how we lived in this year of grace and day of brass. Another set of sources will be the "columns", those broadsides of ebulliency in the form of unweighed extolments. Another set will be the literary reviews in each issue of each one of which some book is set down as the best and greatest that has been written in the last ten years, or century, or ever.

The "Literary Review" of the "Evening Post" contained in a recent number a critique of a book which one of the best known columnists had pieced together in off hours. The critique began as follows: "The ——— ——— phenomenon continues to expand." I appreciate what this particular columnist is doing as much as anyone, and regard his ability as quite unusual. But ten minutes of semi-fierce thinking will prove beyond cavil that he is no "phenomenon". Or if so, he is such a "natural" one that his case becomes clear, his talents conceivable, the minute we stop to reflect on his method. And, wholly apart from the method he has adopted and which I have in mind, he has on his conscience each month at least a dozen books, all of the same kind, each one of which is "the best". There can be only one "best", and that one can be discovered only by the judge who has passed on all the cases; which is a task that could not be performed even by a "phenomenon".

If it is only faint praise that damns, this country should have been enjoying civic canonization now for a number of years. We are overdoers. And this tendency obviously accounts for the fact that we allowed, only a year or two ago, one of our very finest anniversaries to go by virtually unnoticed. I mean the one hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's speech on behalf of Dartmouth "college" as opposed to Dartmouth "university", in which he said, in substance: It is a small college but there are those of us who love it.

It is hardly probable that nobler words than these have ever been spoken by an American statesman. They admit of such wide and general application. I said in this department last month that there are ten thousand "colleges" in the United States. That

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was an error; there are twelve thousand. Of these, certainly not half are real colleges in the real sense of the word. But if the people who are attached to them, and especially to the smaller half, either as founders, trustees, teachers, students, graduates, or friends, will love them, and admit at the same time that they are small, they will some day become great, and this country will become immeasurably greater than it is at present. For this country even now is kept on its feet and in its head by the rarely praised professor, that obscure individual who does his best work indirectly. Lincoln was a professor made man, for he learned to read from Weems's "Life of Washington", and Weems was a college graduate.

Two hundred years ago, the Germans called Anna Luise Karsch a Sappho; but they did not love her. They have lost. A hundred years ago, Daniel Webster contended that Dartmouth College was small; but he loved it. We have won. Let us win again — win against this army of unhelpful extollers.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Books Made in Germany

WHILE Hauptmann, basking in the sun of his interminable festivals, shines as an amiable and venerable God-Goethe in the literary equinox, Sudermann, till now somewhat eclipsed, suddenly appears, whether urged by envy or by pure accident, as an agreeable and self-satisfied Don Juan-Devil. He has captured the literary limelight by the issue of a volume of reminiscences entitled "Das Bilderbuch meiner Jugend" (The Picture Book of my Youth). The sensation of this book is naturally not to be found in the entertaining pictures of Sudermann's childhood and adventurous schoolboy tricks, but in the piquant accounts of his numerous love affairs. The most amusing feature of these enthralling reminiscences is Sudermann's entire contentment with his own pictured image in all its phases. This first volume will doubtless be followed by others dealing with later periods in the successful literary life of the author of "The Song of Songs".

One of the finest and sweetest of the workmen poets connected with the famous "Nyland Community" has just died in Tyrol, poor as he had lived — the Austrian lyric poet Alfons Petzold. Arnold Höllriegel, himself a writer of many parts, published some interesting reminiscences of old days in Vienna, when he was one of the editors of a small literary magazine called "The Way". The office "boy" was a fair haired, shy, and sickly little man, always willing to run errands for the editors. Only later, after the little magazine had noiselessly ceased to be, did they discover that their messenger had been the esteemed poet, Petzold. Although his genius was recognized, Petzold never became well to do and his early privations and later hardships no doubt caused his swift collapse when laid low by disease.

An important figure in literature and theoretical politics has passed from the scene with Professor Ernst Troeltsch, who died on the eve of a visit to England to deliver a series of philosophical lectures. Originally a theologist, Troeltsch gave up his professorship in Heidelberg in 1915 and became a professor of philosophy, an office which he filled up to the time of his death in the faculty of Berlin University. Troeltsch did his most important work in the field of historic-philosophic studies as in his "Sozial-

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lehren der christlichen Kirchen und Gruppen" (Social Teachings of Christian Churches and Groups), and "Augustine". Politically, Troeltsch was one of the moral pillars of the democratic idea, and helped to steel the backbone of the young Republic. He was an extremely brilliant and eloquent speaker and beloved of his students. He died at the early age of fifty-six.

Professor Eduard Meyer, Mommsen's successor in the chair of ancient history at Berlin, is to retire in April. He has held this post for twenty years. Meyer is considered one of the greatest historians of the present day. His most monumental work is his "Geschichte des Altertums" (History of Antiquity) in five volumes.

The three Nietzsche Prizes for 1922 have been awarded to Heinrich Rőmer for his book "Nietzsche", to Robert Beninger for "Nietzsche's Struggle to Discover the Meaning of Life", and to Ludwig Klage for "Concerning the Cosmic Eros".

A popular edition of Professor Vaihinger's "Philosophie des Als Ob" has been prepared by his collaborator, Dr. Raymund Schmidt, a Leipzig philosopher, and is about to appear. All passages difficult of comprehension for the lay mind have been eliminated — a parlous task!

The Schwabian Schiller Society has published a pamphlet by Adolf Dőrrfuss dealing with the religious views of the poet Schiller. As these can only be sought in the works themselves, there is room for endless speculation, and German Schiller experts are all aroused to excited argument by Herr Dőrrfuss's deductions—which attempt to claim the fiery freedom-poet as a sincere, if not pious Christian.

Philosophy and mysticism are naturally attractive studies to the Germans in their present situation, and the extremely popular Waldemar Bonsels has drawn large crowds to his lectures on the significance of the Idea of Christ to the cultural history of the German peoples. It is remarkable that these lectures have revealed Bonsels — whom many, on account of the enthusiastic coterie of young feminine adorers who have sat at his feet, hold to be largely a poseur — as an extremely sincere and combative humanitarian. Bonsels's gift of speech, so remarkable in his printed work, combined with a winning personality to create a deep and lasting impression.

In my last letter I referred to Franz Blei's translation of H. L. Mencken's "Defense of Women" as having preserved the wit of the original! I take it all back and more as well. This first impression, gained in the course of a few random dips, was horribly shattered by a more leisured reading, and the last hope vanished when growing suspicion provoked a comparison with the original. "Blei" means lead, and this is about the truth concerning most of these pages. Germans meeting the rapture of Menckenese for the first time in this disguise assured me that they had achieved several pages before it dawned upon them that H. L. M. was not to be taken seriously — so heavy was the hand that pressed upon his fantastic and frivolous blasphemies. But that we had the luck to see the proofs, the same thing would have happened to "Main Street", in the original translation manuscript of which appeared such choice howlers as the interpretation of "spiritual bully" as *geistreicher Stier* (literally "brilliant bull")! It is whispered here that Franz Blei, who has some reputation as a witty stylist, consigned the Mencken translation to the fair hands of one of his lady friends.

The University of Heidelberg has

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accepted an offer from a friend of the University to call into being a prize to be entitled "German Freedom's Prize of the University of Heidelberg — Gerhard Anschütz Prize". This prize will be awarded every three years for the two best papers dealing with the constitutional-political, national-economical, or cultural-political relations between People and Freedom. The elaborate double name seems to envelop a very praiseworthy idea.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", a work which Ibáñez, so brilliant in "Blood and Sand", will certainly some day regret having written, was actually published by a previously little known publishing house. But after a few weeks' circulation, the book has been withdrawn.

The League of German Booksellers, which met, romantically enough, at Burg Lauenstein in Bavaria, decided to organize a relief fund for aged and impoverished men of letters and science. They divided the country according to tribal considerations, and organized a system of *Patenschaften* or fosterfatherships for carrying out their amicable ends. Somehow, one did not imagine that booksellers were that kind of people. Moreover, their own lot as a caste is by no means especially enviable in days when a book is becoming one of the more extravagant luxuries.

Fritz Engel, one of the best known dramatic critics, has written a powerful appeal to authors and theatre directors to avert the possible return of a theatre censorship by strict self-discipline. Already the Prussian Minister of the Interior, a Social-Democrat (that is, belonging to the party which was foremost in demanding the repeal of the censorship as essential to the free development of dramatic art), has found himself obliged to warn his police authorities to have an eye to theatrical excesses. Dangerous as it is to suggest that a police authority should decide when the borderline has been overstepped, it has certainly become necessary to put some sort of check upon the type of play and performance shown in Berlin especially. Engel points out that the short lived freedom of 1848, which could also claim the abolition of the censor as its proud achievement, was put an end to by just such abuse of liberty on the part of unscrupulous camp followers of freedom. "*Selbst-zensur*," cries Engel. Let the free artistic creators, the independent idealistic theatre directors keep a watch on the others, and save the police from making fools of themselves and literature by stopping the performance of some strange new classic, while a low comedy which in every sense, especially sartorial, demands the adjective, is being played with impunity in the next street.

Count Keyserling's publisher, Otto Reichl, brings out in the favorite rich yellow cover decorated with a triple candlestick "Reichl's Philosophical Almanach", a neat anthology in which one may browse, as it were, upon philosophical dessert and candies. Gellert's lively verse, comparing philosophy to a man's soft hat, formed anew by every wearer, is particularly witty. The great names remembered in the calendar are exclusively those of philosophers. Most of us would be surprised at the formidable array. Extracts from Jean Paul, Hegel, Lucian, and many others make up the anthology.

Another volume of the great Atlantis series of African folk tales collected direct from native sources by the explorer Leo Frobenius has been published by Diederichs of Jena. This volume contains folk lore and animal

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stories from the western Sudan, breezy, anecdotal, or sometimes wild and fantastic stories, in most of which, however, the near relationship of the tellers with the Mammies who related the first Brer Rabbit stories is very palpable. An exceedingly fascinating new issue by Diederichs, printed on beautiful paper like old parchment, is a reproduction of the "Limburger Chronicle", a fourteenth century authentic document, which throws a glaring light upon the horrors of the Black Death, and upon the cultural life of the Middle Ages. Another book which is likely to find many enthralled readers at the present time is "Der Geist der Astrologie" (The Spirit of Astrology) by Oscar Schmitz, published by Georg Müller of Munich. Herr Schmitz defends and explains this ancient and beloved science, but he also declares that a horoscope is not a fixed fatality but only a rough plan capable of countless variations. In a footnote at the close of his book, Herr Schmitz explains that he has just taken up a copy of "Der Grosse Maggid" by the mystic writer Martin Buber (published by Rütten and Loening) and finds that the new theory of astrological teachings which he had worked out is in complete agreement with the ancient Kabbala, previously unknown to him. Thus does modern theorizing often chime in with beliefs which reach far back into ancient history.

More folk lore, at once familiar and strange, is contained in the volume "Die Heldensagen der Germanischen Frühzeit" (Early Heroic Sagas of the Germanic Races), collected and retold in prose absolutely faithful to the original texts by Friedrich Wolters and Carl Petersen, published by Ferdinand Hirt, Breslau. Here is the Nibelung Saga in its original form, stripped of the Wagnerian icing— the fine old Anglo-Saxon Beowulf legend, and the hero tales of Longobards, East and West Goths, Jutes, Norwegians, and many another early race — a feast for the lover of these old heroic stories, in reading which one always seems to hear the voice of the harper sounding out of the drifting smoke of the central fire round which the warriors sprawl.

A work of reference upon which it is rather difficult to comment, but which forms an extraordinarily entertaining volume, is "Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung", by Dr. Julius Wiegand, published by Hermann Schaffstein, Cologne. In vain one seeks in this voluminous work for the names of authors. It is the most original literary history imaginable. It has an exhaustive table of contents and an elaborate index — of catch phrases. One can turn up Naturalistic School, Art for Art's Sake, Pessimism, *Weltschmerz,* but not Arno Holz, Rossetti, Schopenhauer. It is in fact an attempt, and a remarkably successful attempt, to do for literary history in Germany what Green did for England in the "History of the English People"— to do away with the tyranny of the name, and to see each great or lesser individual author as a thread in the tapestry of literature and life.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THIS has been a month of lecturing for us. Now we are a trifle weary. However, traveling from one literary centre to another has its points. It is, at least, educating. Boston, we found more interesting than ever before. We wandered about among the homes of Beacon Hill. We found Boston's Greenwich Village, and Elliot Paul — whose "Impromptu" will soon be published — painting in an attic studio, a red fez upon his head, clad otherwise in a green shirt. Exotic for Boston? The Boston Authors' Club proved to be located in rooms just off a picturesque court. Somehow, the Club struck us as being a most picturesque institution. Here was Nathan Haskell Dole, trim and precise, and firm in his opinions. Here was Alice Brown, a gentle New England lady of much charm and sympathy. Here, too, Abbie Farwell Brown, jovial and interested; and Katharine Lee Bates come down from Wellesley for the afternoon. A pleasant company. In Wellesley Hills we found again Gamaliel Bradford, whose portraits of damned souls appearing this spring attempt to prove that these particular souls were only damaged. Mt. Holyoke College has many charms. We met several faculty members, among them Miss Snell of the department of English and Miss Marks of the department of literature (this is a distinction, made in several universities, which amazes and puzzles us). We had always heard of Holyoke as a religious college for young ladies. We saw no signs of irreligion; yet, somehow, we have revised our opinions. We read while there some excellent undergraduate poetry. What a snowy time it was, to be sure! We shall never forget Ellery Sedgwick, now re-

Alice Brown

turned from his illness to the offices of "The Atlantic Monthly", putting on his overshoes and ruminating on Yale in literature, while one of his assistants suggested that Lothrop Stoddard be invited to write a book called "The Yale Peril".

In "The Women's National News", Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs, points out that the literary program has been crowded off the club calendar for the past few years. This is an illuminating statement. She says:

> From an examination of club-programs of last year, we find that but fifty-nine clubs out of one hundred and twenty-five had any reference to literature whatever. Of this fifty-nine, an occasional lecture or roll-call or a review of a best-seller constituted the entire place given the subject. But three of the numbers examined presented a definite consecutive course of study, along lines of

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literature. There were but two of the old-time culture-clubs discovered among two hundred; one of these had been studying Shakespeare for twenty-three years and the other had been in existence for the same period and never wavered from its loyalty to Dickens. There was but one program in the two hundred upon the "Thanatopsis" order, covering the literary Renaissance in a single afternoon. Remember, the "Thanatopsis Club" was drawn from the inkwell, the ones of which I speak have presidents with street numbers who pay taxes, as do all their members. They are actual facts but there were only *three* in *two hundred* and the little club with the ambitious program was a very new one.

Of course this is not taking into account clubs outside the Federation which may deal with literature; but Mrs. Miller's thesis is an interesting one. She closes with this admonition:

What is literature? One writer has defined it as "The expression of thought upon the countless phases of life and the universe as felt by the greatest intellects." So defined, no earnest group of women can afford to ignore its contribution to daily living. The pendulum is swinging slowly back to literature.

The essay on "The Stevenson Myth" by George S. Hellman in a recent number of "The Century Magazine" has caused a fine flutter in the London literary dovecots, and the friends and worshipers, enemies and detractors of "R. L. S." have all been speaking their minds, Sir Sidney Colvin and Edmund Gosse among them. And now we also, in our humble way, have a contribution to make to the controversy. The other afternoon, with Mr. Hellman's revelations still fresh in our memory, we chanced to be turning over some Stevenson manuscripts in a famous old bookshop near the British Museum. At the foot of a sheet of foolscap on the upper half of which, in Stevenson's own writing, was copied out one of his best pieces, "The Celestial Surgeon", we found the following isolated scrap of verse, also in Stevenson's own hand, and, for obvious reasons, *crossed out*. "Ne sit Ancillæ" is its title, a free translation being "Be not Indifferent to the Handmaiden". Hitherto it has not been published apart from an obviously uninspired context.

O graceful housemaid tall and fair
I love your shy imperial air
And often linger on the stair
To see you going by.
A strict reserve the fates demand;
But when to let you pass I stand,
Sometimes by chance I touch your hand,
And sometimes catch your eye.

Sir Sidney Colvin has, for his part, been busy in other ways this winter besides defending the reputation of "R. L. S." We understand that he has prepared for publication a volume of essays, one of which will throw new light on his other idol, John Keats. Sir Sidney has now reached the advanced age of seventy-seven, but few people would believe this who, at his home of countless literary treasures which overlooks Kensington Gardens, have had the opportunity recently of hearing his animated description of how he discovered a new and priceless drawing of the poet of "Endymion". It is a typical portrait, revealing the same sensuous, full lips and tilted nose as the famous picture reproduced in Sir Sidney's Life of Keats. Lady Colvin once told me that the public appreciation of this truly great biography was a gratifying surprise not only to her husband but to his publishers. The volume was issued during the war at a prohibitive price, and consequently only a thousand copies were printed before the type was distributed. So great was the demand, however, that a second edition was produced only after the tiresome delay necessitated by a complete resetting. Bibliophiles will perhaps be in-

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terest to compare those two early impressions.

Robert Frost in New York, seeing a few plays and a few people, is completely out of his setting. So, he says, are we; but that is another matter! He had come back from Michigan, where he is again living on the Ann Arbor campus. He was, as always, quiet, interested in other people, talking only under great pressure about his work which is, we believe, progressing with more rapidity than it has for several seasons. If you have not read Carl Van Doren's "The Soil of the Puritans — Robert Frost: Quintessence and Subsoil", in the February "Century", you will find it an honest and a rather profound appraisal. Van Doren emphasizes the *Yankeeness* of Frost. We should like to quote his conclusion:

> To put the matter in more literary terms, Robert Frost has given little of his power to commentary and much of it to creation. For this reason he suffers with that larger audience which a poet can hardly catch without doing something to digest his own work for it. In the long run, however, he has taken the better road. The New England temper has ordinarily thought that in literature it is better to comment than to create; it has produced more sermons than poems. Even Thoreau, whom Mr. Frost most resembles among New-Englanders, though he lived a life as clear-cut as that of some hero in a book, did not create such a person. He talked about his time without bodying it forth; he believed that he could tell the world more about Concord by discussing it and the world at large than by portraying some typical Yankee character or mood or drama. Mr. Frost has gone back of this discursive habit to the true way of the old Yankees themselves, as if he were the last of the Yankees and their essence; he has as a poet taken a leaf out of the book of men and women who would rather talk than sing, but who would also rather work than talk.

The January and February dinners of the P.E.N. were not without moments of entertainment. Marian Ryan, of the English centre of the P.E.N., told at the January dinner of Mr. Galsworthy's plan for a meeting of international delegates at Stratford-on-Avon this summer. There will be Bojer and Gorky, Rolland, and many others. A play will be given and there will probably be much jollification. What an interesting plan for aiding internationalism this of John Galsworthy's is! Whatever their nationalisms, all countries can unite in appreciation of the literary. We missed Kate Douglas Wiggin at the February meeting. We wonder why the side of literary New York which Mrs. Atherton portrays in "Black Oxen" is not apparent at these dinners. Mrs. Atherton herself, to be sure, at both of them, and Roland Holt with his fiancée Constance D'Arcy Mackay (both strongly interested in the drama). But the so called Algonquin group have not so far attended, though many of them have joined. What is the answer? They will have one. We shall have another. We think it a great pity; for here is one place where the people who really write get together and really talk — and *no formal speeches.*

The first night of the new play, "Roger Bloomer", presented by the Equity Players, was not without moments of suspense. These, however, were more apt to be scenic than in the play itself. We were happy to have attended, however; for we saw Eugene O'Neill, looking healthier and gayer than we have ever before seen him, and Jesse Lynch Williams, about to seek California for a rest. In the audience, too, were Frank Gillmore of the Actor's Equity, and his charming daughter Margalo; Grace George, a slim and beautiful figure in a box with her husband, William A.

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Brady. Next us sat Lee Simonson of the Theatre Guild, who tells us that "Peer Gynt" is selling out at every performance. Here, too, was Edna Ferber, living in New York City now, working in the daytime and going to the theatre — do we dare say, almost every night? Well, "Roger Bloomer" was a strange mad affair. However, we are now dramatic critic for our own magazine and it will be our duty to discuss this play later. Enough said!

There were not so many poems in the January magazines; but the ones that we did like were very lovely indeed. Take for example "Meditations in Time of Civil War" by W. B. Yeats in "The Dial". In "Contemporary Verse" there was "Weirdwoman" by Clement Wood; "The Puritan's Ballad" by Elinor Wylie was in "The Double Dealer", and "A Prelude" by Lawrence Binyon in "The Atlantic Monthly". Speaking of poetry, S. Jay Kaufman in his "Round the Town" column in the New York "Globe" recently offered a prize for a poem from any reader who had *never had* a poem *published*. Some seven hundred poems were submitted and one of the judges, Elias Lieberman, tells us that they "represent to my mind a very creditable degree of achievement". Only think of it! What does this mean? Most probably that every policeman on every corner really has the heart, soul, and ambitions of a poet.

Amy Lowell reading from her poetry

The other morning we heard a woman's voice at the telephone announcing that Mrs. Jack London was speaking, and that she had just arrived from America, having made her first visit to England on a cargo boat. She had determined, she explained, that the very first thing she would do on her arrival would be to get into communication with us, whom she had never met, yet who at the time of her husband's death in 1916 had written an obituary essay in an English journal from which, in her Life of Jack London, she had quoted. This was characteristic of one so closely connected with Jack. Of course a meeting quickly followed upon that unexpected and very welcome phone call. In common with many other English lovers of London's books we had for years been anxious to meet the woman to whom, as his "Mate", he dedicated every story he wrote, and who traveled the world with him. We found Charmian London remarkably different from our imaginary portrait of her. She is a softly spoken, almost shy, and delicate woman, despite that she used to indulge in daily boxing bouts with her husband, and that she had mastered many a bucking horse on the Jack London ranch away in

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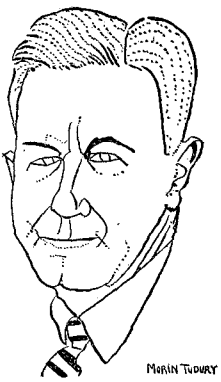
California. You might think she had never been farther than a day's ride from civilization: yet few women, we imagine, have been in wilder places. She told us that Jack's novels sold in such vast quantities during the war, especially among the soldiers and sailors, that his English publishers found it impossible to obtain the necessary paper supplies, which of course were rationed in those nightmare days. His books still sell very widely here — especially "The Call of the Wild" and "Martin Eden". Charmian London has been staying in England with her old friends Lloyd and Mrs. Osbourne, of Stevenson fame, and she has now crossed to the south of France, as the guest of an American who runs a pack of stag hounds, famous all over that part of Europe, and who maintains a stable of horses for the use of his friends. But we are looking forward to seeing Jack's wife back in England before the summer.

So much of our time has been spent upon the road recently that our talks with authors have been all too short. Miss Lowell was here in New York. We saw her briefly at dinner. She had come to speak at one of Alfred Kreymborg's poetry recitals and at the Town Hall — this in the midst of a prolonged lecture tour. Hervey Allen, one of the best of our younger poets, came to New York for a day. He is a sturdy rubicund young man with strangely normal ideas of life and letters. Ida Tarbell, tall and gracious, we met for the first time recently and Cale Young Rice, up from the south with the pleasant Alice Hegan Rice, his wife. Mr. Rice is more interested in the verse drama, apparently, than in most other things. He tells us that he has taught himself by many years of discipline to go every morning to his desk where he has set himself his writing task for the day. The Montrosses, Lynn and Lois Seyster, authors of "Town and Gown", came also to New York City. They are two remarkably fresh (in its best sense) young people, overflowing with enthusiasm. Henry Sydnor Harrison, whom we had always wanted to meet ever since we read "Queed", is a quiet, ambling person, with a quick mind and a not unpointed tongue. We find him vastly amusing and, curiously enough, not unkindly toward critics. Julian Street, we saw for a moment with Dorothy Francis, who plays the heroine in the dramatization of his "Rita Coventry". Webb Waldron, whose "The Road to the World" received such excellent reviews last year, tells us that as soon as he finishes his book of impressions of the middle west, he will write another novel. Alfred B. Stanford is an upstanding young gentleman with honest eyes and a good handshake, who had a good story to tell in "The Ground Swell" and should learn how to write with more rhythm before he attempts another novel. Fannie Hurst, now that spring has come, is wondering whether summer shall mean Europe or the Berkshires. She was within ten thousand words of a new novel's last sentence when we last saw her. It will be of very different tone from anything she has written before.



Henry Sydnor Harrison

Of Havana, Illinois, is Josephine C. Chandler, and a Penwoman (which

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reminds us that we recently attended a gala affair of these gentle ladies in a New York home. They are making the pen a distinctly social weapon, it seems). At any rate, Mrs. Chandler says she is writing of "two interesting signs of life, down state", and adds, "I suppose one can scarcely appreciate that term unless one has lived under the shadow of a great upstate city like Chicago."

The "Illinois State Journal", Springfield, is running each Sunday a page called "Views and Reviews of Books and Bookmen". Its editor, Frank Waller Allen, is well known through the middle west as a writer and lecturer, having, besides a wide newspaper experience, a number of novels and several volumes of essays to his credit. He has offered encouragement to the literati of central Illinois by inviting their cooperation in the reviewing of books. The experiment has proved rewarding, for not only has a personally interested and highly stimulating audience been provided for the writers but good material has developed from expected and unexpected sources. The stated policy of the page is to show reviews that will get the books read rather than serve as a substitute for reading.

The reviewers are from divergent paths of life and reflect a various viewpoint: an Englishman, a onetime social worker and journalist in London, author of at least one book, now a Unitarian pastor; two young matrons, wives of physicians, who were formerly librarians; a charming society woman who diversifies homekeeping and social life with free lance journalism, and the making of rather nice poetry for magazines and newspapers; a high school instructor, commercial department; and so on to a good round number, say ten or twelve. Thus for the city of Vachel Lindsay.

Peoria has paid tribute to the æsthetic expression of her poets by the publication of "The Peoria Book of Verse". It comprises eighty-eight poems set forth by a preface by Professor John T. Frederick of the University of Pittsburgh. It is interesting as a community project and it is a thoroughly indigenous volume. Not only does it represent the poetic gift of the people of that city but it is issued from its own Manual Arts Press and the drawings for its decoration, made by a local artist, are forms suggested, as the foreword states, "by the modest shingle oak which is one of the characteristic trees found on the hillsides and in the river bottoms around Peoria".

Harriet Monroe has called the book a "creditable exhibition of local poetry" and has added, "I am astonished that one of the smaller cities can present such an interesting array of poets whose work shows either achievement or promise." When one recalls that Robert Ingersoll, Bob Burdette, George Fitch, and William Hawley Smith all lived in Peoria the "achievement" is easily accounted for. Yet it comes not from distinguished names alone. The opening poem, "The New Building", a tribute to the Life Insurance Building (one of the finest architectural possessions in the city), three short things breathing the atmosphere of Arizona by one of the younger writers, and a rather nice bit of imagining woven into a double hokku by a girl of twenty — to choose loosely — argue much justification of the faith and pride that went to the making of this very "bookly book" of "local poetry".

The Eastman Theatre in Rochester impressed us mightily. It is a beautiful building. We liked the ladies to whom we spoke in that town of Kodakery. The magnolia trees — or is it tulip? — which are justly famed were unfortunately covered deep with snow. From Rochester to Buffalo! Here were our old friends. We seemed always just about to meet Anna Katharine Green, who has written a new mystery story, but the event was never consummated. We heard much delightful conversation, visited bookshops, saw the building which our freshman instructor in English, now turned architect, has designed, and somehow felt, being in the hands of a charming and capable hostess, that the artistic future of Buffalo is secure. Cleveland boasts a most interesting theatre, in addition to its fine museum. It is called the Playhouse and has been an organized local stock company now for several years. This season it has put on well over a dozen plays, and several revivals of its past successes. It not only has the atmosphere of a club in its Green Room and stage, but makes a little money. Charles S. Brooks, of "Chimney Pot

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Papers" fame, showed us about and told us that it was here that Clare Eames first acted. Whether true or not, such news is exciting. At the University of Ohio we were completely overwhelmed by numbers of students on the campus. Professors Denney and Andrews were most kind in their attempts to assuage our fear of coeduation, sprung doubtless from a recent reading of "Town and Gown". The author of "Chanting Wheels", Hubbard Hutchinson, tells us that he is now writing short stories, and Professor Andrews, whose "Old Morocco and the Hidden Atlas" is far more entertaining than his work on versification, is about to do an unusual volume of round-and-about sketches of Paris. Such was our trip. We studied, of course, bookshops along the way. We were shocked and surprised to find what the most successful books of the present moment are! However, we refuse to tell.

Sunday, March fourth, that large precocious child, the Theatre Guild, had its birthday party at the Waldorf. And instead of merely sending presents the kings, queens, ambassadors, and potentates evidently decided to attend in person, for the seating list read like Who's Who and the dinner tables looked like a beauty contest. Naturally there was a birthday cake, cut and divided among all the characters from Guild productions as they filed by it in costume. Naturally there was dinner, and even more naturally there were after dinner speakers. But quite unnaturally, they were good — so good that at twelve o'clock, with four more speeches still to come, the tables were still filled with alert survivors. Spoke Heywood Broun, who pungently wished the Guild a few failures; spoke Walter Lippmann, relating a fable for critics which was deftly received by Alexander Woollcott, certainly the high water mark in gracious dinner wit. Spoke Walter Prichard Eaton, who discussed an American repertory theatre with the Theatre Guild as its logical nucleus, and flung a bond issue into the placid dinner party. Spoke many others, filling the Guild full of certainly deserved plums of praise and congratulation; — and merely beamed, Otto Kahn.

A delightful surprise came to us by the postman the other morning. It was a wedding card on which was announced that our old friend, William H. Davies, had at last become a bridegroom! BOOKMAN readers, we are sure, will join us in congratulations to the famous tramp poet on his entry into married life. The romance is a quite recent affair, we believe: certainly it originated since last summer, for until then he lived a bachelor's existence near the British Museum, and as we spent the tea hour with him every Friday afternoon we ought to know something about it. Certainly there were no signs of femininity about then! In the early autumn, however, he moved out of London to East Grinstead in Sussex, fifty miles distant. We may expect a new poetic energy manifesting itself in Davies's work henceforward. His intimate admirers had begun to fear lest he was slipping into a groove, for town life was really not for him, although he was not averse to it himself. We remember walking up the Charing Cross road one glorious May morning — the first sunny day of the year it was — and there, limping toward us, his face radiant, was Will Davies. "Hullo", we said; "where are you off to this happy day? The country, of course, O na-

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ture poet of nature poets!" "Nay," said Davies. "I thought how empty the Hippodrome would be on a warm afternoon like this, so I am off to the matinée to be sure of a good seat!" . . .

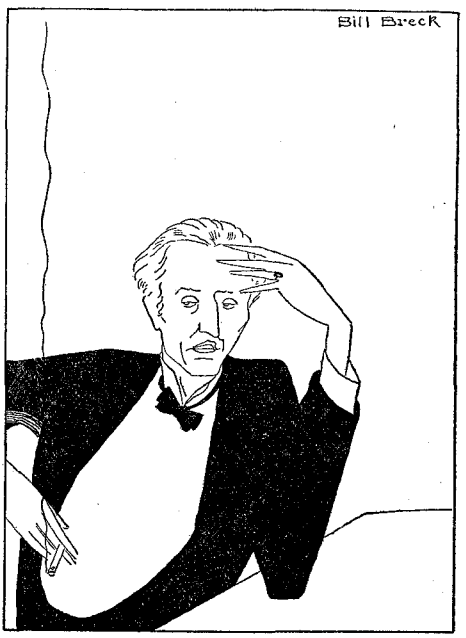
The following, not in our own manner, is an account by one of our emissaries of a so called "Literary Evening" at the Civic Club:

"The affair was in honor of Mr. Gilbert Cannan who was the principal speaker, the subject being 'The Most Important Element in Literature Today'. The other speakers in order of their appearance were Mr. Edwin Björkman, Mr. Burton Rascoe, Miss Rita Weiman, and Mr. Henry James Forman.

"At the dinner which preceded the speeches the other literary guests were Mr. John Russell, Mr. Richard Connell, Mr. Wayland Williams, Miss Bernice Brown, Miss Anzia Yezierska, and Miss Sarah Warder McConnell; while the press was ably represented by F.P.A., Mr. Lloyd Morris, Mr. Russell Crouse, and Miss Alison Smith; and the publishing world, by Horace Liveright and Thomas Seltzer.

"On being introduced by Miss Mary White Ovington, chairman, Mr. Gilbert Cannan furnished the surprise of the evening by stating that the most important elements in literature were, in England, fox hunting, and in America, the colored people; the mutual point of contact being the creation of a certain rhythm by the one and the susceptibility to it of the other, and in them, he said, lay the hope of the English speaking world.

"As a speaker, Mr. Cannan is himself the possessor of rhythm. He vibrates like a harp string. Seated, as we were, close to the platform, he reminded us of an orchestra at too close range. The mechanics of him were both audible and visible — the, perhaps necessary, overenunciation of syllables, the labial and manual evolu-



Gilbert Cannan

tions, the unconscious pedal irregularities — and although he never moved from that point of the platform upon which he took his original stand, the effect of him was like a great engine humming — the furious rotation of a million parts making up a perfect whole.

"Mr. Edwin Björkman, on the other hand, strode the platform like a caged tiger while he discoursed of the advantages of America's being a dumping ground for the nationals of the world. Intensely sincere to the point of emotion, he saw in the functions of the melting pot a fluxing of all the old hampering traditions and the eventual pouring off of a pure metal which would be the greatest thing in all history. A new moral spirit was emerging from the postwar chaos and

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God, shorn of the hidebound stupidities of sectarianism, would assume once more his rightful place in the spiritual scheme of things.

"As Mr. Björkman sat down amid enthusiastic applause, F.P.A. and Burton Rascoe made a dash for the exit. F.P.A. was the happy warrior. He got clean away. Rascoe was caught and reinterned on the platform until the chairman had amply introduced him and sent Gilbert Cannan out to address an overflow meeting. Whereupon, Rascoe upped and gave a definition of the value of literary criticism. 'The value of literary criticism', he said, 'lies in the amount of antagonism or appreciation I can stir in you by an expression of opinion about a book.'

"Miss Rita Weiman, looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever, then told several funny stories; and it was up to Henry James Forman to wind up the evening. This he did in a peculiarly neat little speech in which he riposted Cannan's claim that England had the prose monopoly of all time by pointing out that America made it possible for those English writers to live by their pens!

"On the evening being declared finished, the speakers were immediately sunk without trace in the engulfing waves of the audience."

Agnes Ware Bishop writes from Selma, Alabama:

Receiving a letter a day or so ago from Rebecca Latimer Felton, the eighty-seven year old ex-Senator from Georgia, reminds me that the press notices I have seen have not expressed all that this truly noble woman really is.

Years ago in Cartersville, Georgia, Judge and Mrs. Felton issued several hundred invitations to the young people for an "al fresco" entertainment to be given at night at their plantation home about seven miles out from Cartersville, to meet a prominent Senator from Washington, D. C. At this party I learned a lesson in true courtesy that I have quoted many times on the lecture platform and have thought of many more times, especially when embarrassing circumstances have arisen. I will pass it on — for "tho' she build her house in the woods, the world should make a beaten track to her door."

Rumors of Mrs. Felton's wonderful party had set the young people on fire with interest. For days the society set could think of nothing else. But the night at last came in with rain and storm, and no one *ever* went anywhere when it rained, much less seven miles out over one of the worst roads in north Georgia (before anybody had ever even thought of "good roads").

Four of us, however, braved the elements and went out in separate buggies, thinking that of course the others were following. We reached the comfortable plantation home pretty well drenched. Though it was July, it was cold. A bright fire of pine knots cheered the large living room.

Judge and Mrs. Felton were a handsome couple — she was beautiful, and the Senator also fitted into the attractive setting. We were a merry party, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. No other guests came, but no one mentioned the absent two or three hundred. In a short while we were invited into the dining room and dinner was served at a round table, set with shining old family silver, delicate china, and snowy napery for seven. Several courses followed. No hesitation, no apology. The Senator never knew that anyone else had been expected — we were the honored guests invited to meet him. I had often been entertained in New Orleans and in the manor halls of old Louisiana, but the exquisite courtesy of that little dinner thrills me yet.

Being in the mood for gossip, we "bussed" up Riverside Drive to see a lady whose personality we were familiar with but whom we had not seen for some time. We knew her from her short story course at Columbia and we might as well admit that it is her influence that controls the destinies of all short stories submitted to THE BOOKMAN. Helen R. Hull, author of "Quest", *and not "The Sheik"*, it was. She comes from the middle west, where she studied under Robert Herrick and decided to be famous. For a time she taught at Wellesley; now she is in New York, writing sto-

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ries for "Harper's". We wish she would write a short story for us, we do! "Quest" was written in Maine, on the coast, in an old colonial house of which we were shown a drawing. Miss Hull and Mabel L. Robinson (more of her later) spend four months a year in this old house which they decorated themselves and which has room also for a collie dog, probably the hero of Miss Robinson's "Dr. Tam O'Shanter", that dog story for children. These two Amazons (though they're not *very* Amazonish) spend the afternoons swimming and motorboating and riding around in their car which is now in cold storage until the streets are less slippery. Aren't you going abroad? we inquired, not seeing how any women with the zest for life these two seem to possess could resist vagabonding in Europe. Yes, they are; but a little later. Miss Hull insists that she began writing at the age of seven or eight. Her first book was printed by a newspaper owning grandfather. But alas, it was a piece of plagiarism! Miss Hull says she isn't used to reviews and wants to fight back when she is displeased. Her second novel is in the offing. It is *not* propaganda, but it is a book for the new woman. It sounds as though it will be, in theme, not unlike a recent novel on the feminist problem — but from a feminine point of view, praise heaven! As one woman wrote to Mrs. Becker of "The Literary Review", "Helen Hull, whoever *she* is, bears watching". Not aware that we were in the presence of *two* writing ladies, what was our astonishment when Miss Robinson, who had sat back in the shadows of the softly lighted apartment, came forth with the announcement that she was to have a book published that very week. It is "Juvenile Story Writing" and contains, Miss Hull assures us, some of the finest chapters on writing that have ever been done.

Contributors to our book review criticism contest still persist in writing letters several hundred words too long. The limit placed on these reviews or letters, you will remember, was two hundred and fifty words. We enjoy reading them exceedingly. We hope that more readers will indulge in this pleasant pastime. But we do urge brevity. The prize this month goes to Helen Kestner Atwood of New Haven, Connecticut, for her letter on Mr. Morley's latest story.

I agree with Mr. Weaver (in THE BOOKMAN for December) that "Where The Blue Begins" is an allegory containing some excellent writing; but I do not for one minute believe that Mr. Morley intended it for a children's book (surely Mr. Weaver did not expect the readers of his review to accept that sentence literally), or that it is a book of trivialities, a silly and unsuccessful *tour de force*. It most decidedly is a book for grown ups and should be enjoyed and appreciated by any lover of fine writing. Mr. Morley's ability is too obvious to need extolling by me but I do want to correct the impression given by Mr. Weaver's review.

"Where the Blue Begins" is the whimsical tale of a heart and mind (Mr. Morley uses the dog Gissing to portray these) searching restlessly, with infinite desire and need, for the distant horizons (where the blue begins). After many adventures of a sort, into business, theology, and sea voyaging, Gissing returns home from his wanderings without the pot of gold.

In the last paragraph: "He opened the furnace door. A bright glow filled the firebox! Over the coals hovered a magic evasive flicker, the very soul of fire. It was a pentecostal flame, perfect and heavenly in tint, the essence of pure colour, a clear immortal blue."

It is a small book; not too long for a single evening's reading. Yet it contains admirable writing and ideas aplenty to mull over at leisure — if one is fortunate enough to possess any in this madly rushing world.

For the May book prize we offer "Challenge" by V. Sackville-West.

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